THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Collier's

JANUARY 29, 1949

15¢

FREE PUBLIC LIBR
KANSAS

A CHURCHMAN LOOKS AT SEX
Page 11

PRINCESS MARGARET OF HOLLYWOOD
Page 18

FREE PUB LIBR
IOLA
KANS
A
279934
6 26
20AU49

Jan. 29, 1949

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Above: Studebaker ¾-ton, 8-ft. pick-up—there's a ½-ton, 6½-ft. pick-up, too.

One-ton Studebaker shown with 9-ft. stake—also available as an 8-ft. pick-up.

The new 1½-ton Studebaker truck—shown with insulated milk body.

Studebaker 2-ton truck—shown with 14-ft. stock rack body.

Get a 1949 Studebaker truck! It's the newest and finest!

Most revolutionary change in truck design and engineering in many years!

NO wonder the husky, handsome new 1949 Studebaker trucks attract a world of attention! They stand out like Studebaker's far advanced postwar cars!

They're sensationally new trucks in exterior design—and they excel just as conspicuously in handling ease, riding comfort and cost-cutting performance.

These 1949 Studebakers have more time-saving, spine-saving, cost-saving improvements than any trucks you've seen.

They're the revolutionary result of years of brilliant Studebaker engineering research—honor graduates of the world famous Studebaker proving ground.

You don't worry about slippery running boards in bad weather. The broad, sure-footed steps of these pacemaking Studebaker trucks are snugly enclosed inside the doors of the driver's cab.

That cab, incidentally, is a postwar marvel of head room, hip room, leg room, wide-range vision, controlled ventilation.

Here, too, for the first time in a truck is real "lift-the-hood" accessibility. No standing on a box to get at the engine or ignition—no fumbling under the dash to adjust instruments and accessories.

Stop in at a nearby Studebaker dealer's showroom first chance you have. See how nicely a new 1949 Studebaker truck would fit into your requirements.

STUDEBAKER TRUCKS

NOTED FOR LOW-COST OPERATION

© The Studebaker Corporation, South Bend 27, Indiana, U.S.A.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BIG IN VALUE....LITTLE IN COST

There is no way to reckon the full value of the telephone. A single call may save a life. Make a friend. Close a business deal worth hundreds or thousands of dollars.

Yet the cost remains low.

Telephone rates have gone up far less than most other things you buy. Actually, the telephone takes a much smaller percentage of the family budget than before the war.

At the same time, the value of the service is greater because the average Bell telephone user can reach 40% more telephones than three years ago.

Day and night, seven days a week, the telephone is at your service. Quickly, easily and at small cost it keeps you in touch with everything and everybody, everywhere.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"SMART DRIVER—SAFE —GOT V BAR TIRE CHAIN"

● It's the "smart driver" who takes every possible safety precaution. With the new WEED AMERICAN V BAR-REINFORCED TIRE CHAINS, you'll find driving over ice and snow easier and safer. You have more positive stop-and-go control. WEED AMERICAN V BARS . . .

Start Easier • Stop Shorter
Hold Straighter • Last Longer

Because of . . .

Two-way Grip, Right and Left
288 Gripping Points
Heel-and-Toe Action

Ask for WEED AMERICAN V BARS by name. If your dealer is unable to supply you with them, please take what he has. But we do want you at least to know about this *new idea in traction.*

ACCO

AMERICAN CHAIN & CABLE COMPANY, INC.

In Business for Your Safety

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Collier's

ALBERT E. WINGER, *President* THOMAS H. BECK, *Chairman of the Board* WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Publisher*

WALTER DAVENPORT, *Editor*

OSCAR DYSTEL, *Managing Editor*

WALTER ROSS, *Article Editor* KENNETH LITTAUER, *Fiction Editor* TONY PALAZZO, *Art Director*

Contributing Editors

W. B. COURTNEY KYLE CRICHTON JIM MARSHALL FRANK GERVASI AMY PORTER
RUTH CARSON LESTER VELIE COLLIE SMALL FRANK D. MORRIS BILL DAVIDSON

Associate Editors

Fiction
NAOME WALSH
KNOX BURGER
GERTRUDE BUCKMAN
MACLENNAN FARRELL
WALT GROVE

Family Features
RUTH FOWLER
JEAN B. BINGHAM

Humor
GURNEY WILLIAMS

Sports
BILL FAY

Aviation
FREDERICK R. NEELY

London
GWYN BARKER

Food
CHARLOTTE ADAMS

Washington
WILLIAM HILLMAN, Mgr.
JAMES C. DERIEUX

Men's Fashions
BERT BACHARACH

Women's Fashions
TOBÉ

Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG
LEONARD A. PARIS
WILLIAM A. EMERSON, JR.
EDMUND ANTROBUS
WARREN BROWN

JOHN CONNER, *Assistant Managing Editor* MANLEY JACKSON, *Director Editorial Research* BRUCE DOWNES, *Photography Editor*
WILLIAM O. CHESSMAN, *Production Director* HELEN P. BUTLER, *Production Assistant*

Contents for January 29, 1949

Articles

SEX AND LOVE OF GOD.....*Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen* 11
I HAD POLIO.....*Harriet Ford Griswold* 14
PRINCESS MARGARET OF HOLLYWOOD.....*George Frazier* 18
THE HOUSE THAT DIMES BUILT.....*Dickson Hartwell* 22
ANIMALS ARE THE CRAZIEST PEOPLE.....*Elaine Bassler Mardus and Norma Crandall* 24
THEY CALL HIM MR. BAFFLE.....*Ernest Barcella* 27
DOWN IN THE ARCTIC.....*Captain Ben Scott Custer, U.S.N.* 28

Short Stories

★ THE LIVES OF MARTIN (*The Star Story*).....*Mignon McLaughlin* 12
THE MAN OF THE HOUSE.....*Willard H. Temple* 16
THREE LITTLE GIRLS WORE BLUE.....*Matt Taylor* 20
THE RIVER.....*Robert Easton* 23
MARTHA AND HER DREAM MAN.....*Rosalie Packard* 29
(*The Short Short Story*)

Serial

RINGSIDE MAIDEN (*Part 5 of eight parts*).....*Edwin Lanham* 26

Features

THE WEEK'S MAIL.....*from our readers* 4
KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD.....*Freling Foster* 6
THE WEEK'S WORK.....*Ted Shane* 8
INSIDE SPORTS.....*Bill Fay* 30
CLANCY.....*John Ruge* 32
DON'T BE A CARTOONIST.....*Dave Gerard* 42
EATING—IN OR OUT.....*Charlotte Adams* 54
JUGGLER.....*Harry Henderson and Sam Shaw* 58
FABRIC WITH A FUTURE.....*Tobe* 64
THIS FASCINATING WORLD.....*W. E. Farbstein* 71
VERSE.....34, 68
CARTOONS.....32, 34, 36, 37, 40, 41, 44, 46, 50, 53, 56, 60, 62, 69, 70, 72, 73
COLLIER'S BELIEVES: *China Is Hungry, Not Red*..... 74
COVER.....*Jack Waters*

The Week's Mail

MR. PRESIDENT

DEAR SIRS: In the postelection editorial, Humanity Looks to the White House (Dec. 11th), you did your manners very prettily for Mr. Truman; it was an expression we all can approve. One expression used arouses the academician in me: Was ever there born a baby who was not honorable?

G. E. JOHNSON, Greensboro, N. C.

. . . It is one of the best editorials I've ever read. Hovering around eighty years of age and an avid reader of all magazines, I feel I'm a qualified critic. Keep 'em coming, W.L.C.

GEORGE PHILLIPS, Duncan, Ariz.

. . . Dear, dear Mr. Chenery. Let's come up for air. Any forethought or wise decision will not be Truman's, for he is without ability. Courage, yes, he has; good will, doubtful. Generous at tearing up other people's money. What New Dealer isn't? Our hope is to watch and fight Harry and his rag, tag and bobble of crackpots to keep them cooled down, and that is the way it is going to be, dear Mr. Chenery. . . .

L. RAY CARROLL, Billings, Mont.

. . . Surely no mature man, having the future of America at heart, could really entertain such Pollyannish drivel. It was not America that elected the demagogic product of a corrupt political machine as President—but it was two pressure groups striving for special privilege—organized labor and organized agriculture—and they created their own undoing—the moral fiber of America is disintegrating. The sturdy self-reliance that created her

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 48)

COLLIER'S THE NATIONAL WEEKLY Vol. 123, No. 5. **PUBLISHED WEEKLY** by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17. N. Y. Thomas H. Beck, Chairman of the Board; Albert E. Winger, *President*; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, J. B. Scarborough, William L. Chenery, Edward Anthony, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: United States and Possessions, Canada, Labrador, Newfoundland and Philippine Islands, 1 year $5.00; 2 years $8.00; 2½ years (130 issues) $9.00; 3 years $10.00.
FOR PAN-AMERICAN countries in the Postal Union, add $1.00 per year. For all other foreign countries add $4.00 per year.
REMIT by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses.
ENTERED as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at the Post Office, Toronto, Canada.
MANUSCRIPTS or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

COPYRIGHT, 1949, BY THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY (All rights reserved)
Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You can tell—in more ways than one—that Body by Fisher is built better than ever—that it's your best guide to the best buys in 1949 cars.

What has happened to car bodies since the war?

They may all look lots smarter. But are they all *built* the same? You'll find out, if you check the body on any new car you're considering against the new 1949 Body by Fisher.

Just *listen* to the solid, bank-vault thud of the new Fisher Body's doors — when you slam them home. Here, steel meets steel through a substantial rubber cushion, with a difference you can hear—with a solid sound that bespeaks the ruggedness of Fisher postwar Unisteel construction.

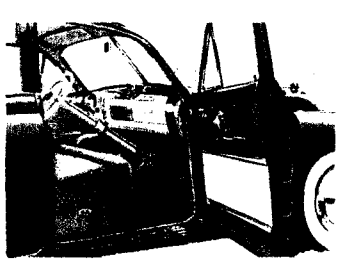
Just *feel* the soft and cradle-like comfort that's yours in the new Fisher Body — with headroom that's more than ample — with front and rear seats each designed to accommodate three people comfortably — and with legroom equally generous.

And finally, check it with your eyes — two ways — for style and visibility both. Note the refreshingly graceful sweep of the new Fisher Body's full-skirted lines, the rare richness of its interior upholstery and fittings. Note, too, the broader panoramic view you get through its expanded glass areas with those narrower, out-of-the-way corner posts.

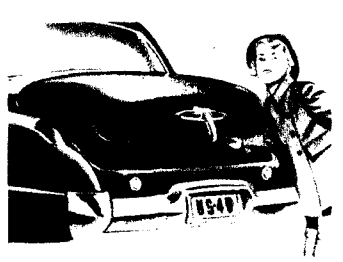
Yes, just check these differences in Body by Fisher and you'll find they're a big reason you get the biggest value in the 1949 General Motors cars — the only cars with the new Body by Fisher, the car body that's built better than ever.

All yours in Body by Fisher

1. ***Unisteel Construction***—solid steel welded to steel in one integral, super-secure unit.
2. ***Foam Rubber Seats*** available in all makes of General Motors cars.
3. ***Optometric Visibility***—wider glass areas, scientifically angled to provide maximum view with minimum glare.
4. ***Safety Plate Glass*** all around for greater safety and undistorted vision.
5. ***Easy-access Doors*** open full-width at the touch of your fingers and stay open without being held.
6. ***Honest Craftsmanship*** backed by more than 40 years of specializing in coachcraft exclusively.



A wide open welcome. Yes, these doors swing open wide with minimum effort. A typical example of Fisher's careful attention to details that matter.



Easy does it! Special counterbalanced hinges on sedan models make lifting the trunk lid child's play; also increase accessibility by eliminating side supports.

Body by Fisher

– BETTER THAN EVER !

On General Motors cars only: CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Your neighborhood United Motors man is out to give you real service satisfaction. That's his business. As a local merchant, he knows that *good* customers are *satisfied* customers. So he uses original equipment parts, latest service methods, experienced mechanics . . . and does the job *right*. Let him check your car today for sure starting this winter. He takes a *personal* interest in serving you well.

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN — UNITED SERVICE MOTORS — IT'S RIGHT NEARBY

Selected independent automotive service stations are authorized by

UNITED MOTORS SERVICE

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

to display the sign above and to sell and service these products:

DELCO Batteries
AC Fuel Pumps, Gauges and Speedometers
INLITE Brake Lining
SAGINAW Jacks
DELCO Radio Parts
HYATT Roller Bearings
ROCHESTER Carburetors
DELCO Auto Radios
DUREX Gasoline Filters
HARRISON Heaters
DELCO Home Radios and Television
NEW DEPARTURE Ball Bearings
HARRISON Thermostats
DELCO Shock Absorbers
GUIDE Lamps
DELCO-REMY Starting, Lighting and Ignition
KLAXON Horns
HARRISON Radiators
DELCO Hydraulic Brakes
DUREX Engine Bearings

★ KEEP UP ★ With the World

BY FRELING FOSTER

THE MYSTERY of the "Weeping Ghosts" was one of the most baffling that our usually infallible professional ghost hunters—employed to investigate haunted houses or other "visited" structures in the United States—have come up against in recent years. It concerned an old residence in Charleston, South Carolina, and took four experts four nights to solve it. The "ghosts" were finally discovered to be the weeping willows which stood on each side of the dwelling. When the wind blew with sufficient force, it would sweep some of the drooping branches onto the slanting roof and they would drag to and fro across it. This produced sounds both loud and terrifying in the stillness of the night, but which were never heard above the noisier activities of the day.

DRAWINGS BY JACK BETTS

COTTON MATHER, the American colonial clergyman, was an authority on the Devil, and fanatically believed that many individuals were witches, having made compacts with Satan. Few world-famous men ever possessed such an incredible combination of intelligence and stupidity. His vast knowledge and training were shown in his writing of more than 450 books on various subjects, yet the learned doctor was chiefly responsible for the witchcraft mania which engulfed Salem in 1692, having virtually instigated it by his fiery sermons and then encouraged the persecutions until they were stopped by public revulsion. About the Devil, whose acquaintance he claimed, he said that he spoke flawless Greek, Latin and Hebrew, but that his English had an odd accent.

A PROFITABLE RACKET between the 13th and 18th centuries in France was the business of instigating and conducting lawsuits against animals on behalf of peasants who believed that the creatures could and should be tried for destructive acts and, if found guilty, banished from the community by judicial order. No plaintiff was ever involved in more than one of these trials because the actions were purposely prolonged to increase court costs, lawyers' fees and the number of compulsory and expensive ceremonies. One such suit brought in 1445 by the inhabitants of St. Julian against a swarm of insects lasted nearly 50 years before it was dropped. Three generations were bled white by the trial.

THE ELECTRIC CHAIR was the subject of one of America's most bitterly fought laws—the New York State statute, passed on June 4, 1888, that substituted the electric chair for the gallows. Its chief opponents were certain public utilities which feared the use of electricity in executions would have a bad effect on the millions who, in those days, were still afraid of it. So the validity of the law was attacked in several courts on the grounds that electrocution was "cruel and unusual punishment" and therefore its adoption violated the U.S. Constitution. These attacks stopped two years later when experiments on animals proved that such a death was "immediate and absolutely painless." Meanwhile, manufacturers refused to sell the necessary materials to the man who was to build the chair, making it necessary for him to have a friend in Brazil buy the equipment and ship it back to the United States. Finally, on August 6, 1890, in Auburn prison, the apparatus went into service with the execution of Willie Kemmler, who, paradoxically, had eagerly looked forward to this day when he would go down in history as the first man in the world to die in an electric chair.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Which type of HEARING AID have you?

HERE IS VALUABLE INFORMATION ON "EVEREADY" BATTERY COMBINATIONS AND PRICES—

SMALL, SINGLE-UNIT AIDS

The sensational, new "Eveready" "A" battery No. 1005E . . . *lasts three times as long* as its predecessor (No. 1016-E)—because it actually "breathes" oxygen from the air! . . . . . **$.70**

"Eveready" "B" battery No. 412-E delivers 22½ volts—yet it's smaller than a box of safety matches! . . **$1.05**

(15- and 30-volt miniature "Eveready" "B" batteries—Nos. 411-E and 413-E—are also available.)

OTHER SINGLE- OR DOUBLE-UNIT TYPES

For long life and economy, use "Eveready" "A" battery No. 1035 . . . . **$.10**

"Eveready" "B" battery No. 420-E delivers 22½ volts. **$1.40**

(15- and 30-volt "Eveready" "B" batteries—Nos. 417-E and 430-E—are also available.)

DOUBLE-UNIT PLUG-IN INSTRUMENTS

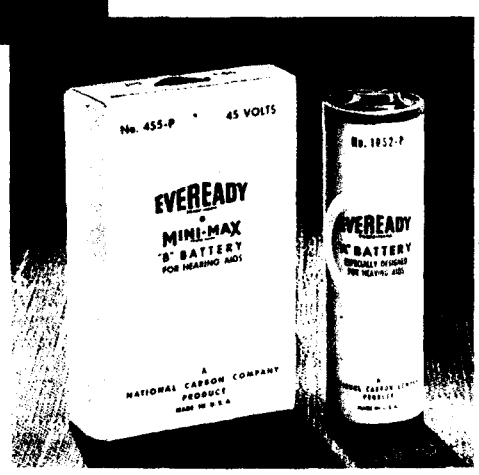
These two small "Eveready" batteries can be used with all existing plug-in sets employing 22½ or 30 volts.

Ask your dealer for "Eveready" "A" battery No. 1040-P. . . . **$.27**

Use the 30-volt "Eveready" "B" battery No. 430-P. **$1.65**

("Eveready" "B" battery No. 420-P, 22½ volts, also available.)

HIGH-VOLTAGE HEARING AIDS



For high-voltage aids, get the "Eveready" "A" battery No. 1052-P. . . . . **$.27**

"Eveready" "B" battery No. 455-P delivers 45 volts. **$1.90**

(33-volt "Eveready" "B" battery No. 433-P is also available.)

"EVEREADY" BATTERIES MEAN Better Hearing Longer

Other "Eveready" hearing-aid batteries (not illustrated) are:

"B" BATTERIES			"A" BATTERIES	
Type No.	Voltage	Price	Type No.	Price
411-E	15	$0.85	1015-E	$0.125
413-E	30	1.25		
417-E	15	0.90	1016-E	0.25
417-P	15	1.15		
420-P	22½	1.40	1040	0.15
425-P	22½	1.50		
430-E	30	1.65	1150	0.15
433-P	33	1.65		

EVEREADY
TRADE-MARK
HEARING-AID BATTERIES

The registered trade-marks "Eveready" and "Mini-Max" distinguish products of

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
30 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation
UCC

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!

"... **HOW CAN A MAN AS CLEVER** as he be so blind about his appearance? Seems like he never combs his hair. It's so dull . . . and dry looking. And that loose dandruff! Sure signs of Dry Scalp. I think I'll tell him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic."

Hair looks better... scalp feels better... when you check Dry Scalp

WHAT AN IMPROVEMENT! His hair looks neat and well-groomed now, and so can yours—when you use 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. It makes hair look better, scalp feel better . . . and it checks loose dandruff. Contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. It's double care . . . both scalp and hair . . . and more economical, too.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
TRADE MARK ®

TOPS IN ENTERTAINMENT: **DR. CHRISTIAN,** STARRING **JEAN HERSHOLT,** ON CBS, WEDNESDAY NIGHTS; **LITTLE HERMAN,** NEW MYSTERY SHOW, SATURDAY NIGHTS, ON ABC. SEE YOUR NEWSPAPER FOR LOCAL BROADCAST TIME.

The Week's Work

This week's cover: *Kids on the Skids. When the Blizzard of '48 stopped blizzing, Photographer Jack Waters got Alice Marie Sherry, Herb Newham and Dick Geier to sacrifice a few valuable moments of nonprofit tobogganing to pose for the cover. Scene: a bulldozer-made snow hill in Radburn, New Jersey.*

LAST September 13th, at about 12:30 A.M., two naval officers called on Mrs. Elizabeth Custer at her home in Washington with the news that her husband, Captain Ben Scott Custer was missing somewhere in the Canadian wastes. (Down in the Arctic, p. 28.) Though her husband had fought in the Pacific, he'd never been missing before. So for twelve days Mrs. Custer lived in a grim, rumor-struck, up-and-down world.

She stifled her first impulse to rush up to Canada. "What could I do that the Canadian flight-safety officials couldn't do better?" she asked herself. "I settled down to acting as ballast to my home—seeing that things went normally for my four children. They were ten, five, two—and my baby girl was seven months."

Only the older boy knew about his dad's predicament—so Mrs. Custer, who is quite a tennis player, hauled him to the country club every day, and they played tennis like mad.

But thoughts kept recurring. "I knew my husband wasn't killed—but I knew Canada is awfully big," she admits. "I was afraid the snow would fly and that they wouldn't find him and his companions till the spring when the trappers came in.

"Just two weeks before the flight, my husband had taken his Ph.D. in history at Georgetown. I found myself muttering over and over: 'All that time he was studying we could have been together. And what good will his Ph.D. do him now?'

"But I also thought—the two little girls don't know him, the two little boys do, the two little girls don't know him—he's got to come back, the two little girls don't—over and over."

MATT TAYLOR (Three Little Girls Wore Blue, p. 20) finds propinquity means nothing in a career. He lives in Rye, New York, a stone's throw from our managing editor, Mr. Oscar Dystel, and he has yet to meet him at any of the local square dances or in any neighborhood bistro. However, Mr. Taylor is not one to wheel a baby carriage full of MSS. around town, in order not to be caught without samples, should the meeting suddenly take place.

"If I have read the record correctly," Mr. Taylor reveals, "this is number 13 for me in Collier's. I have a TWA hostess daughter who is One Little Girl in Blue. Also a fledgling actress daughter—so I write some theater fiction, too. Hope my son will join the F.B.I. after college. I will then turn to mellerdrawmer."

NORMA CRANDALL, who, with Elaine Bassler Mardus, reliably assures us that Animals Are the Craziest People on page 24, served time at Barnard College, then went traveling to Europe. Somewhere in here she married the late Wilson Chamberlain, a writer, and it was during one of her frequent trips abroad, while she and her husband were studying zoos, that she got interested in the treatment of animals in captivity and in their peculiarly human traits.

Pardner Mardus, on the other hand,

Mignon McLaughlin's The Lives of Martin (p. 12) gets this week's Star Award—enough for a mink wrap, a trip to Rio, or more security for the McLaughlins' two adopted sons

is a Wellesley B.A., a Columbia M.A. and an ex-private-school teacher. She's written a lot of publicity, much of it for welfare organizations, and has written a television show. For two years she has operated Writers' Clinic, an editorial research and critical plant for pro scriveners, and like Miss Crandall she has free-lanced actively.

WE LOOKED up Mr. Fred Allen's background as a juggler (see Movette on page 58) and discovered that it was 1914 in which he says he was forced to go on the stage.

"An uncle died and left me a pair of purple spats and a cane," he reveals. "There was nothing left for me to do but go into vaudeville.

"In those days, playing in the theater was called show business. Why, I don't know, unless it was because most of the people, after a lifetime in it, had nothing to show for it."

As for the act, Allen described it as follows: "I juggled for seven minutes, and for an encore it took me seven minutes to pick things up. One day I was talking to myself and I laughed. I started then to talk to other people instead of myself. They laughed and the word got around. I was a comedian." . . .

TED SHANE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What you have been waiting for...

ZENITH TELEVISION WITH GIANT CIRCLE SCREEN

is so sensationally different it defies description

We cannot give you a word picture of the important Zenith* developments which are found in no other Television set. You must see it for yourself...Operate it yourself.

AT YOUR ZENITH DEALERS IN LIMITED QUANTITIES

©1945 ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION • CHICAGO 39, ILLINOIS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

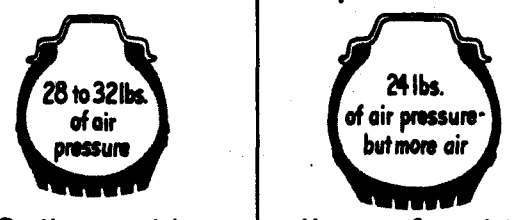
Ask Mrs. Cuneo, Mr. Bass and Mr. Saxton - or over a million others!

MRS. ALBERT CUNEO, business woman, San Francisco, Cal.: "I've had Super-Cushions on my car since 1947—and they've just made a new car out of it! I even got a smooth ride over the cobblestones on Polk Street! The car hugs the road better on turns, and I love the quicker stops I'm able to make in traffic. I feel *so* much safer!"

H. B. BASS (right), farmer, Munford, Tenn.: "My new car came with regular tires, and I changed over to Super-Cushions right away. I immediately noticed a tremendous difference in the way the car rides and handles. I have to drive over a lot of rough country roads, and with low-pressure Super-Cushions, the bumps, jars and rattles just disappear."

WALLACE S. SAXTON, First Selectman, Bethany, Conn.: "Super-Cushions even take the jolts out of choppy dirt roads. I get much better traction, too—no skids or slips, and much safer stops when the pavement's wet."

Conventional Tire | **Super-Cushion**



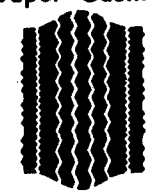
Ordinary ride | **New softer ride**

Softer Ride! The Super-Cushion is bigger and softer. It *runs on 24 pounds of air!* It soaks up road shocks, jolts, jars and vibrations. This means you get a smoother, *softer* ride. It means less wear on your car, fewer rattles, fewer repair bills!

Conventional Tire

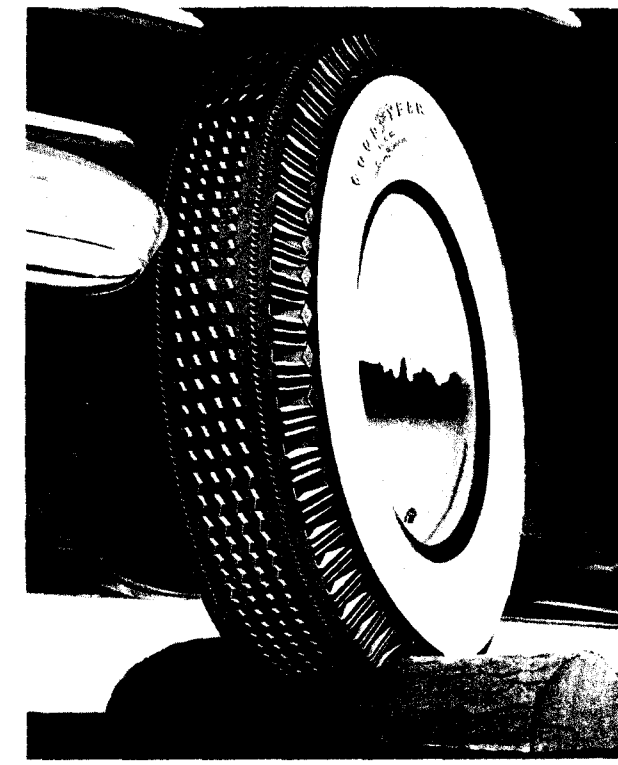
Regular-size "footprint"
Ordinary traction

Super-Cushion



Bigger "footprint"
New greater traction

Remarkable Safety! The Super-Cushion has larger contact area with the road. You get a new ease and stability in car handling. Your car seems to *hug* the road, to *flow* through traffic, to *float* around curves. And you get quicker, safer stops!



Modernize the riding qualities and safety of *your* car. Super-Cushions will fit its present rims! With Goodyear's great LifeGuard Safety Tubes, they give you the *last word* in modern motoring comfort and safety. See your Goodyear dealer!

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

The new *Super Cushion* by GOODYEAR

We think you'll like "THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD"—every Sunday—ABC Network

Super-Cushion T. M.–The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VOL. 123, NO. 5

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

JANUARY 29, 1949

L.A.
FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY
KANSAS

Sex and Love of God

By MONSIGNOR FULTON J. SHEEN

In this scathing article, taken from his forthcoming book, Peace of Soul, a noted U.S. churchman takes "sex-deification" to task. In Man's never-ending search for perfection he too often turns to overemphasis on diversions of the flesh. To satisfy his longings and regain his paradise lost he will find this emptiness can be filled only with the love of God

SEX has become one of the most discussed subjects of modern times. The Victorians pretended it did not exist; the moderns pretend that nothing else exists. Some critics place all the blame on Freud, who, it is said, made it possible for people to talk about sex under the guise of science.

Yet it is unhistorical and philosophically unsound to blame Freud for the current overemphasis: Instead of being the creator of the popularity of sex, he was rather its expression and its effect. Far from being the founder of an age, he was its postscript. There are some faithful disciples still writing who consider Freud's method and his philosophy as absolute truth; they bitterly and instantly resent any criticism, calling it "reactionary" or "obscurantist." But many others have already changed or abandoned fundamental Freudian ideas.

The principal reason for sex-deification is loss of belief in God. Once men lose God, they lose the purpose of life; and when the purpose of living is forgotten, the universe becomes meaningless. Man then tries to forget his emptiness in the intensity of a momentary experience. This effort sometimes goes so far that he makes someone else's flesh a god; there is idolatry and adoration which eventually ends in disillusionment when the so-called "angel" is discovered to be only a fallen angel and one of no great attraction.

Sometimes one's *own* flesh is made the god: Then one tends toward tyranny over the other person and, finally, toward cruelty. There is no surer formula for discontent than to try to satisfy our cravings for the ocean of Infinite Love from the teacup of finite satisfactions. Nothing material, physical or carnal can ever satisfy man completely; he has an immortal soul which needs an Eternal Love. Man's need for Divine Love, once perverted, impels him to go on seeking Infinite Love in finite beings—never finding it, yet not able to end the search despite his disappointments. Then follow cynicism, boredom, ennui and finally despair.

A second reason for the cult of sex is a desire to escape from the responsibility of living and from the unbearable voice of an uneasy conscience. By concentration upon the unconscious, animal, primitive areas, guilt-ridden individuals feel that they no longer need to fret about the meaning of life. Once God has been denied then everything becomes permissible to them. By denying the ethical in life, they have substituted license for liberty.

That is why an age of carnal license is always an age of political anarchy. The foundations of social life are shaken at the same moment when the foundations of family life are destroyed. The rebellion of the masses against social order, which Marx advocated, is matched by the rebellion of the libido and the animal instincts, which the sexists advocate within the individual.

A third reason for the overemphasis on sex is the modern denial of immortality. Once the Eternal is denied, the Now becomes all-important.

Immortality of Spirit and Flesh

When men believe in immortality they not only seek the continuance of their spirit in eternity, but also the continuance of their flesh, through the creation of families which will survive them and meet the challenge death otherwise presents. The denial of immortality thus gives death a double mastery: First, over the person who denies survival, though he needs must die; second, by leading him to repudiate family life, which is now regarded as a mere hindrance to the pleasures of the brief hour of life.

It is a historical fact that in times of disaster, epidemic, bombings, etc., some individuals who have no eternal values to sustain them, seeing the lease on life about to run out, plunge into orgies of debauchery. Concentration on the perishable things of earth tends to dry up moral enthusiasm and to stimulate cravings for bestial satisfaction when such men see their ends approaching.

It is no accident that the present civilization, which has emphasized sex as no other age in the history of Christianity has emphasized it, lives in constant fear of death. Its very pleasures are shadowed by death. But the man who believes in a future life, conditioned by morality, has the great advantage of being able to be happy in this world, as well as in the next.

A fourth reason for the overemphasis on sex is the *denial of the rational soul* and the equating of man with an animal. Not the will but instinct now reigns supreme, as the standards of morality give way to the practices of the barnyard. The modern tragedy is not that humans give way more often to their passions now than in previous ages, but that, in leaving the right road, they deny that there is a right road.

The equation of man with the animal is a great fallacy; sex in man is not the same as sex in animals. An animal feels, but no animal loves. In the animal, there is no body-mind conflict; in man, there is. In the animal, sex is mechanical, a matter of stimulus and response. In man, it is linked with mystery and freedom. In the animal, it is only a release of tension; in man, its occurrence is determined by no natural rhythm, but by the will. Sex can cause a loneliness and sadness in man which it cannot cause in an animal. The animal can satisfy all its desires below; man cannot do this, and his tension comes from trying to substitute the chaff of sex for the bread of life.

Christianity is not so narrow-minded as to make sex the most important instinct of life, nor to attribute mental disorders exclusively to its repression. If the repression of its errant and unlawful impulses is the cause of mental abnormalities,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 66)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WINNER OF THIS WEEK'S
$1,000 FICTION AWARD

Collier's
☆
STAR
STORY

The

Judith cut hurriedly through the murmurs of protest. "Please come straight to the point. What do you want from me, Mrs. Bemis?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lives of Martin

By MIGNON McLAUGHLIN

It was not until after he was dead that his wife learned about his other side—
and then it was from the "other woman"

FOR years they'd been more or less separated, Martin Reynolds maintaining his duplex apartment on Park Avenue, and Judith staying the year round in her Florida house. They wrote to each other once a week, and he came down to spend a month or so with her in the winter, and that was about all. Martin's sudden death, from a heart attack, occurred in mid-September, six months after their last time together.

Judith's best friend, Amy Royce, telephoned her the sad news, and Judith said that of course she would fly north at once. As she stared out of the plane window, at the steady downpour which accompanied the trip, she felt a little like weeping, herself, along with the heavens. This was not from any deep personal sense of grief or loss, but simply because, for all her coolness and poise, she was a compassionate woman. She wept for Martin, who had met death prematurely. He had been just forty-five years old, seven years her senior.

In New York, Judith found her schedule crowded. There was the funeral to be got through, an enormous funeral, attended by all the men from Martin's club at Harvard, and all the business friends and associates who had known him before his retirement (at forty), and all the relatives and friends on both sides.

Then there were the flowers to be acknowledged, and the notes of condolence. And the will to be read: Very simple, that was, for he'd never got around to revising the original will, made just after their wedding, in which he'd left everything to Judith. Finally, there was the apartment itself to be disposed of, and his personal things to be sorted, placed in storage, sold, or what not. As soon as that could be finished, Judith would return to Florida.

She was working at Martin's desk one afternoon, with a fire going in the library grate, when the housekeeper came to announce a caller.

"There's a person at the door asking for you, madam. I took the liberty of telling her I doubted you could be disturbed."

"Who is it, Lily?"

"A Mrs. Bemis."

Judith sat very still. She remembered Amy's wondering aloud whether Mrs. Bemis would dare to attend the funeral, and Amy's candid disappointment that she had not. She remembered her own conversation about Mrs. Bemis with Charles, her lawyer, and the advice he'd given. She remembered —many things.

"I will see Mrs. Bemis, Lily. Please show her into the living room, and ask her to wait. I may be ten or fifteen minutes."

Judith reached for the telephone and dialed Charles's number. His secretary informed her that, as usual, Charles was in conference; he would call her right back. Judith replaced the phone and sat staring at it, composing her thoughts.

Scraps of talk flitted through her mind, random phrases, some relevant, some not. Martin's saying once, years ago when he was courting her: "You're everything I disapprove of, and am drawn to." Amy Royce saying later, in Florida: "But you're taking an awful chance, staying down here, with Martin alone in New York. Or don't you care?" Then Amy saying, on her next trip South: "Judith, I think Martin's got a woman."

"I shouldn't be surprised."

"I mean, a serious one. A full-time mistress. One day Mary Knowles and I were coming back from golf. We stopped for gas in some appalling little town in Queens. You know, one of those places with rows and rows of identical drear little houses. And Mary said, 'Isn't that Martin Reynolds' roadster?'

"Well, I looked, and it was, and just at that moment who should emerge from one of the wretched row-houses but Martin himself! A woman in an apron was sort of clinging to his arm. They seemed to be saying good-by, for all the world like some suburban brush salesman and his *Hausfrau*."

"I can't believe it," said Judith.

"You haven't heard it all. There was—hold on tight, now—a child on the scene, as well. A little boy about two or three. He came running out just as Martin drove off, and the woman held him up in her arms so that he could wave bye-bye."

"Amy, you don't mean you think it was—Martin's child?"

"He was waving at Martin."

"That's scarcely conclusive proof!"

"No." But they regarded each other in silence for a moment, somehow feeling that it was.

"Judith, you aren't in love with him, are you?" Amy asked.

"No."

"Did you used to be?"

"I suppose so. At any rate, I thought I was. I was eighteen; one's judgment's a bit unsteady at that age."

Amy said, "Well, if you ask me—which you very pointedly haven't—I think you should go ahead and get a divorce and marry someone else."

"There isn't anyone—"

"What is it, Judith? Are you, as they say in the soap operas, afraid of love?"

"Something like that. I—I believe the medical term for women like me is—frigid."

Amy stared at her. "What do you mean? Psychologically?"

Judith flushed. "Yes, I guess. Yes, definitely psychological."

"But why not go to an analyst then?"

"No, I don't think that would cure it," said Judith. "You see, I know what it was."

"Please don't tell me if you'd rather not."

"Oddly enough, I'd like to. I—I'm afraid it's going to sound silly."

IT WAS impossible to get into it any of the quality of that hot summer day, many years ago, at Judith's family's country place, near the New Hampshire line. And Judith, aged nine, in her playsuit, and Bobby, the gardener's little boy, playing for a while at the sandbox, then on the teeter-totter, then finally seeking the coolest refuge they could find, the old hayloft, in the stable that was no longer used. And minutes, or hours, later, the voice of Judith's governess—that terrible, terrible voice, and the things it said, and the way Judith's discarded playsuit looked, being held in the governess' hand, like a flag of shame and reproach—

"She was terribly British and correct, so Mother adored her. I suspect she was half crazy; when we

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 37)

She had asked him in for coffee, but by the time she had it ready he had gone to sleep on the couch

ILLUSTRATED BY J. FREDERICK SMITH

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I Had Polio

By HARRIET FORD GRISWOLD

What is there in life for the polio victim? It depends on his courage and his mental outlook. The author, by helping others, has turned semi-death into a serene pattern for living

"WHAT'S the matter, lady, did you break a leg or something?" the furnace man inquired. "No," I said, "I've got infantile paralysis. It slows me up but I manage to run my house and look out for my two children. I even drive a car."

I showed him the way to the cellar and walked back to the kitchen corner where the armchair stands. Facing the chair, I hung on to one arm while I stacked my crutches against the wall. Next, I leaned forward and released one of my brace knee locks. Grasping both arms of the chair, I eased myself around and sat down. Pulling the tea wagon in front of me, I went on sifting flour for the birthday cake.

There is an enormous contrast between what I expected when infantile paralysis transformed my life and the breadth of my horizons today. The disease hit me during the summer of 1939, leaving both legs paralyzed. I was put in a hospital. My powerless legs made me panicky about being alone, so nurses were with me day and night. But I remember most of all how it felt being separated from my husband and two children.

I had a perpetual lump in my throat. I could have no part now in the celebration of Billy's second birthday and Hope's seventh. The children could not even come and see me in the contagious hospital. I had to make up my mind to live one day at a time and try to be a good sport.

Four weeks after the onset of the disease, I had recovered enough to read and to get along without a night nurse. In the fifth week, I attempted my first letter writing. In the sixth week, I combed my hair myself but found my right thumb decidedly feeble. The eighth week was a real milestone. At last I was relieved of muscle soreness. The nurse no longer hurt me when she turned me over or moved my legs. However, when the orderly lifted me into a wheel chair, I found that my new trial was fear of falling. Helplessness and apprehension about falling seem to go hand in hand.

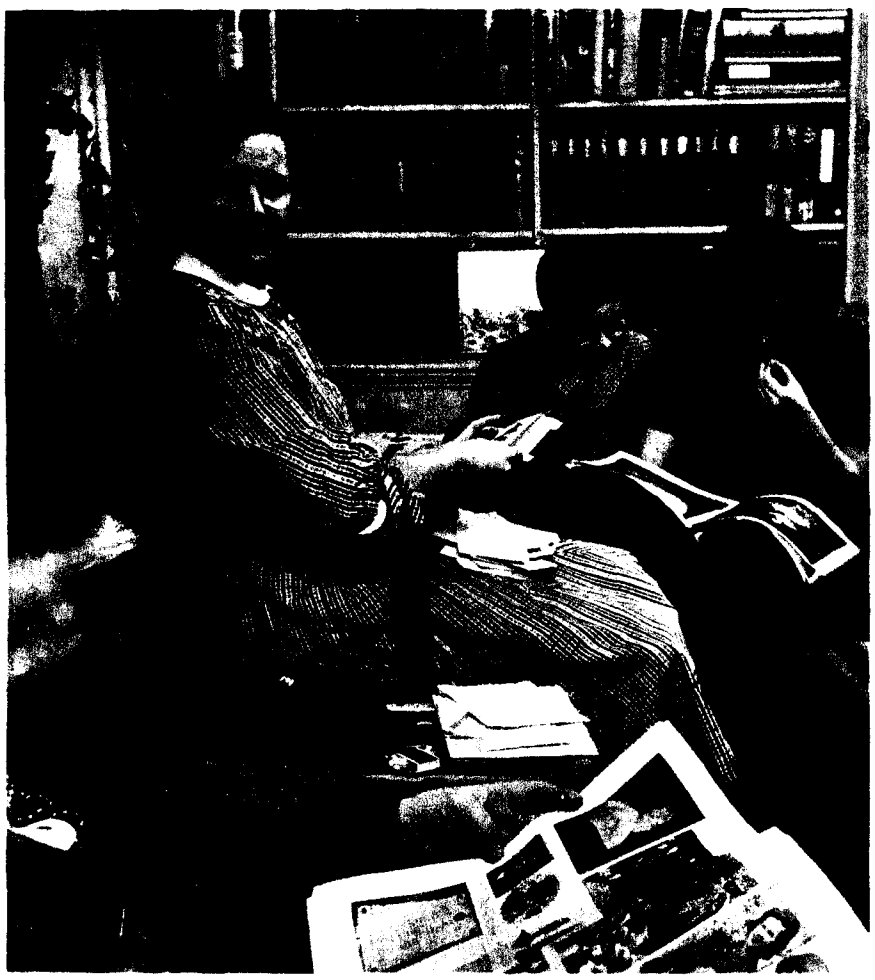
When I was moved to a Boston hospital, Hope and Billy were brought in every Sunday. But their

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 56)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Though stricken with polio, Mrs. Griswold runs her home, cares for her children and gives blood to the Red Cross. When her family stopped pitying her and let her do things in the house her mental health went up 100 per cent

Parking her crutches, she teeters into position in front of her washing machine to do the wash. She manages to iron sheets, but has a woman come in to vacuum and scrub. Her crutch, she says, is very useful for picking things up



One of the most important devices in helping Mrs. Griswold to maintain her equilibrium in the normal course of family life is the armchair. Without it she would be unable to sit down and get up without help of husband or children

Mrs. Griswold's car is specially equipped so that the clutch, brake and accelerator can be operated by hand. She had driven a car for years before contracting polio; learning to recondition her reflexes was tough at first

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MORRIS ENGEL

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The man of the house

By WILLARD TEMPLE

You think you've had trouble finding a house? You should listen to the story Walter Bryson tells. His wife sent him out to buy a home, and he did all right until he met a young lady named Miss Fairhill

WALTER had taken to pacing up and down the apartment, an act complicated by the line of diapers drying in the hall. Sitting in the armchair at the end of the living room Nancy said wearily, "You're not a lion, Walter. Please sit down and we'll discuss it sensibly."

"Fine," Walter said. "That's just what I've been hoping for."

He perched on the davenport and Nancy said, "I'm trapped. I know you. You'll buy the first thing you see, exactly the way you buy a suit. You have no sales resistance. You never shop around."

"I look all right," Walter said. "People don't stare at me. What's wrong with my clothes?"

"Nothing," Nancy admitted. "But you've been incredibly lucky. Besides, a house is different. What do you know about houses?"

"Good grief," said Walter, "I worked for a builder one summer when I was a kid. I know all about them. I'll bet you don't know what a Lally column is. Or a joist."

"I don't know and I don't care," Nancy said. "And that's exactly my point. That's all you'll look at, the cellar of the house. Who cares about the cellar?"

Walter, who had taken to pacing once more, gave a sudden strangled sound, disentangled his neck from the clothesline, and brushed diapers out of his face and hair.

"I thought we were going to discuss this sensibly," he said.

Looking extraordinarily like a forlorn kitten, Nancy eyed him gloomily. Studying her, Walter thought again it was amazing that Nancy could be the mother of three children. She hadn't changed a jot from the days when he had stood in her parents' living room and watched her come down the stairs, smiling shyly at him.

Physically she hadn't changed, that is. Mentally there was a difference. That shyness had mysteriously vanished sometime during their eight years of married life. He reflected how masterful a husband he had been; clear as a chime he could hear Nancy saying, "Yes, dear," to his every suggestion. It had been quite a while since he had heard that phrase.

"Oh, I know you'll do your best," Nancy said now.

"Yes, dear," said Walter and suddenly flinched.

"Don't jump," Nancy said. "I think it's wonderful about your promotion. I haven't said a single word about tearing up my roots and moving five hundred miles away. But you know I've always yearned for a house and now I have to stay here with the children while you go buy it. I can't even see it until it's bought and paid for."

"Partially paid for," Walter corrected.

"Lally columns—" Nancy said unhappily. "You'll probably buy some monstrosity with gingerbread and gables and turrets just because the cellar walls are four feet thick. I'm going to tell you something, Walter Bryson. I will not live in a museum piece. I don't care whether it's old or new but it has to have charm."

"That's simple enough," Walter said.

"Well, that's only *one* thing," Nancy said scornfully. "It must have four bedrooms."

"Don't worry," Walter said. "After being cooped up in apartments for eight years I won't buy any tiny house. I want plenty of space."

"That's exactly it," said Nancy. "You'll find something with fourteen rooms. You'll buy some old house with a kitchen the size of Yankee Stadium and won't think of me being on my knees scrubbing miles of linoleum."

Walter knew how she felt. He sympathized with her. But his transfer was immediate, they couldn't possibly stay in a hotel while they house-hunted, not with three children.

"You must send me a picture," Nancy said. "I insist on a picture before you buy. Don't start pacing again, Walter. It's our last night here and I want to sit in your lap." . . .

At twenty of eight the next morning a taxi honked in front of the apartment and the three children began to wail, begging to be taken along.

"Good-by, Walter," Nancy shouted above the uproar, throwing her arms around his neck. "I love you. I put a list of things about the house in your brief case. Good-by, darling."

Walter got in the cab, was aboard the plane twenty minutes later, and that afternoon had been shown through the plant. With his coat off and shirt sleeves rolled up he was examining the laboratory where the staff of research chemists were busy when his new chief, Dr. Devlin, came in, a girl at his heels. She was slim and blond and looked briskly efficient.

"This is Miss Fairhill," Devlin said. "Your secretary. I chose her for two reasons. First, I'm sure you'll find her very competent. Second, as a stranger in town you may need help on your house-hunting deal. Miss Fairhill has lived here all her life."

"I have the sweetest place in mind," Miss Fairhill

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 59)

"You're not a lion, Walter," Nancy said wearily. "Please stop pacing and we'll discuss it sensibly"

ILLUSTRATED BY MAC CONNER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

© KARSH, OTTAWA

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Princess Margaret of Hollywood

By GEORGE FRAZIER

Margaret O'Brien is just as simple and unspoiled today as she was six years ago when she floored everyone with Journey for Margaret. She is now twelve, and she lives in the hope that someday she can get to be a real dog trainer

SIX years ago an obscure wisp of a child enchanted movie-goers with her portrayal of a British war orphan in an unassuming film called Journey for Margaret. Since then, Margaret O'Brien has become the most remarkable member of a profession that at one time or another has included such small fry as Farina, Jackie Coogan, Shirley Temple, Cuddles Edwards, Mickey Rooney, Baby Peggy, Wesley Barry, and Beulah Miggins. In the process, little Miss O'Brien has achieved several distinctions.

For one thing, Margaret has yet to be caught, as Mickey Rooney occasionally was, puffing contentedly on a mild Havana filler. For another, she is probably the only child in the bizarre annals of Hollywood with an aunt who is darkly hinted to be her mother and a mother who is rumored to be her aunt.

For a third, she is not merely the most accomplished child performer in history, but an actress so proficient even by adult standards that Lionel Barrymore once referred to her as "the only woman except my sister Ethel who made me take out my handkerchief in thirty years." Finally, she is completely unspoiled. This is probably her most remarkable achievement.

For it would not be surprising if the flattery of such things as her publicity, her income, and the worshipful tone of her enormous fan mail had transformed Margaret into a repulsive brat. Up to now, however, she has managed to remain normal in everything except the abnormal abundance of her talent.

Like most children of twelve, for example, she is baffled by arithmetic and thus has no idea that she earns her $200,000 annual salary from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer at the imposing rate of $208.33 an hour. But even if she realized this, it isn't likely that she would be much impressed. For her attitude toward money is authentically that of a child, too.

She demonstrated this quite disarmingly one afternoon a few years ago when Louis B. Mayer, the head of the M-G-M studio, inquired what she would like for a present. "Well, what I really would like is Busher," she replied, undeterred by the fact that Busher, a member of Mayer's stable, happened to be one of the most valuable race horses in the world.

"After all," she remarked later, "Mr. Mayer *did* ask me what I wanted, didn't he?" Her reaction to most other matters is equally uninhibited.

Like any child approaching her teens, Margaret is reluctant to withdraw from the sugarplum land of the imagination and she cherishes such fables as those surrounding Santa Claus and the birth of a baby with fierce determination. This distrust of reality is also evident in an affection for North American Indians, which recently inspired her to scalp all her dolls and to greet acquaintances by solemnly raising her right hand and grunting, "Ugh."

Even her precocity as an actress cannot dispel her schoolgirlish fascination with the glamor of motion pictures. Above all else, she is an incurable movie fan who, like many another little girl, enjoys the aching deliciousness of "crushes" on leading men. When, for example, Roddy McDowall asked her to autograph a copy of Our Vines Have Tender Grapes, a novel which provided her with a rewarding screen role, she became so flustered that she forgot how to spell her name.

But being twelve, and a female as well, she is fickle, too, with the result that she recently jilted Roddy in favor of Burt Lancaster, a young man whom she has looked upon as her soul mate ever since the day she discovered that they both go to the same dentist.

The most reassuring aspect of Margaret's moviegoing is that it is uninfluenced by her own professional standards. Although she has immense respect for a good dramatic performance, she feels more comfortable when she is encouraging the William Boyds and the Gene Autrys to head 'em off at Eagle Pass. Unfortunately, naturalness like Margaret's is rarely encountered in the case histories of talented children.

Several years ago, Nunnally Johnson, a writer-producer whose gentle disposition has made him fair game for uninspired pests, announced a list of fees which he hoped to exact for demands upon his time and counsel. After considerable deliberation he decided that $500 would be a reasonable price to ask "for looking at talented children."

Movie Children Are Often Brats

That was a genuine bargain rate. Away from the searching glare of the arc lights, a dismayingly large number of the 2,400 children who are registered for picture work prove to be much less cuddly than one might suspect. More often than not, indeed, they are assertive, selfish, conceited, and shrewd beyond their years.

Margaret is one of the exceptions. She has yet to present any serious disciplinary problem. At work, she behaves with such professional assurance that adult performers accept her as an equal. She herself would not have it otherwise, and the only concession she asks is that her mother hover near by while a scene is being shot.

No one has ever seen her indulge in a temperamental outburst. On the rare occasions when she forgets her lines, she betrays no emotion beyond smiling sheepishly and murmuring, "I'm very sorry," to the director and the rest of the cast.

Unlike, say, Bobby Henrey, the nine-year-old British star who is something of a rage at the moment, Margaret requires little coaching. Even at the age of six she had an astonishing instinct and a prodigious memory. Indeed, throughout her professional life she has never been a child, but always an actress, and her talent is as ageless as Bernhardt's.

The delight she takes in her work is the strongest possible proof that she regards it as play. As a matter of fact, her contentment with her lot in life is a valid refutation of the widely held belief that child acting is a form of torture imposed upon talented children by greedy parents. For her part, she heartily disapproves of the California statute which restricts child performers to four hours' work a day.

Possibly as a manifestation of this disapproval, Margaret's conduct off the set is usually influenced by the nature of whatever role she happens to be playing at the time. When she was working as the incorrigible Tootie in Meet Me in St. Louis, for example, her behavior at home was aggravatingly impish.

On the other hand, however, during the period she was interpreting the angelic Beth in Little Women, Margaret's private life was practically blameless.

A Trick of Her Imagination

This absolute devotion to her art sometimes causes her to confuse reality and imagination. Shortly after the completion of Little Women, she was filling out a health questionnaire when her mother noticed that she had checked scarlet fever as one of the diseases she had had.

"Why, Maggie!" said Mrs. O'Brien. "You know very well that you never had scarlet fever."

"Oh, yes, I did," said the child, confusing her actual existence with the one she had led as Beth. "I had scarlet fever and I died from it."

Being the most impressionable of movie fans, Margaret frequently finds herself completely transported by the performances of others. When she saw National Velvet, she was so impressed by Elizabeth Taylor's riding in the steeplechase sequence that she immediately decided to become the greatest of female jockeys. She was dissuaded from this only after several riding lessons had made it apparent that she is allergic to horses.

This unshakable faith in the gingerbread world of the films explains why she no longer goes to see her own pictures. "What's the point in seeing them?" she asks rather forlornly. "I know how they end, don't I?"

Margaret, who weighs 88 pounds, is four feet, ten inches tall and wears size-10 dresses (many of them made by the concern which paid her $250,000 during the past three years for the use of her name). She weighed only four pounds when Gladys O'Brien gave birth to her on January 15, 1937, at Los Angeles, California.

Gladys, the daughter of Sergeant-Detective Martin O'Brien of the San Francisco police, had run away from home at the age of 13 to become a dancer. After first working with a small tab show and later on the Pantages circuit, she eventually found a job with the Ringling Brothers Circus, where she doubled as dancer and bareback rider.

She herself is inclined to be rather vague about the chronology of this period; but she definitely establishes 1934 as the year she married a dashing fellow named Larry O'Brien, who played in the circus band. They separated later, however, and he

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 73)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY KARSH

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THREE LITTLE GIRLS WORE BLUE

By MATT TAYLOR

IT WAS seldom that the three of them were in the apartment at the same time, but now they were. Marge, the red-headed one, was standing by on reserve. Claire, the petite, wide-eyed blonde, was free until next morning. And Joan, whose dark brown hair was exactly matched by her eyes, had just returned from flight and was standing in the doorway in her Alice-blue uniform, suitcase in hand. They were three air-line hostesses, and they shared this three-room apartment, rather drearily furnished, for a hundred and fifty a month. It was expensive, but convenient to the airport.

Joan put down her bag and tossed her hat into a chair across the room. "There's a man coming up for a drink," she said. "Are you decent?"

Both obviously were—Marge in slacks and Claire in a rose-colored house coat.

"Is he for all of us?" Marge asked hopefully.

"He's for anyone who wants him," Joan answered crossly. "He's a heel."

"Is he a good-looking heel?" said Marge.

"He's a pilot and a good-enough specimen," Joan explained. "I flew back from Chicago with him. He's been transferred here from the Kansas City base."

Claire sighed. "Does he have two or four kids?" she asked. "I never yet knew a pilot who didn't unloose snapshots of his brats."

"He admits to none," Joan said. "He's single. Eligible enough, I suppose."

"If you like heels," said Marge.

Claire was at the front window. "If you like blue convertibles," she said.

"A convertible?" cried Marge. "It could be pink with purple dots. Whistle for him quick."

"I'll get him," Joan said. At the door she paused. "He needs taking down," she told them grimly. "Please co-operate."

She reappeared a minute later. With her was a tall, rather well-built young man in his late twenties, with curiously inquisitive dark eyes and a small, well-kept mustache. He slouched carelessly into the room and appraised the situation with interest. Joan took him by the arm. "Meet Captain Charlie Godly, one of our clear-eyed birdmen," she said. "This is Marge, Captain. And Claire Porter. You'll run into them on flight sooner or later. They both look nicer," she added, "when they're dressed up in uniform for the paying customers."

The captain nodded approvingly. "I find I can take hostesses with or without," he said.

"I'll make a drink," Joan said. "We have Scotch and water. What'll you have?"

"Scotch and water," he said. "I'll supervise."

He followed her into the kitchenette. The drinks were poured and mixed without benefit of conversation.

Back in the living room Joan passed the glasses, then raised her own. "A toast, *mon capitaine*,"

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD FORSBERG

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Captain Godly wasn't afraid to give a girl a ring. He became engaged to Joan and Marge and Claire. Captain Godly was a pilot and a confident man

she said with a bite in her voice. "To those three inevitable millionaires!"

"Three?" Marge said. "One will do me."

Joan smiled at the captain with acid sweetness. "You see, Captain?" she said. "How right you are!" She turned to her roommates. "According to Captain Godly," she informed them, "we hostesses are all airborne gold diggers. All we live for is to get our claws on some rich passenger and marry him."

The captain looked around him. Joan faced him, Marge was to the right, and Claire to the left. "I've been ambushed," he murmured.

"The captain has a very low opinion of hostesses," Joan went on, speaking through her teeth. "He said during dinner last night in Chicago that—"

"It's been nice knowing you all," said the captain, retreating two steps. "I'll finish my drink in the car."

MARGE'S eyes had a glint in them. So had Claire's. "Wait!" Claire ordered. "Kindly repeat your insults!"

"He said we all—"

"I'll tell it myself, if they insist," said the captain. "You'll only misquote me." He stepped forward again and fortified himself with a substantial gulp of amber liquid. "Everything I said was perfectly reasonable," he went on. "I said I've never met a hostess who wasn't intelligent."

"So far, so good," said Claire grimly.

"Proceed," stated Marge.

He proceeded. "But no intelligent girl," he said, "would want to get up at all hours of the night and fly around the sky in all kinds of weather being an aerial nursemaid and waitress just for the fun of it. There must be an ulterior motive."

"Like money," suggested Claire.

"Maybe we just like it up there," Marge said sharply.

"You may like flying," he conceded. "So do I. But I'm up in the cockpit away from complaining females and airsick babies and pompous old bores and—"

"The captain," interrupted Joan, "just loves all humanity, doesn't he?"

"Look," said the captain defensively. "I'm not a complete heel."

"Aren't you?" said Joan.

"Then what are you?" asked Marge.

"Tell us," urged Claire, her blue eyes wide.

The captain finished his drink. "May I make myself another?" he asked. "This is pretty rough going."

A grim silence awaited him as he returned from the kitchen a moment later. He drew a deep breath. "I don't see why you don't admit it," he said. "All of you obviously looked around for some glamor job you could step into. You picked this. You knew our best people travel by air these days and some of our best people are eligible bachelors with sockfuls of the stuff that matters. You knew you'd meet them on flight, and you thought as long as a girl has to marry sometime she might as well—" He paused and looked at them defiantly. "Why the dark looks?" he said. "Don't I make sense?"

"No," Joan said.

"None at all," said Claire.

"You're drooling," said Marge.

Once more the captain drained his glass. "Okay," he said. "But I'll bet a buck not one of you would settle right now for—well, for an ordinary guy like me! I'll bet if I asked you to marry me—"

"All right, you bet a buck," broke in Marge.

"I beg pardon?" said the captain.

"I'm calling you," said Marge.

"Just a moment, please," the captain said. He disappeared into the kitchen once more and reappeared almost immediately with a shorter but more deeply amber-colored drink in his glass. "Will you marry me?" he said to Marge.

"Certainly," she replied.

He dipped his hand into his pocket and drew out a roll of bills. He peeled off one of them. "May I be the first to congratulate you?" he said, stepping forward. He held out his arms. "At a tender moment like this, I believe it is customary to—"

"I'd like to earn an honest dollar myself," interrupted Claire.

The captain turned. "I asked for this, I suppose," he sighed. "Will *you* marry me?"

"Yes, and there are two witnesses," said Claire.

"I haven't been engaged since I was a junior in high school," said the captain. "And now twice in one evening—"

"Three times—I hope," said Joan sweetly.

The captain bowed. "Do you mind taking change? I'm out of dollar bills." He bowed lower. "Will you—"

"Of course," answered Joan.

The captain put down his glass. "I'll pick up the rings tomorrow," he said. "At a five-and-ten."

"We'll put up a notice on the bulletin board in the hangar," Marge said. "The Misses Marge Dickson, Claire Porter and Joan MacPherson announce their engagements to Captain Charles Godly."

"We'll give one another showers," said Joan.

The captain looked at his glass reflectively. "I believe I've finished your Scotch," he said. "May I take my three fiancées out somewhere for a drink?"

"Claire has a six-o'clock flight in the morning," Joan said quickly. "And Marge is on reserve." She smiled. "But I—"

"I'm not in the least sleepy," broke in Claire. "If you'll just wait till I change—"

"I'll call the field and make sure I'm not needed," said Marge happily. "It won't take a minute."

They had a very gay evening. The captain spread his favors with meticulous care. He drank a toast to each of his three brides-to-be. He danced once with each. And, leaving them at their door, he kissed the hand of each gracefully. Bigamy, he announced cheerfully at parting, was great sport.

Silently, the three hostesses trooped up the stairs to their second-floor apartment. Also silently—and it was one of those profound lost-in-thought silences—they prepared for bed. And just as she was about to snap out the lights Joan said, "I guess we showed *him!*"

Marge, already in bed, yawned. "He'll learn not to be so smug," she said.

"He won't malign hostesses again in a hurry," called Claire from the day bed in the living room.

The room went dark.

CAPTAIN GODLY'S schedule called for, after a flight to Chicago and back, forty-eight hours of free time. Thus it was that the phone in the apartment rang late the next afternoon Joan answered.

"Which of my loved ones is this?" the captain wanted to know.

"Claire went to Cincinnati this morning. Marge is taking the Pittsburgh shuttle—the scheduled hostess is sick."

"That must make you Joan," said the captain. "Will you dine and dance with me, Joan?"

Joan thought quickly. "Perhaps you'd better sample your bride-to-be's cooking," she told him. "It'll be spaghetti and meat balls."

"With plenty of garlic," he suggested cheerfully.

"Oh," Joan said, her voice flat. "Garlic."

"I'll bring the red wine. Will we dance?"

"There's a radio," she said.

She changed into her blue-flowered print, which gave, she believed, a homey but by no means dowdy effect.

THE spaghetti was a success, the red wine bitter but warming, and the dinner conversation adequate, though innocuous—the captain talked of learning to fly at Kelly Field, and of his years with the Air Transport Command. Afterward they danced to suitable radio music. Joan's head was blissfully on the captain's shoulder, her eyes were half closed and she was smiling dreamily when there was the sound of a key in the door.

Marge stood before them.

"My number-one fiancée!" cried the captain.

"You should be in Pittsburgh," said Joan reproachfully.

"Have you looked out the window?" Marge asked. "It's a pea-souper. The field's closed down. I waited there for hours and finally all flights were canceled." She glanced about her and moved toward the kitchenette and raised her eyebrows

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 46)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The House That Dimes Built

In the familiar, red-fronted Woolworth stores you'll find fantastic bargains and one of the world's most fabulous success stories: How Frank Woolworth parlayed a gift of gab into an American institution

EVERY day about a million people walk into Woolworth stores harboring the pleasant but mistaken illusion that they are going to purchase some minor essential for ten cents. When they leave, perhaps an hour later, happily carrying a sackful of bargains and considerably less cash, they feel like elated country bumpkins who have just outsmarted the sharpest horse trader in the country.

But they have done no such thing. They have been the lucky victims, and the financial beneficiaries, of one of the most subtle merchandising techniques in American business, a technique so skillfully contrived that in 1948 its gross sales topped $600,000,000. To separate customers joyfully from their dimes and dollars, an organization has been built up that is breath-takingly vast, infinitely complex and magically clever. The F. W. Woolworth Company has become the poor man's Tiffany, Marshall Field and Delmonico—and his wife's Elizabeth Arden—all rolled into one.

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY SHARLAND

With its 1,943 red-fronted stores in the United States and Canada plus 755 more in Great Britain, 42 in Germany and eight in Cuba, Woolworths is undubitably dime-store king. Its cash registers tinkle 1,250,000,000 times a year. It sells goods in staggering quantities: 26,000,000 hair nets a year, 100,000,000 pounds of candy, 31,000,000 combs and 25,000,000 cards of bobby pins.

What the bazaar is to Cairo, Woolworths is to America; an unending carnival of counters, bright lights, gay colors, jazz music and a pervading aroma of popcorn, perfume and pomade. Here popeyed children realize a storybook fairyland and atmosphere-inspired parents can go on a spending spree for less than $5.

Woolworth bargains sometimes seem fantastic. When a swank Fifth Avenue store offered a simple, sterling-silver brooch for $9, Woolworths, three blocks away, sold a different one, but also sterling, for 79 cents. Before the war, 15,000 strands of Japanese cultured pearls were offered at $1 each and the manager was besieged by dealers who wanted to buy the entire stock. When gold-filled rings that sold elsewhere for 50 cents were priced at a dime, 6,000,000 were sold in 12 months.

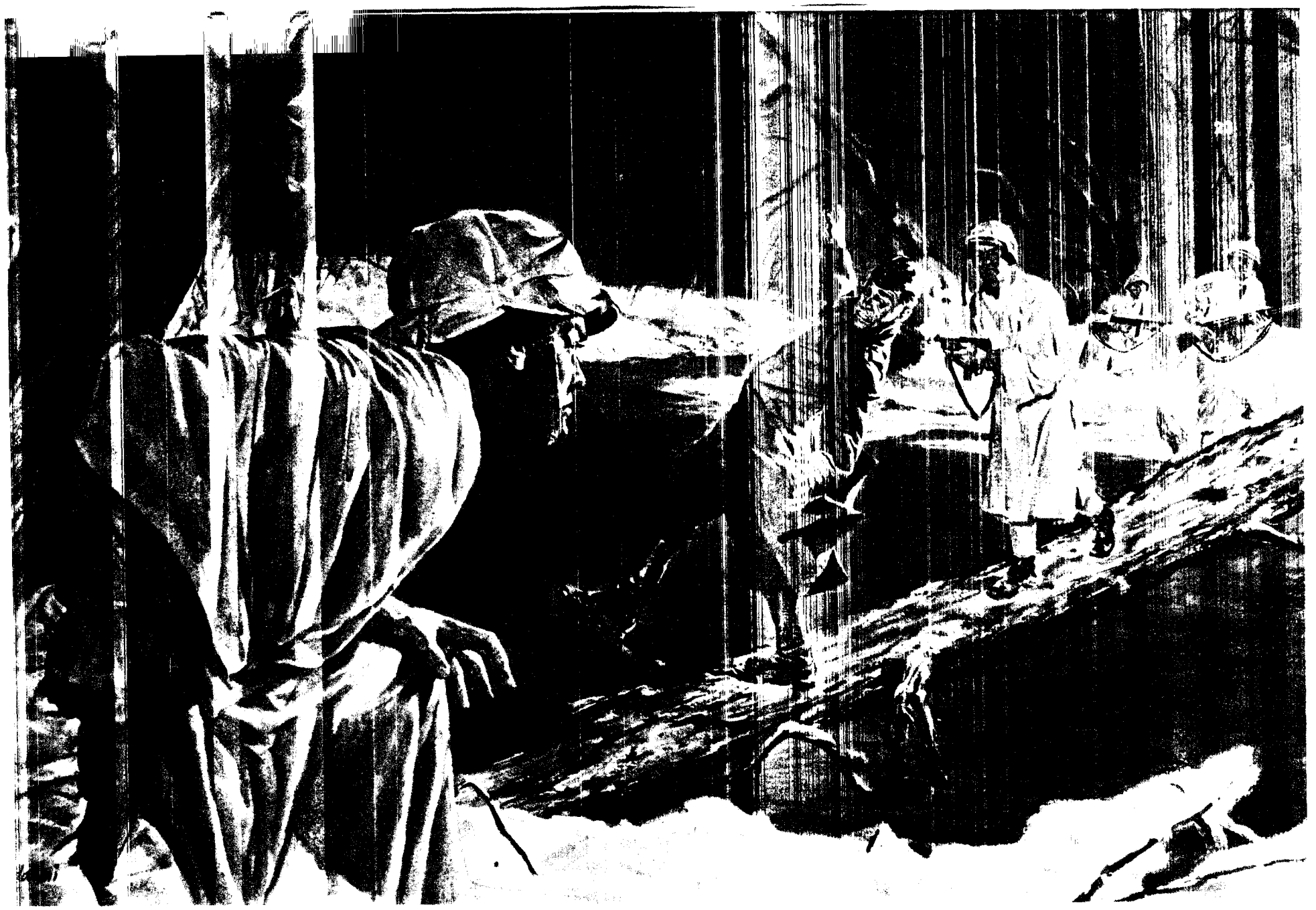
Woolworth executives have learned that there is no limit to what people will buy if given enough for their money. In 1945 typical buyer Floyd Stewart got a green light on Woolworths' handbag line. He restyled every bag, showed bewildered manufacturers how to make them for less money. As a result last year's plastic handbag, selling for $6, is now sold by Stewart for $1.98. Stewart has expanded the company's handbag business eightfold and the end is not in sight.

Woolworths' happiest surprise of the decade has

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 44)

This Woolworth customer may have dropped in to pick up a 10-cent item, but she may buy enough to fill her bag. They call it "impulse buying"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



And then Dean noticed the German. Midway on the log the little figure was going out of control. Dean drew his pistol

THE RIVER

Every man has to cross a river someday. On the other side he learns what kind of man he is

By ROBERT EASTON

THE wall map behind the colonel's desk was covered by acetate on which two opposing lines were drawn in red and blue, with a dark crooked line between that was the river.

While the colonel was speaking, Dean's eyes followed the crooked line. He compared it to the lines of other rivers he had seen on other maps throughout the world and could find it no different; and he imagined the river as it wound tonight through its depression across the frozen plain, such a gentle old river, following quietly between low banks, down past the ruined villages, by the silent fields and woods, too old a stream to sing. Why, it really was no river at all, but a large creek. And it had a gravel bottom and fish lived in it and ducks paddled its backwaters; fox and muskrat tracked along its banks, and farmers in the rainy season speculated as to whether it would rise or fall, as farmers did the world over. So why, among all rivers on the face of the earth, was this one especially notable?

Dean decided it was because several hundred thousand men, represented by the red and blue lines, were drawn up along the banks of this river waiting to kill one another; and because not one of them had been across.

"The patrol," Colonel Starbuckle was saying, tapping the words out with his swagger stick, "will consist of an officer and three men. It will cross here"—he indicated a spot upon the wall map—"where our photographs show the log across the stream, proceeding from there almost directly east, and if possible continuing to the open ground beyond. G-2 anticipates mines there. Remember: The primary mission of this patrol is to take a prisoner! We must have information! And now"—Colonel Starbuckle tilted back in his chair, surveying his subordinates—"any questions, Major?"

Colonel Starbuckle was the old soldier in the new Army. From the brush of his gray hair to his gleaming boots, he had not changed a point in thirty years. The worn service ribbons from the last war and a mood of continuing displeasure were the barriers he interposed between his old world and the new.

Dean picked out among those ribbons the red, white and blue of the Silver Star and wondered what finger on what map so long ago had shown young Starbuckle the place he was to cross the river—he personally, Alexander Starbuckle, a likely youngster used to soda pop and baseball, come six thousand miles from home to go sneaking around in the dark of a strange country, to meet some other youngster face to face, whom he did not want to meet and had no particular animosity toward. And Dean wondered just exactly what had happened

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 68)

ILLUSTRATED BY HARARI

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Animals are

ILLUSTRATED BY SCOTT JOHNSTON

You never can tell about a bear. An ill-tempered and unpredictable beast, he may fly up and hit the ceiling—for no apparent reason

Murderers, morons and moralists stalk the animal kingdom. The lion is the king of gourmets and the turtle a cagey coquette. Even the rat has strangely human traits. He bites his nails when badly balked

YLLA

Crazy or not, the monkey suffers from diphtheria, whooping cough and measles

AWARE that there is a bit of man in every beast, research scientists and up-to-the-minute zoo directors have unearthed deep links between animals and human beings. They have learned that, as in many humans, temperamental phobias, unreasonable and emotional likes and dislikes, and even neuroses are inherent in animals from ant to zebra.

For example, toothaches, corns and calluses plague elephants. Rhinos are nearsighted. Some kangaroos suffer with sinus trouble. Recently an autopsy performed on an ant revealed that it had developed a fatal tumor. The fleet reindeer often comes down with rheumatism. Walruses are afflicted with ptomaine whenever their daily 60-pound clam diet is not fresh. Higher apes get appendicitis and leopards are prone to convulsions.

Many people believe that whooping cough is exclusively a human child's disease. Not so at all. Monkeys come down with it, as well as with diphtheria and measles. Rickets are a veritable curse to lion cubs in captivity.

Mental derangement, a product of a highly complex relationship between personality and environment, would seem to be a strictly human disease. But there's on record the case of a punch-drunk tiger who developed hallucinations from knocking his head against the steel bars of his cage when in a frenzied mood.

Bears, ill-natured and unpredictable animals, are frequently given to violent, maniacal rages. A bear in a zoo in Hannover, Germany, perpetrated a *crime passionnel* when in one of these black moods. He grabbed his mate by the throat, dragged her to a near-by tank and viciously held her under until she drowned.

Elephants are likely to be manic-depressives. With no warning, they will swing from a happy mood—during which they will cheerfully work for man—into the deepest gloom, refusing food, leaning against a wall in deep melancholy and shaking their heads sadly.

Nor are the milder neuroses unknown to beasts. Some orangutans in captivity are melancholy and so retiring that when a blanket is put into their cage they'll immediately wrap themselves up in it to hide from the public gaze.

When under the weather, captive pythons and cobras get so depressed they must be fed by force. (It may take eight men to hold a python, open his mouth and insert a pipe into his throat to force down a little nourishment.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Craziest People

By ELAINE BASSLER MARDUS
and NORMA CRANDALL

Foxes are the victims of a perpetual anxiety neurosis which keeps them in a state of senseless fear. Ruffed grouse easily get inferiority complexes. When a male grouse is defeated in a fight he feels so degraded he refuses to mate and dies. New York State game experts, however, have managed to restore the grouse's self-confidence by treating him with male hormones.

Frustration, too, takes its toll of animal victims. Rats, when unbearably balked, bite their nails.

A recent experiment on newly-hatched chicks revealed that they developed severe, neurotic tics when reared in solitary confinement. Put back among normal chicks, they then became utterly antisocial. A hitherto normal hen immediately developed a neurosis when a strange guinea pig was placed near her food. She refused to eat—even after the pig had been removed.

Perhaps It Bothers Their Sinuses

If weather gets you down, you will be relieved to know that it also has a bad effect on beasts. Polar bears dislike cold foggy days, and lions in freedom are most dangerous on drizzly nights.

Dyspeptic grouchiness bedevils some animals. Camels and rhinos are a prey to nervous irritability. When the llama is ill-humored, he will vent his temper by spitting his foul-smelling, digested food at you. Leopards love and hate violently and unpredictably. Some leopards dislike human babies and hyenas.

In circuses and zoos, they are driven to madness by the proximity of a hyena cage. Many elephants become so panic-stricken when dogs annoy them that circuses keep specially trained elephant dogs which act as bodyguards to the huge beasts, night and day. If a strange dog approaches they reassure the pachyderms and ward off the intruder.

Even the delicate nuances of emotion are experienced by animals. Geese are often embarrassed. When their fellow geese mate in front of them, they immediately withdraw.

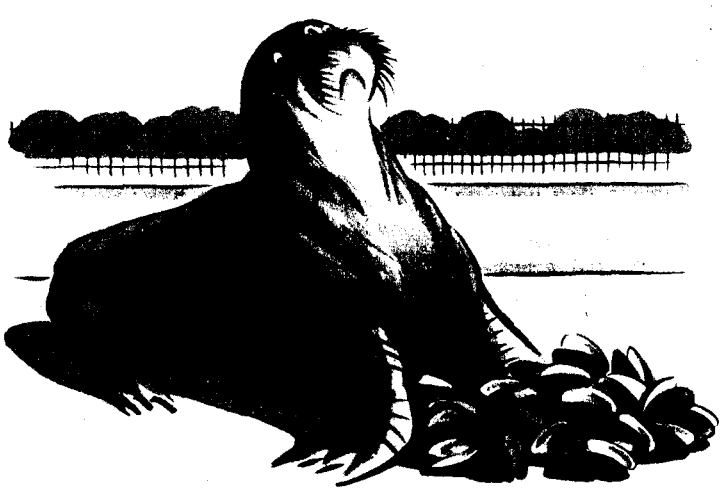
Years ago, Darwin discovered that elephants are capable of falling in love. And bittern birds, too, yield to the tender passion. A male bittern in the zoo in Amsterdam, Holland, fell so violently in love with his keeper that he routed his mate from her nest and tried to induce the keeper to finish hatching the eggs!

Good manners are second nature to some beasts. Staring is considered very rude in the baboon tribe. In fact, it is practically a challenge. Lions are extraordinarily neat in cutting up their kill. They are gourmets, too, preferring the heart and liver of their prey. They disdain the head—heads which give them indigestion. Even the elephant can be an exceptionally dainty beast. With real dexterity, he will extract a pit from a peach. Chimps, as we all know, readily learn to eat with knife and fork. The real problem is to teach them to keep their feet under the table.

The elephant may be a manic-depressive. At times he goes off and mopes alone, just like us superior humans

Many beasts have bad habits. Young chimps suck their thumbs and bear cubs their toes. Sloths, like many human babies, dawdle so long over their food that their meals nearly overlap. Vultures have a deplorable tendency to overeat. They become so gorged with food that they can't leave the ground. Walruses grunt loudly in their sleep, and in so doing have warned many a small boat against rocks and reefs.

When it comes to human weaknesses, the lion is definitely one of us. He is lazy and sleepy in the jungle and has the peculiarly feminine passion for hats, when he can get his hands on one; while leopards prefer fur coats, muffs and necklaces.



The walrus grunts in his sleep. His lusty snores have warned many a mariner against dangerous rocks and reefs

Pack rats—exceptionally intelligent members of the rat family—are obsessed with a desire to move things, like many women, and are happy only when they are busy. Higher apes deck their hair with ribbons.

The female spotted turtle is coquettish enough to run from the male when she is being courted, carefully glancing back over her shoulder to make certain that she is still being pursued. Daily cleanliness is a "must" with elephants. They have a passion for washing.

The animal world can boast of its own mental giants. Manure worms and snails readily learn the difference between right and left. Industrious ants wisely work in shifts—laboring fourteen minutes and resting fourteen.

In their well-organized community life they even perform their burial ceremonies and bake their tiny food loaves in the sun before storing them underground.

Fishing worms are reputedly so smart they will dance to music. Racoons, the possessors of exceptionally high I.Q.s, have learned to open doors fastened by eight different types of locks in a mere eight seconds.

The Fish Outsmarts the Worm

But perhaps the shrewdest animal is an Indian river fish, named Toxotes jaculator, which refuses to wait until his favorite insect topples off plant leaves growing along the river's edge.

Instead, this extremely resourceful creature fills his mouth with water and squirts it at his quarry until it tumbles off the leaf into the stream. Then he devours it.

There are animal morons, too. One pigeon in New York was mentally underdeveloped. He never had a mate and made no attempt to find food for it or protect it when one was given to him. He even lacked the intelligence to learn to fly.

A huge rhino, according to hunters, is nature's greatest dumbbell. The stupid, myopic beast will investigate the slightest noise with no thought of danger—with the result that he frequently gets shot and is rapidly becoming extinct.

The rhino's memory is bad, too. If he dashes for you and misses, he has probably forgotten your existence in mid-chase.

Inevitably, these human traits of animals are magnified in captivity. Our modern zoo men pamper their wards, providing them with human companionship and playthings, studying their moods and even extracting their decayed teeth.

Undoubtedly, the zoo animals of the future, especially those born in captivity, will resemble even more closely their fellow travelers on the other side of the bars.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Agatha saw the blur of Oscar's swift move in the dim light. Charlie dropped to the gravel and sat there

RINGSIDE MAIDEN

By EDWIN LANHAM

CONTINUING THE STORY OF A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY WHO KNEW WHAT SHE WANTED—AND GOT IT

The Story: One day life in a small town suddenly becomes too much for AGATHA CHRISTOPHER and she breaks her engagement with CHARLIE HARPER, a lifelong friend. Then, quite unexpectedly, she is notified that she has inherited her UNCLE LEO'S estate. It is a restaurant in New York City. Agatha decides that she will go to New York and manage the restaurant. She has visions of it being a very swank place. But when she gets to New York she finds that it is only a West Side bar and grill, frequented by prize fighters. JACK BARLOW, her deceased uncle's lawyer, urges her to stay in the city anyway and operate the bar and grill. She decides to stay. Agatha also has inherited ten per cent of a left-handed prize fighter, LEFTY LANGAN. After Lefty is defeated in a fight by a knockout she takes him to Connecticut to her mother's house. Returning to New York, Agatha and OSCAR GUMPER, barman at Leo's Place and an ex-fighter, buy Lefty's contract from his old manager BENNY SMALL. But Small insists on retaining ten per cent of Lefty. Oscar and Agatha go to Connecticut and there Oscar begins to train Lefty and get him into shape. Lefty's girl LUCILLE does not want Lefty to fight and after an argument with her Lefty promises that if he gets knocked out again he'll quit. Lefty has fallen in love with Agatha and when Charlie Harper, Agatha's ex-fiancé, notices this he helps Oscar arrange a club fight for Lefty. Charlie says that it will be an easy fight. But in the first few seconds of the first round Lefty is knocked down.

PART 5 OF AN EIGHT-PART SERIAL

THE count had reached five and Lefty had turned on his stomach and was pushing himself up to one knee. He seemed to be looking straight at Agatha, but she knew his eyes were seeing nothing. He shook his head hard, and was up unsteadily at the count of nine. The referee rubbed the gloves across his shirt, and Lefty leaned against him. Then the referee stepped back and Lefty put his gloves up.

Sonnyboy Jones crowded in fast, swinging both arms, and Lefty covered up and backed groggily against the ropes on the other side of the ring.

"Throw that right!" Charlie was shouting.

Lefty had escaped from the ropes, was backing away on his heels and sticking out his left, but Jones bore in again. Agatha saw the right this time, landing high on Lefty's head, and he went down again, sprawling, and fell on his face.

"There's your fighter, Agatha!" Charlie cried, and his voice stung with unloosed venom. "There's your middleweight champion!"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 49)

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES DWYER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They Call Him Mr. Baffle

By ERNEST BARCELLA

While the Claghorns rant, a quiet little guy named Les Biffle baffles the politicians by running the Senate in his own sweet way. Behind the scenes he speeds legislation and puts the spark into Congressional strategy. Step behind the scenes and find out how he does it

WHEN President Truman set out to chart his promised New Deal program for the 81st Congress, he telephoned Mr. Biffle, Secretary of the Senate. "Biff," said Mr. Truman, "can you spare a few minutes?"

Mr. Leslie L. Biffle of Piggott, Arkansas, paused a moment, "I think so, Mr. President." He's not given to direct answers.

He hung up deftly and quietly (there is no lost motion about Mr. Biffle) and within a matter of seconds was on his way to the White House.

For Mr. Biffle, with all his encyclopedic knowledge of Congress as a whole, and its members individually, the job that Mr. Truman had for him was just another chore—but a pleasant one. The Democrats had just recaptured control of Congress. And Mr. Truman, pledged to carry out a vast legislative program if given such a Congress, had been wondering where to start.

The President's decision to call Mr. Biffle, while lacking in originality, was sound. Two Presidents, more than a hundred senators, many Cabinet members and an uncomputed number of lesser patriots in need of advice have frequently come knocking at his door.

Mr. Truman calls him Biff. To President Roosevelt he was Les. To many members of Congress, to many bureaucrats and even to some members of the Supreme Court, he's Mr. Baffle. They seem always to be amazed by the fellow.

Biffle is the Senate's answer man. His head is regarded as the most fruitful filing cabinet in Washington. When a senator feels shaky in his facts, he calls up Biffle. And Biffle will tell him either from memory or files precisely what Henry Wallace or Henry Morgenthau said to Harold Ickes or Madam Frances Perkins on, say October 19, 1937. Or right off the cuff he will tell him the vote on the first Lend-Lease bill.

Even the oratory in the Senate stems at least in part from him, although he does none of it himself, even in private. As the Senate's link with the White House, he frequently tips off dependable Democrats to what the Administration wants said and furnishes them with the data that needs saying. Conversely, he tells the White House what the Senate has on its mind and what it should say in view thereof. He's the Administration's balance wheel, even when it loses its balance.

Upon the death of the majestic Colonel Edwin A.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 61)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JOE COVELLO

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WIDE WORLD

After their rescue: Chief Pilot Jack Kastner, Capt. Sir Robert Stirling-Hamilton, Capt. Ben Custer (the author), Lt. Charles Wilcox, Sgt. Jerome Scalise

Down In The Arctic

By CAPTAIN BEN SCOTT CUSTER, U.S.N.

Jinxed by a faulty compass, robbed of their rations, five men plunged down in the Arctic. Their call signal, "Mayday, mayday!" was the last sound civilization heard. What happened in the silence that ensued? They returned with this fearful tale

Although there was a good deal of overcast, with some icing conditions high up in the gray atmosphere, there seemed nothing to worry about as the U.S. Navy plane took off from Churchill, the weather experiment station maintained on Hudson Bay by the U.S. and Canadian governments. The plane was bound for The Pas and civilization. There soon followed a series of faint radio signals, only partially understood at various Canadian stations. Then silence.

FOUR hours out of Churchill we signaled our distress. "Mayday, mayday, mayday! This is Navy 8-5-1-1-3, Churchill, Manitoba, for The Pas. Estimate position 550 nautical miles south of Churchill, either east or west of Lake Winnipeg. We are running low on gas and are now preparing to make a wheels-up landing. Mayday, mayday—"

Below us the forest stretched in a carpet of long green hair, broken only by the gray sheen checker of the lakes that are so numerous in subarctic Canada. It was bad country, bad as an ocean; how many hundreds of miles to the nearest habitation southward we did not know. East and west the map was blank, and to the north lay only the pole.

The chances were that even if we got down in that mess we would never get out, for the magnetic compass was pirouetting like a ballet dancer and the radio compass had been killed by the icing that was weighting down our wings and hindering radio reception.

"This is Navy 8-5-1-1-3, Churchill, Manitoba, for The Pas. Four hours—"

Chief Pilot Kastner had more experience with two-engine jobs than any of us, so I ordered him forward into the copilot's seat and we pulled our

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 32)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MARTHA and her DREAM MAN

By ROSALIE PACKARD

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED IRVIN

Collier's SHORT SHORT

Martha floated into the room exuding fumes of Passion in Nairobi. "Good evening," she said

MARTHA BALLARD was fifteen, within two months of being sixteen, and she often wished she looked like Vivien Leigh. The fact that she was very lucky to look the way she did, which was like a healthy young product of a good school and well-to-do parents, cut no ice with Martha. Bangs, purple lipstick and black turtle-neck sweaters were her idea of *la femme fatale,* but no matter what she did to her smooth, pink-and-white face, it refused to become gaunt, hollow-cheeked and worldly-wise.

It was a crisp October Wednesday, and the brown leaves were whirling to the ground. Martha jumped out of Harriet James's convertible, flung herself into the house, and shrieked, "I'm home!"

Going upstairs to her room, she muttered to herself, "My sanctuary." When she got there, she heard her mother calling from downstairs.

"Marty," said Mrs. Ballard, in her clear, gentle voice. "You must put on your new dress and wash your face. The Rattrays are coming to dinner."

Martha was immediately transported with joy. Mr. Rattray was a godlike creature. He was Master of the Wildston Hunt, and there was no higher calling in Martha's mind than that of the Master of Fox Hounds.

She went to the head of the stairs and sighed gustily, "Mother-r-r, do I have to wear a dress. Can't I wear my new maroon sweater? Please."

Mrs. Ballard also sighed. "No, dear," she said, looking up at her daughter. "Wear your new dress and take off that nail polish."

"Okay," she called out, and got out her nail polish remover. Her mother didn't object to pale pink or natural polish, but whenever Martha got hold of a really glamorous varnish, it was forbidden.

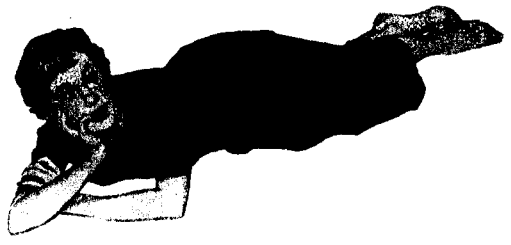
While she was washing her face she reflected on the sterling qualities of Mr. Rattray. He looked divine on a horse, even diviner in pink. He was tall and simply draped with muscles. He had very dark hair. He smoked a pipe, and he knew everything. With the soapy washcloth clutched in her hand, Martha sat on the edge of the bathtub in a dreamy haze.

"Good evening, Margaret. I'm terribly sorry Julia couldn't get over, but she had a tooth out today, and she's feeling miserable." Mr. Rattray went into the living room with his hostess. He was talking to his host when Martha floated into the room. Mr. Rattray rose.

"You remember Martha, don't you, George?" said Mr. Ballard.

"Good evening," said Martha, exuding fumes of Passion in Nairobi which smelled, she thought, like Hedy Lamarr looks. The dress now softly accentuated her figure. She wore pearls around her slender throat.

"Well, Joe, I never realized before what a stunning daughter you have." His eyes followed her, as she sank into a chair in the approved John Robert Powers fashion.



Dinner flashed by. About nine o'clock Mr. Rattray said, "Well, I really ought to go. I'll call you about that horse, Joe. A most delicious dinner, Margaret. By the way, would Martha like to come for a little drive with me? I'd enjoy it."

Martha smiled at Mr. Rattray. "I'd love to go," she said. She went to the hall closet and was pleased to find therein a very dramatic black cape. She put it on. "I'm ready," she said.

They went out and climbed into Mr. Rattray's car. "Where would you like to go?" Martha felt that Mr. Rattray was wondering whether she was one of those revolting girls who like cabarets.

"Oh, to a country place where we can look at the landscape. Where I can escape from the blue world that holds me. It's moonlight."

"I know a place like that," Mr. Rattray said. "I hope you'll like it as much as I do." They drove out into the night and on and on under the silvery moon —full, of course.

At length they reached their destination. It was at the end of a long, bumpy country lane. They left the car and walked through a gate and came out on a stark hillside. It was full of the bright moonlight, and they could see the lights of a tiny town in the distance. They stood on the crest of the hill, and the wind swept past them. Mr. Rattray turned to Martha. She looked into his eyes. They were lighted by a strange fire. Suddenly he took her in his arms and kissed her passionately. When he released her, he said, "After that, do you think you could bring yourself to call me Georgie?"

Time raced. Mr. Rattray divorced his wife, quietly with no publicity. His two young children went to his wife. He didn't really care for them anyway. There was nothing in his life but Martha. "I give up my throne for the woman I love." Anyway the children were too young to know the difference.

They were married by a justice of the peace and went to Hawaii on a honeymoon of paradise proportions. Mr. Rattray—Georgie—was a marvelous figure on a surfboard and carried Martha on his shoulders in a way that terrified and awe-struck spectators. "But you're so light," he said adoringly. "Like a feather."

Martha was just going to have a baby, without damage to her slim, willowy figure, when the doorbell rang. She rushed to the banisters and peeked through. It was the object of her affections. She started as she heard his voice.

"Hello, Margaret, my dear. Julia was so sorry that she couldn't come."

"I am, too," said Mrs. Ballard. "She just called me. Flu is such a miserable thing, but I'm sure she'll be feeling better soon."

Martha rushed back to her room, her pulse singing. "What luck. What luck. What *luck!*"

She was struggling into her dress when Mrs. Ballard called, "Dinner, Marty." She descended the stairs and swept into the living room. Mr. Rattray was sitting by the fire. Martha thought: He looks even marvelouser close to.

"Here's Marty," said Mrs. Ballard.

"Good evening, Mr. Rattray."

"How are you, Marty?"

"Fine, thank you."

"I didn't see you hunting last Saturday. Pretty busy in school, I suppose."

"Yes, sir."

They went in to dinner.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Inside Sports

Collier's SPORTS

By BILL FAY

TODAY, THE IDOL OF FRANCE IS THE TIGERISH MARCEL CERDAN, AND FORTY MILLION FRENCHMEN CAN'T BE WRONG

INTERNATIONAL

Everybody likes Marcel. An American crowd cheered when he gave our Zale (left) the Marcel treatment

MARCEL CERDAN, the then European welterweight champion, knocked out José Ferrer of Spain in the first round of their 1942 title fight in Paris. Afterward, Nazi officials invited (ordered) Cerdan to a victory celebration.

When the Nazis left the dressing room, Lucien Roupp, Cerdan's manager, said, "They want to take pictures, Marcel, so as to make you out to be a collaborator for propaganda purposes. We will not attend."

While Cerdan dressed, Roupp added four words to their travel permit: "Free conduct to Paris *and return to Casablanca.*" The forgery enabled Cerdan and Roupp to escape from France. Back home in Casablanca, they learned that the Nazis had nullified Cerdan's title and ordered him to return to Paris.

Cerdan hid from the Vichy police until Eisenhower's troops invaded North Africa. Eventually, the man who fought and ran away lived to fight another day, and won the middleweight championship of the world by knocking out Tony Zale.

But Cerdan gives all the credit to Roupp, a tall, bespectacled, fidgety fellow in his early fifties. "How many managers risk their lives for a fighter these days?" Marcel asks. "Lucien has trained me since I was eighteen. We have never needed a contract."

Roupp trots alongside Cerdan on road-work jaunts—a custom which has never appealed to American managers. After sparring sessions, Roupp dons heavy gloves and becomes an animated punching bag.

"Chin!" Roupp orders. Cerdan fires a left at Roupp's chin. Roupp catches it neatly with the big gloves.

"Stomach!" Roupp says, and then fields a waist-high pitch.

And so on for half an hour.

"That Marcel is a very accurate puncher," Roupp declares. "He never misses my gloves, thank goodness."

Cerdan is squat, big-shouldered, tigerish. His flashing smile (emanating from gold-crowned teeth) wins crowds everywhere, even in Jersey City. Marcel captured New Jersey with a Hague plurality the night he knocked out Zale.

Saverio Turiello, now a New Yorker, wasn't surprised.

"Back in '39," Turiello recalls, "I fought Marcel Cerdan for the European welterweight crown in Milan, Italy. Milan was my home, but Cerdan won a split decision—very close—and the crowd went crazy cheering him. Marcel was a hero in my own home town."

Roupp tells a story which characterizes Cerdan. "When Marcel was eight, his father whipped him for fighting another boy in the street. Marcel protested. 'It was a private matter,' he said. 'You should never have heard of it.'

"Several days later, Marcel ran into his father's butchershop and threw three teeth onto the counter. 'These,' he told his father, 'belonged to your informer.' "

THE SALT THROWER

Fortune Gordien, the University of Minnesota discus tosser, drops a pinch of salt in his left palm, clenches his fists, murmurs a few magic words and —presto—the salt appears in his right palm.

Salt is harder to work with than blondes, Fortune insists. A good many magicians, including Fortune's dad, know how to saw blondes in half, but the secret of making salt run from palm to palm (even in warm weather) is a feat of necromancy performed only by the Minneapolis Gordiens.

As for blondes, Fortune can saw them or leave them alone. He's more interested in tossing a four-pound, eight-ounce discus beyond the world record of 180 feet, 2¼ inches which was made by his pal and predecessor at Minnesota, Bob Fitch. Fortune has hit 187 feet in practice.

Athletes who throw things are notoriously horny-handed, but Fortune's fingers are soft and smooth.

"If you let your hands go," Fortune says, "they get too rough for magic. Because a discus picks up cindery particles that work into the skin, I scrub my hands every night with a heavy brush and an emery stick."

Gordien's quick fingers also do card tricks, which explains why he's the only member of the Minnesota varsity who can't find gin rummy partners.

FAST PICKLE MAN

Konoshin Furuhashi, the Nippon university swimmer who has broken (unofficially) all free-style records from 300 to 1,500 meters, sells pickles on the Ginza—Tokyo's Broadway. Furuhashi's pickle profits help finance Nippon's swimming team. If that's professionalism, then Avery Brundage can bar Furuhashi from the 1952 Olympics at Helsinki.

And speaking of the Olympics, it isn't likely that any of the events will be called on account of darkness. In late July, the usual Olympic date, Helsinki has 16 hours of daylight and four hours of twilight.

VEECK FOR VICTORY

Many-a-true-word-is-spoken-in-jest Department: Bill Veeck, president of the Cleveland Indians, remarked recently, "If we could schedule games like some football coaches, we'd skip the tough teams—New York and Boston, for instance—and maybe our baseball team could have an unbeaten season."

Are you listening up there at West Point, Earl Blaik?

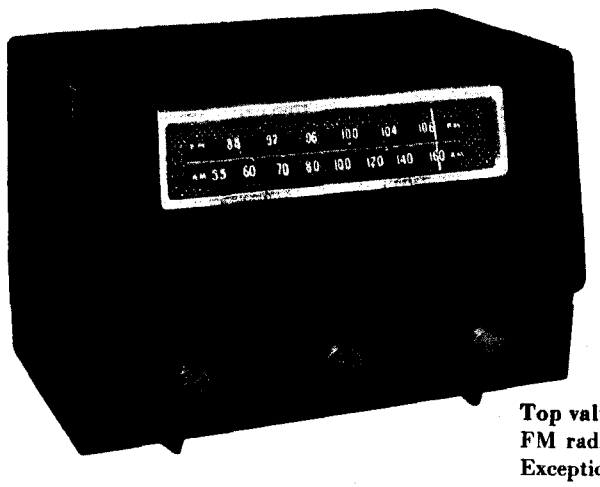
ONE MAN'S MENAGERIE

Race-track Vignette: Jimmy Layton grew up on a farm. Milked 25 cows every morning. Got tired of milking and bought a string of racing greyhounds. Tired of dogs and became a jockey. Won a few races. Then the war came along. Jimmy rode P-38s and Black Widows. Now, he's thirty-eight and riding horses again. Doesn't win often. But when friends sympathize after a tough loss, Jimmy grins and says, "It beats milkin'."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It adds up to your biggest musical Value...

AM + FM radio + Victrola phonograph + the "Golden Throat"



From its looks, from its tone—the exclusive "Golden Throat," from its world-famous Victrola trade mark, you'd never guess how low its *price* mark is!

Here's standard and FM radio with RCA Victor's own simpler, more sensitive Frequency Modulation circuits; a fine record changer—quick, quiet, dependable—with the "Silent Sapphire" permanent-point pick-up, no needles to change. Pick your own program of hit tunes by your favorite orchestras—you'll find them on RCA Victor's superb recordings. Put on 12 10-inch or 10 12-inch records—enjoy almost an hour's concert or dance!

Handsome 18th Century-style cabinet is only 33¼" high and 31¼" wide, yet there is even a record storage compartment. AC operation. At your RCA Victor dealer's, Victrola 8V90, far and away your finest musical buy!

"Victrola"—T.M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Top value in table models, the RCA Victor 8X71, with AM and FM radio through the exclusive "Golden Throat" tone system. Exceptionally selective and sensitive. Beautifully styled in rich maroon or antique ivory-finish plastic. AC or DC operation.

The "Golden Throat"

Only RCA Victor instruments have this perfectly balanced 3-Way Acoustical System. . . . It's the finest in RCA Victor history.

Tune in Robert Merrill, singing "The Music America Loves Best". . . Sundays, 5:30 EST, on your NBC station.

WORLD LEADER IN RADIO . . . FIRST IN TELEVISION

RCA VICTOR

DIVISION OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DOWN IN THE ARCTIC

Continued from page 28

belts in until they made us grunt. Lieutenant Wilcox had jettisoned the door to keep us from being trapped if we hit water; the emergency gear was issued; everything was shipshape as it could be.

I had spent a good deal of time working out standard procedures for ditching an airplane and now here was my chance to see how well I had planned, but I was not thinking about that. One half of my mind was commenting on the fact that I ought to be reviewing my past life but I was actually doing nothing of the sort; with the other half I was thinking what a shame it would be to break up this beautiful Beechcraft.

Landing Amid a Forest

"Mayday, mayday," said Kastner. Down below appeared what looked to my Georgia eyes like a tall field of broomstraw, perhaps 100 yards wide and 800 long, the only break in the interlocked combs of forest. Kastner saw it too, and wrenched at the controls. We came in low over the scrub firs on the downwind side of a little lake, full flaps, nose up, plenty of power on the engines, air speed just under 60. Kastner nodded, his lips formed, "Now." With my right hand I cut both switches and with my left the main gas valve. We slid down a gradient of air and bumped to a stop like a truck on rough concrete.

"Everybody all right?" I called, and four voices chorused assent. I slid aft and stepped out—and emitted a yelp of pained surprise. I was knee deep in icy muskeg.

We would have to get out of that in a hurry. I slogged eastward, trying to find firm ground that would lead to a good-sized lake I remembered seeing in that direction. The lake would give us fish and a space from which we could signal for help.

The going was heavy, like walking through a mass of wet feathers; it required a violent effort to disengage oneself for each new step. Fifteen minutes of struggle brought me to a low shore where marsh stretched away in every direction but that from which I had come. No hope there. I went slowly back to the plane.

"It won't do that way!" I gasped. But the ground looked a little better to westward. "Let's get everything we can out of this crock before she sinks."

We took everything we could on our shoulders and in our arms, and started out in staggering procession. It was only 200 yards to solid ground beyond the first line of trees, but when we reached it, all five of us lay down, gulping for air like men who had run a quarter mile. After several minutes' rest we made a second trip to bring back parachutes and rig some kind of shelter against the storms threatening from west and south. This emergency cared for, we gathered in a circle while I offered a prayer in gratitude to God for bringing us down safely and in request for guidance through an ordeal that might last all winter long.

Then we took stock. Our human resources consisted of five men, alert and in good condition, about as well-assorted as to skills and background as any five men could be. First was Captain Sir Robert Stirling-Hamilton, Bart., of the Royal Navy, a tall blond man of forty-five, the best type of British officer. Lieutenant (j.g.) Charles Wilcox was a fighter pilot and athlete, the bachelor of the party, who was at once appointed morale officer for that reason.

Chief Naval Aviation Pilot Jack Kastner was short and quick of movement. He was a hunter and woodsman from the Southwest. He had three sons back home. Sergeant Jerome Scalise, who had a wife and five children, was tall and husky with iron-gray hair, overdue for his 30-year retirement from the Army. He had come to the U.S. as an immigrant boy of thirteen and had never quite lost his accent. He would be our cook, with his helmet as the only utensil.

The physical equipment was by no means promising. We discovered that greedy ground crews somewhere along the line had looted the plane's emergency rations, the machetes and ponchos, and the sporting rifle with which we might have secured some game, and worst of all, the ax.

The inventory with which we had to face a wilderness consisted of one .22-caliber rifle with 50 rounds; three .38-caliber pistols with 50 rounds; 16 Spam and cheese sandwiches; five pints of fruit juice; 24 bars of chocolate; eight small pieces of cake; one pound of plum jam; one-pound box of fancy candy; four packages of matches; two cigarette lighters with plenty of flints and one can of lighter fluid; one fishing rod and reel; two hunting knives; a shelter half belonging to Scalise, the parachutes, whistles, signaling mirrors and Very pistols.

There were no sleeping bags, no blankets, nothing at all with which we could build a shelter if it started to snow. The only magnetic compass in the plane was thoroughly unreliable. We knew it was misbehaving, swinging a few points, we thought, between southeast and southwest. We were to find out later the real extent of this error. It would take something very little short of a miracle to bring us through.

Plans for "Walking Out"

I pointed out that after five days of searching weather the chances of being rescued would decrease as the cube of the time. Therefore after waiting five clear days, while we were still reasonably well-fed and rational, we ought to begin a determined effort to "walk out," heading southward, bearing to the west whenever forced to make a detour, and carrying the very minimum of equipment.

Sergeant Scalise's lamentations filled the camp. But the more he beefed, the more we gave him to do, and the more we gave him to do, the more he did, revealing a startling range of competence in everything necessary to keep men alive in the open. With nothing but his hands and a knife he dug a well at the edge of the muskeg which produced clear spring water. Then he made a lean-to of fallen timbers and branches, stretching a parachute drum over it to keep out the rain.

We were not too uncomfortable that night but still hungry after a supper of half a Spam sandwich apiece.

Wilcox and Kastner had plowed through the muskeg to broadcast an appeal for help on the plane's battery, taking advantage of the improved reception that comes after sundown.

I was thinking: Ben Custer, you now have X days to live. How do you propose to spend those days? After a while it occurred to me that I had always thought of myself as a philosopher. If I really were going to be one, here was my chance to place myself in harmony with my environment, as Marcus Aurelius had done with his. "You must seek to squeeze each bit of pleasure out of your awareness of the world about you during the days that remain," I told myself. "Redouble your efforts to be kind and generous; make the way easier for your companions."

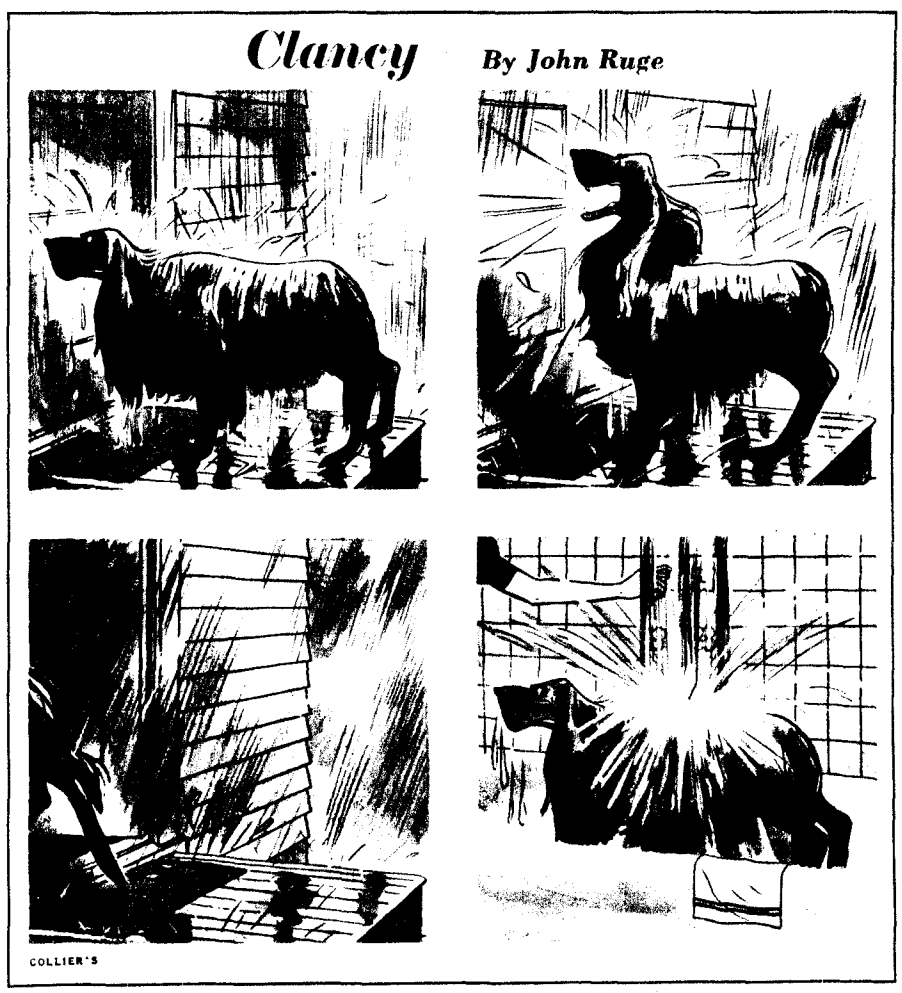
In the morning the sarge worked at improving his lean-to while Kastner and Stirling-Hamilton explored the ridge to find a way to the big lake eastward. He had no luck and I had no success in starting a forest fire that might attract attention. But later that day, after a painstaking search through my gear, I found my pocket compass. It was a major discovery; now search groups could go out of earshot of the camp, and if we had to hit the trail, we could hold direction.

By the third day we were well organized. I found a second pocket compass among my gear and took the sarge with me in a determined effort to find the big lake eastward. An hour and a half of the hardest kind of going brought us on the shores of a lake big enough to have used Tahoe as a bay. There were moose tracks on the beach. The specter of hunger receded a little.

The sarge looked for blueberries, which, we had discovered earlier, were quite abundant in the area. Seeing some birds, I fired my pistol and missed, an error which later produced a camp edict that only Kastner and Scalise, the sure-shots, were to use our slender store of ammunition.

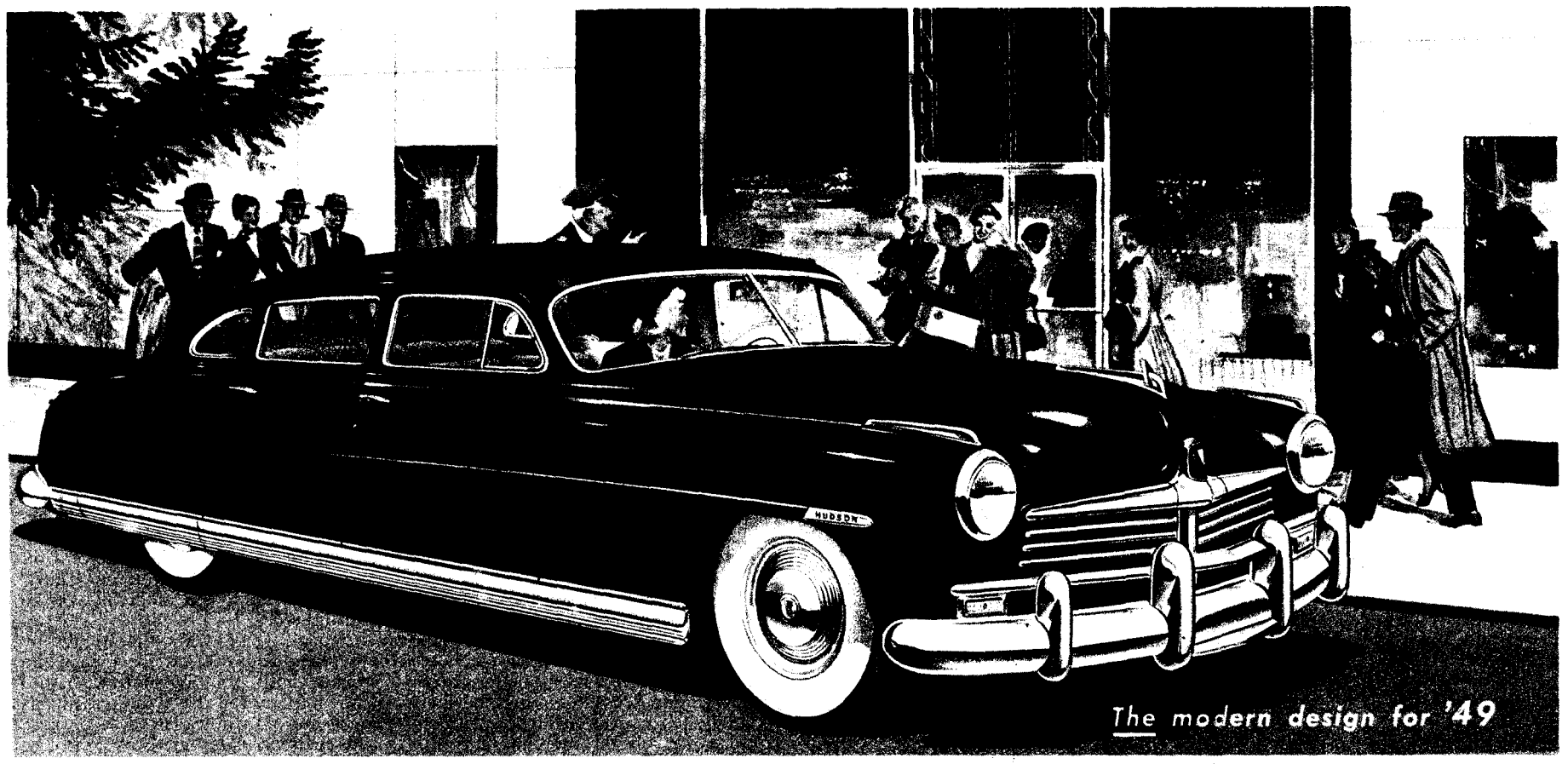
On the way in, our luck was better. The sarge shot an animal I saw hiding in a tree. It was about ten pounds, had short legs and a flat, ugly head. I pronounced it a badger on the strength of its resemblance to a drawing I remembered in one of Captain John Smith's

COLLIER'S "I hope you were invited" TED KEY



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

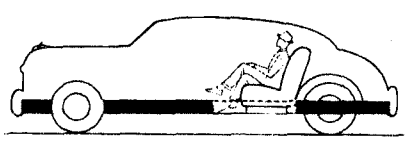
New Hudson—the ride sensation for '49!

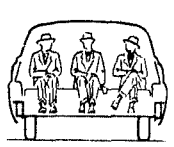


The modern design for '49

Shown above—Interior, Hudson Commodore Custom Club Coupe, typical of the luxurious interiors in all New Hudsons.

YOU'LL LIKE AUTOMATIC GEAR SHIFTING in forward speeds as provided by Hudson's Drive-Master transmission—by far the easiest of all ways to drive. You can accelerate as long and as fast as you like in pick-up gear, then lift your toe momentarily, and you're in high. The shift into high comes only when you are ready! Button control on the instrument panel provides instant change to conventional driving if ever desired. Drive-Master transmission is optional on all New Hudsons at small extra cost.





HUDSON FLOORS are recessed down within the frame (shown in red above), seats are lowered, so you get more than ample head room in this first car with the new, lower silhouette.

YOU RIDE DOWN within a base frame (shown in red above), and rear seats are positioned ahead of the rear wheels so that full body width becomes available for wonderfully roomy seats—four inches wider than the car is high. Box-section steel girders encircle and protect the passenger compartment.

Hudson's exclusive "step-down" design provides sensational advances in riding qualities, roadability, safety and performance—as well as in outstanding beauty. Hudson dealers are eager to have you see—or ask any owner—about this amazing automobile.

HERE, in truth, is the "stuff that dreams are made on"—fashioned for you—for the best hours of your life!

Yes, men the world around have long sought the low-built dream car, for they've always known that the lower an automobile can be built, the better it will ride, the easier it will handle and the safer it will be.

But when designers have tried to build that ideal car *without lowering interior floors*, they've had to keep top lines high to preserve inside head room, or reduce inside room to get top lines down—an unhappy compromise either way.

And wherever designers have compromised, their dreams have gone glimmering, for no car has really achieved the much-wanted, truly low silhouette.

No car, that is, until Hudson!

Now you're invited to ride and drive the car that is first with a truly low silhouette—the result of a recessed floor that you step *down* onto.

With this "step-down" zone in an exclusive Monobilt body-and-frame*, Hudson builds the lowest car on the highway—just five feet from ground to top—yet this automobile has more head room than in any mass-produced car built today!

You'll quickly find that this low-built Hudson has a smooth, hug-the-road way of going over all kinds of surfaces, especially on curves, which gives you a world of assurance and a feeling of safety beyond anything you've known before! This is largely due to the fact that Hudson has the *lowest* center of gravity in any American stock car!

You'll find, too, that this same new, lower center of gravity and magnificent streamlining gives Hudson's masterful power plant full opportunity to perform with all its eager, flashing brilliance.

And once you experience the ease with which this car is controlled and the silence in which it glides along, once you see how *authentic* is Hudson's beauty—how naturally its free-flowing lines develop from the "step-down" principle, we believe you'll decide that this car is so far ahead it is a *protected investment* in motor car value!**

Wouldn't you like to enjoy this new ride sensation soon? The nearest Hudson dealer is ready for your visit. Hudson Motor Car Company, Detroit 14.

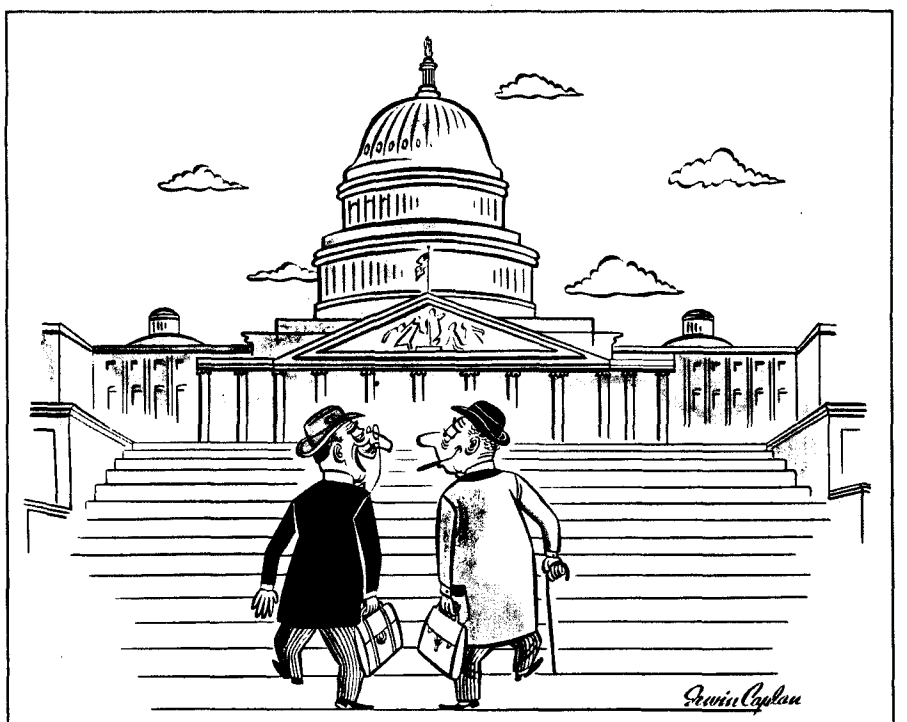
**Trade-mark and patents pending.*

***The many advantages in Hudson's new "step-down" design principle are fully explained and illustrated in a booklet available at the nearest Hudson dealer's.*

The only car you step down into new Hudson

Eight body styles in Super Series and Commodore Custom Series. Your choice, 121 h.p. all-new Super-Six or 128 h.p. masterful Super-Eight engine. Super-Cushion tires. Ten rich body colors. Two special colors or five two-tone combinations—white sidewall tires—at extra cost.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"You think that's bad. Wait'll you hear what I had to promise"

COLLIER'S IRWIN CAPLAN

logs with the caption, "Thus doth the oragacon look." The others in camp said porcupine; anyway we ate it, smoked over the campfire on a big skewer which the sarge made from a coat hanger, each tiny sliver spread with a spoonful of jam and apportioned by Stirling-Hamilton.

After supper Stirling-Hamilton prayed for comfort and solace for our families in their ordeal of waiting, a prayer I would hardly have trusted myself to make. There were choked amens and every man turned his back on the rest and stared at the parade of the stars until he could regain his composure. I had the fire watch that night and as I piled on the wood, I thought of the heartbreak back home, with my ten-year-old son as the man of the house.

The following night we decided to strike south on the theory that a southerly course from any point in northern Canada would carry us to civilization. Though, if we were where we thought we were—according to the misbehaving compass on the plane—a trail 28 miles to the northwest would take us to the town of Bissett.

Navigator Does a Good Job

But that day had brought the end of a job Stirling-Hamilton had undertaken, that of finding our position by navigational methods with no other instruments than watches and a compass. He worked it out that we were in 105 degrees west longitude—in Saskatchewan—many miles west of where we should have been had the compass in the plane been reasonably accurate. (It was later demonstrated that his 33 years in the Royal Navy saved our lives, for he was almost exactly right and if we had gone northwest we would have been lost.)

We had no means of finding latitude, but we broadcast the longitude on the plane's battery as long as it lasted.

THE NEW YORK TIMES

The Pas, Manitoba, Sept. 19 (AP). The most concentrated air search ever assembled in Canada continued to comb central Manitoba tonight hunting for a U.S. Navy plane that disappeared last week with five men. The search is carried out under the supervision of the Royal Canadian Air Force

The morning of the sixth day came in blustery and chill. The hunters caught nothing. The snares we had set for birds and rabbits remained empty; we dared not use the few remaining rifle bullets for anything but big game. We could not break camp without supplies for the trail.

The decision was that I should head for the big lake next morning with Kastner, the sarge, two pistols and the shelter half, and be prepared to stay at least three days, during which we ought to be able to kill a deer or moose and catch some fish. With a big animal we would have provisions for 30 days of marching, which ought to take us somewhere before the first heavy snows.

We turned in at 7:30; I had the fire watch and the sarge snored all night, though he complained in the morning that he had hardly slept at all. Our trip began with a prayer, two fingers of smoked porcupine meat and a chocolate bar apiece.

It was noon before we reached the big lake. Kastner shot a bird and the sarge another. We called them grouse, how accurately I do not know, since they weighed about five pounds apiece. Kastner enthusiastically wrenched their heads off and took a bawling out from the sarge. "You no need pulla head off like that. The head and-a neck very good to eat."

That night I was so weak with hunger that while trying to get wood for our campfire I had to lie down twice to keep from fainting, but I felt better after the sarge made some wonderful soup from the giblets, heads and necks of the grouse. He showed me how to chew up necks, bones and all.

After dinner Kastner went off to ambush a moose; I dragged myself weakly to a dominating point and built a signal fire.

Just as the fire began to die down I saw a light in the east. It developed into a huge orange moon, clearer and nearer than I had ever seen it. No imagination was required to picture the face that looked down with cold, mirthless eyes, and I remembered how my mother used to read James Whitcomb Riley's Raggedy Man. I was still thinking about this and the Donner Party as I drifted off to sleep. Waking in the morning I discovered that the sarge had given me his knapsack as a pillow.

THE NEW YORK TIMES

The Pas, Manitoba, Sept. 20 (AP). Messages spelled out on the ground of the bleak north Manitoba country aroused hope tonight for the five persons lost September 12th, when a United States Navy plane disappeared.

A search plane was attracted by flashing mirrors and cloth strips on the ground in the wilderness community of Skownan, 100 miles southeast of here. A message was dropped asking if the Canadians knew anything of the plane, lost in flight from Churchill to The Pas.

"East in woods on ground," the cloths spelled out.

"About 25 miles east," another message a little later said.

To a query about whether the plane personnel were safe, the villagers replied, "We don't know."

Preparations were made to send a six-man parachute team to the area.

The other two came in soon after I woke. Kastner had several more grouse. The extra food altered our plans. After a breakfast on giblets and their soup I decided to take the sarge and two of the birds, return to Muskeg Station (as we had named the camp) and pack for the trail, planning to return to the lake the following day.

Extra Rations for Hunters

The sarge missed a grouse at 20 paces on the way in, an unusual event for him, but when we reached the camp Stirling-Hamilton produced part of the rations that had been left for the two there and insisted that we eat it, since ours had been the greater exertion.

When I apologized for not dragging in more firewood because my hands were cracked and bleeding, he said, "Ben, don't apologize. They're not your hands, you know. Every hand, every back, every ankle belongs to us all, and our survival depends on keeping the group equipment working."

That Sunday afternoon the sun shone warm; we prepared messages to be left in our lean-to and to be attached to the windshield of the plane, saying we were heading south. I wrote a letter to my wife, trying to keep it on a high business plane, telling her about investments, insurance, schools for the children. But I could not avoid reviewing some of the beautiful times we had had together and adding that I did not want her to wear mourning for me, but to put on her brightest gowns and remember that I had always wanted her to be beautiful and admired.

All light had left the peaks as I waded through the icy muskeg to the plane. There were six inches of water on the floor, and, as I turned, my foot struck something that gave off a metallic ring: Sir Robert's hatbox. I had thought it was leather, but now when I picked it up and brought it within a yard of the instrument panel, the magnetic compass jumped to over 50 degrees deviation, as though it had been hit with a stick.

Here was the major cause of our disaster! Ice had put our radio compass out of commission, and we had been relying on a magnetic that was thrown off by that confounded metal hatbox. The thing had been aboard His Majesty's ships for over 25 years, soaking up residual magnetism for release at the moment when it would do us the most harm. It had taken us nearly 400 miles off our course.

THE NEW YORK TIMES

The Pas, Manitoba, Sept. 21 (AP). Hope ebbed tonight as a promising-looking clue to the whereabouts of a U.S. Navy plane, missing since Sept. 12th with five persons, was eliminated.

Royal Canadian Air Force Group Captain Z. L. Leigh, search master, said that the clue provided by an Indian has been "washed out, to all appearances."

Search headquarters said it was probable that the Indian had seen a bush plane that might have swooped low and then without his noticing it, zoomed skyward.

The Skownan area has been scoured by aircraft since word from the Indian was received yesterday.

When the pack was hoisted on my shoulders as we prepared to leave I could not stand under its 80 pounds. I wanted to sit down and cry, but the sarge was consoling and intelligent. "You carry the big leather coat in your hand, we throw way lotta stuff your bag. You no wanna carry your long drawers, you put on two suits now, take 'em off next summer. Maybe you be a little lousy then, but thassa all right, you be warm now."

I repacked, reducing the weight by half. Behind us we left the long white arrow of cloth, pointing southward, and planned to repeat the symbol daily as long as our parachutes lasted.

Three hours later we broke through the brush at the corner of the big lake and greeted Kastner. "Did you get our moose?" I asked.

"No, sir. But I killed some more grouse and we now have nine. And I wounded a bobcat, but it got away from me after I chased it a mile."

I had to make it an order that the rifle was not to be used on anything smaller than a deer, and with a prayer for the trail, we set out. Jack Kastner had collected a number of seasoned pine poles to use as quarterstaffs. Wrapped at the top with friction tape, they became our most vital equipment next to shoes and firearms.

At the lake we discarded and cached more gear. The going was easier now.

All that day we held to high ground, glimpsing lakes, blue as jewels. At four o'clock we made camp beside a little stream. We had covered 18 miles, we estimated, but only 10 to the southward.

The sarge killed a grouse before we hit the trail next morning. The going was easy at first, but rapidly became a nightmare as we reached a ridge where all the trees had been blown down by those "outrageous winds" from the west which Martin Frobisher logged on his trip to Hudson Bay in 1578. They were northern firs, six to nine inches thick; we had to go through the tangle by sometimes walking a log, sometimes jumping from one to another, sometimes crawling under one.

We tried the margin of a lake, but it was deep in muskeg. We had to camp early for fear I would give out. I was mortified by my own weakness. After supper and

LAURITZEN

Man-to-Manikin Talk

Dummy, in the window, I
Look upon your curves and sigh.
Seldom—never—do I see
Girls who boast such symmetry.

Yet, to be completely fair,
Girls in other ways compare:
I've seen many—more than some—
Who are every bit as dumb.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YOU HEAR IT EVERYWHERE

..."finest beer served anywhere!"

THE REASON:

33 FINE BREWS BLENDED INTO ONE GREAT BEER

INTERNATIONALLY FAMOUS *Pabst*

Blue Ribbon

Pabst, Blue Ribbon, and the representation of a blue ribbon, are the registered trade-marks of Pabst Brewing Company. Copr. 1949, Pabst Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wisconsin

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Working Out with Buddy O'Connor

Hockey's Most Valuable Player '47-'48

"50 seconds to massage." Try the famous workout used by so many successful men in sports and business. Vitalis' special formula stimulates, refreshes your scalp as no non-alcoholic dressing does. And massaging with Vitalis routs loose dandruff, helps check excessive falling hair.

"10 seconds to comb." Now your hair looks *naturally* well-groomed. No greasy "patent-leather" shine—Vitalis contains no mineral oil. Just *pure vegetable oil* that prevents dryness, keeps hair in place. Get Vitalis today! At drug counters and barber shops.

Product of Bristol-Myers

the **Vitalis "60-Second Workout"** *for handsomer, healthier-looking hair*

prayers I did some more discarding, tossing away such things as socks and gloves. I gave Stirling-Hamilton my extra suit of woolen underwear. Like the man he is, he tried to make me take the clean one while he would use the set the sarge got me into on the previous day.

Next morning we climbed a big ridge south of the camp and staked out another panel of parachute cloth. We were among fallen timber again, worse than the day before, and to add to our pleasures, a harsh southeast wind blew in under the overcast. Toward noon it backed into the south, threatening rain. Swarms of gnats and mosquitoes followed us, a cloud to a man; it was a constant struggle up and over or down and under the fallen trees.

On the Verge of Despair

The gnawing hunger made us weak. Every few minutes we had to pause to check the southward course by compass. Each time we reached a ridge we looked forward hopefully, but always in vain; every slope ahead was covered with the same wilderness of downed trees, lying precisely 90 degrees to our course and promising further hours of that debilitating struggle.

Hope of finding big game that would put us beyond reach of starvation was melting in that forgotten land. No deer or moose would venture where it could not move. The only sound was the occasional rapping of a woodpecker on a fallen trunk.

About noon, to avoid a seven- or eight-mile circuit, we had to wade through a mile of muskeg and cross a big stream between two lakes. As we reached the other side we heard a growl of thunder and a few minutes later it began to rain.

Kastner and the sarge called a halt, saying that we should gain little by walking in wet clothes with wet packs. The slender protection of the shelter half gave little comfort against the driving wind and rain. We huddled together with little talk and none of the earlier persiflage about how fine it would be to have a donkey to carry our packs, or whether the Mounties would throw us in jail for trespassing on their woods.

An hour and a half later the wind backed into the west and the rain abated to a drizzle. The timbers became more tangled. We started a fire on a ridge, hoping the west wind would turn it into a forest-fire signal, but it burned out after two hours.

We struggled on for nearly two hours before fading light and exhaustion brought us to a halt on a rocky ledge 70 feet above the shore, where the fallen timber was so dense we could almost pitch our tent underneath it. If we only had one of the machetes that had been looted from the plane! Stirling-Hamilton clambered down the steep bluff to fill the canteens, and we agreed that we would have to eat up two of that precious stock of nine grouse, which Kastner was carrying in a tin fishing box. They had been partly boiled before leaving the big lake, but Kastner's voice was somber as he opened the box: "Skipper, these birds have spoiled."

I smelled them; they were certainly a little more than gamy, but they were all we had. I told the sarge to boil them again and announced that a full ration would be issued both that night and the following morning.

Nobody spoke during the meal and when I stood up to say the evening prayer there was a listlessness about the faces that I did not like. I prayed for an open trail and remember ending with: "And, God, I am mighty discouraged about the meat going bad. For Christ's sake be with us and keep us. Amen."

During the night I woke with a sharp pain over my heart and had to contemplate the thought of having a stroke. I

"Why, no! I thought you had a little place all lined up!"

COLLIER'S — BARNEY TOBEY

demanded to be left with a pistol and a canteen while the others pushed on. The others would not agree and before daylight, after a breakfast of slightly spoiled grouse, we were on our way and we had hardly gone 50 yards when the sarge shot another bird, which jumped and flew, trailing feathers and a broken leg until it pitched down in a thick clump of broken branches.

I stood and prayed with all my heart that we be permitted to find that bird. That prayer was answered, and while the sarge plucked it for barbecuing, the rest of us gathered blueberries. They might have tasted better if the sarge had not remarked that all the leaves were gone from the bushes. "In couple more days there be no more blueberry."

Another Desolate Valley

About quarter to twelve we had reached the high crest of another ridge and as we gazed before us across a long valley containing nothing but the same melancholy desolation of fallen timber, Stirling-Hamilton remarked: "I shawn't ever want again for material for nightmares." At the bottom was a lake; we agreed to take our noon rest there, with fishing lines out, since it was clear that we must soon catch fish or perish. Stirling-Hamilton issued a tainted grouse leg apiece. We were watching a few holes in the overcast through which the sky showed blue and I was winding my watch when Kastner said, "Quiet!" and stood with his head cocked on one side, listening. "I hear a train or a truck engine," he said.

He had been pretty rational up to that point. I said severely, "Don't you remember how the express trains ran around the ridges at Muskeg Station day and night?"

"Yes, sir, I do. But I still hear something. It goes wooer, wooer, wooer, like a truck engine on a long pull."

I looked at the others; they didn't believe him either. But exactly three minutes later a big transport plane suddenly burst through the overcast with the sun shining on its wings, about three miles away. Before I could shout to fire the Very pistols Kastner had let go, followed by Stirling-Hamilton. With one hand I helped Wilcox cut the cord of his pack and release a long streamer of parachute cloth for attention, with the other I held the compass, checking the course of the plane and praying that it might come our way. Instead it soared gracefully to the north. But if it held that course it would have to cross our panel markers and could hardly help seeing the plane at Muskeg Station.

We started a series of fires with green stuff to make them smoke, while Kastner climbed the ridge to make another and to listen. Ten minutes later he called down to say that he thought the plane was circling our old camp. There was clearly only one thing to do—camp where we were, keep smokes going by day and fires by night.

Our nerves tingled like piano wires while the sarge and Wilcox joined Kastner on the ridge. Today I am not quite sure how long we waited, Very pistols in readiness and signaling mirrors focused, before we heard the call: "A plane engine sounds like it's coming this way." Just north of the lake at 1,000 feet there appeared the most beautiful of all God's sights—a Catalina flying boat headed toward us.

We fired the pistols. The Catalina changed course and came on, waggling its wing tips. We cheered, jumping up and down on the timber until Stirling-Hamilton for the first and only time showed emotion: "Come here, all hands on your knees and thank God for deliverance."

Afterward we opened up the box of candy and ate the good grouse the sarge had shot that morning, then smoked the last of our cigarettes. By night we had sleeping bags and dry socks but the best of all was a meal of corned beef and soda crackers.

It was the irony of fate: When we looked out the window of the plane just before taking off we saw the only moose of our journey, swimming across the lake, where we could have had him easily.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LIVES OF MARTIN

Continued from page 13

were alone she'd threaten me with the most horrible things, and she almost convinced me that my only salvation lay in proving to her I'd reformed—" Judith broke off, sighed. "It's so easy now, but I was a very gullible, impressionable child. For years after, I couldn't bear to be touched, or to have anyone see me getting undressed."

Judith sighed. "Let's not talk about it any more," she said. "Tell me about Martin's woman. What did she look like?"

"Oh, sort of dish-faced pretty. With quantities of rather untidy hair, henna, out of a bottle. A bit plump all over."

These were the essential facts; each annual visit from Amy provided further small bulletins. The child had grown to look unmistakably like Martin. The child had started to school. He was called Dicky—Dicky *Bemis*. The woman was known in the neighborhood as *Mrs.* Bemis, though the only "Mr. Bemis" anyone had ever seen about was Martin.

Martin seemed to divide his time about equally between his own apartment and the Bemis establishment. The child was eleven now (this was Amy's most recent report), and had been heard to complain in the neighborhood about not having a bicycle. Wouldn't you think Martin would have bought him a bicycle?

THEN the telephone rang, and Judith turned with relief to the practical voice of Charles, her lawyer.

"Charles, I'm about to do something you'll disapprove of. Mrs. Bemis is here, Martin's—woman. I'm going to see her."

She listened for a while to his dry, legal views on the situation; she had heard them all before, when she first learned of Martin's failure to amend the old will. It was understandable that he had put it off; a man in his forties seldom feels much urgency in such matters. But Judith had said that certainly some sort of provision must be made for Mrs. Bemis and the child.

She had wished Charles then to arrange a settlement, and he had pointed out, as he was redundantly doing now, that to offer a settlement was to acknowledge the existence of a serious claim.

"Give her half a chance, and she'll bleed you white," said Charles. "The thing to do is not give her the half chance. She probably got plenty out of him while he was still alive."

"Please don't be vulgar about it, Charles. I'm a wealthy woman. I don't need Martin's money, certainly not all of it. Don't you agree that there has to be some provision for the child?"

The lawyer admitted, grudgingly, that something might be done on behalf of the child—sometime. Then he cleared his throat, to ask, as a friend, what he would not dream of asking, as a lawyer. "Tell me, Judith. Is it your sense of duty, or simply your feminine curiosity, that makes you so anxious to see her?"

"Frankly," said Judith, "it's both."

Judith Reynolds was a tall woman, slender of bone, with ash-blond hair and finely chiseled features. She was dressed in black, but it was not mourning; it was the sort of costume which any woman of fashion would choose to wear in New York.

Physically, Judith was the opposite, in every way, of the woman who rose nervously as she entered the living room. Mrs. Bemis, small and quite ordinary-looking, did actually bear a startling resemblance to the portrait-in-caricature of that long-ago talk with Amy.

Judith crossed the room, said in her pleasant voice, "You wished to see me?"

"Not if I've come at a bad time—"

There was a certain subservience, in the tone of voice, and in the posture: Mrs. Bemis stood, leaning slightly against the chair from which she'd just risen, and resting one hand upon it, as though to draw herself fully erect would be to presume to stand as an equal.

Judith was repelled and disappointed. It was somehow undignified of Martin to have picked not a woman of spirit, but a cowed, submissive creature.

"This is as convenient a time as any. I'm sorry that I had to keep you waiting so long." She cut hurriedly through the murmurs of protest. "Please do not feel you have to beat about the bush. I would much rather you came straight to the point. Sit down. What is it you want, Mrs. Bemis?"

"The books, if you please. I see they're still here. I didn't want to bother you any sooner than this. But I was afraid if I waited too long, you might not know, and give them to someone else."

"Which books?"

"Well, it's mostly the encyclopedia. And naturally, any of the other books that you could spare would be welcome. But strictly speaking, it was only the encyclopedia he mentioned."

"Mentioned?"

"Promised, really. It amounted to that. He kept saying what a wonderful thing it was, and how Dicky would enjoy it. Dicky's just at that age where they want to find out about anything and everything. He was always meaning to have it sent over. I've no doubt he would have done it one day, but you know how he was, forgetful—"

"Dicky is—?"

COLLIER'S "Can Timmy come out and pull me on his new sled?" REAMER KELLER

Filters the smoke and makes it mild

Discover for yourself why so many of your friends have changed to the *longer, finer* cigarette—PALL MALL. Its greater length of traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos serves as a longer, natural filter to screen and cool the smoke on the way to your throat—yes, filters the smoke and makes it mild. Thus PALL MALL gives you a *smoothness, mildness* and *satisfaction* no other cigarette offers you. Enjoy the *longer, finer* cigarette in the distinguished red package—PALL MALL Famous Cigarettes —*good* to look at, *good* to feel, *good* to taste, and *good* to smoke.

OUTSTANDING / and they are mild!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

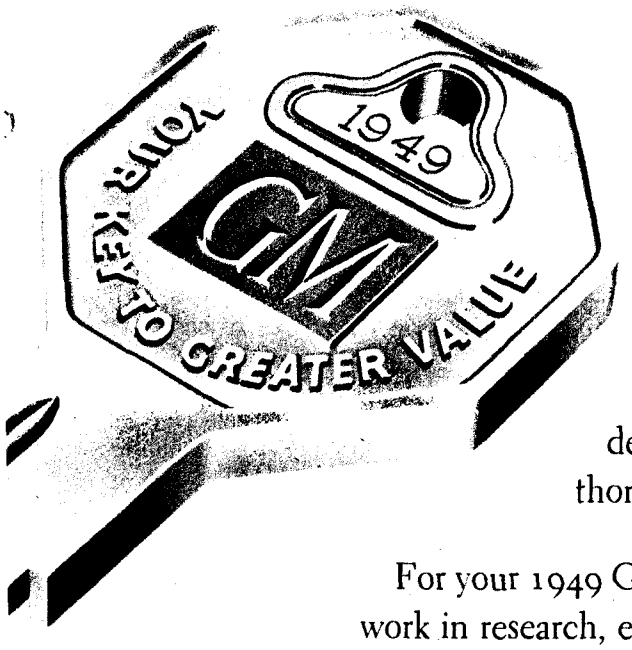
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Many are called but few are chosen. *In developing new models, GM stylists consider hundreds of sketches — also make and study miniature clay sculptures.*

Proof that you can see better. *In this test of new designs, bulbs — placed where driver's eyes would be — cast light patterns which show your "seeing area." Results? Better visibility, safer driving.*

Checking for comfort *— models of the finished interior are "tried on for size" by representative riders of all builds. Engineers carefully check head-room, leg-room, seat angles, instrument vision, with actual people serving as "human yardsticks."*

Key to sound styling



All the new GM cars for 1949 are on display this month.

And one good look tells you how *sound* their styling is—as well as how smart.

You enter easily into spacious interiors, with high visibility and deep-seated comfort. You enjoy superb trim and fittings, find evidence of thorough planning on every hand.

For your 1949 GM car is not merely a work of the stylist's art. Into each has gone months of work in research, engineering and production that combine to give it comfort, convenience, performance and durability along with surpassing beauty.

That's why so many people already are saying that GM sets the pace in the 1949 automotive parade.

Your key to Greater Value

"MORE AND BETTER THINGS FOR MORE PEOPLE"

GENERAL MOTORS

CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · BUICK · CADILLAC
BODY BY FISHER · GMC TRUCK & COACH

NOW! HENRY J. TAYLOR on the air every Monday evening over the ABC Network, coast to coast.

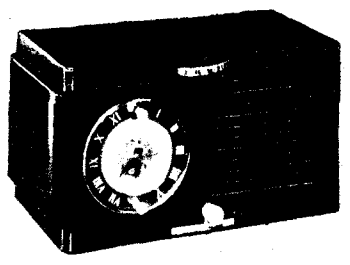
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Wake-up-to-music"

CLOCK-RADIOS

M-m-m-m—it's delightful—waking up to sweet music! Better for you, too. Medical tests prove General Electric Clock-Radios wake you *soothingly*, without shock, while jangling alarms jolt your nerves. Get a G-E Clock-Radio today, wake like a king—or a queen—tomorrow!

General Electric Co., Electronics Park, Syracuse, N.Y.



MODEL 60

REMEMBER TO BUY THE CLOCK-RADIO THAT REMEMBERS—to wake you with music, to turn on a favorite program anytime, *automatically*. Fine-toned radio, accurate G-E electric clock. Rich rosewood plastic cabinet. Model 60.

PERFORMANCE-ENGINEERED at Electronics Park

MODEL 62

NO MORE JANGLING ALARMS TO JAR YOU! Instead, wake up on time to sweet music. This G-E "Wake-up-to-music" Clock-Radio reminds you of important dates *automatically*, too. Stunning ivory plastic cabinet. Model 62.

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

"My son," said Mrs. Bemis.

"When you say your son, do you mean yours and Martin's?"

"Why, yes. Yes, of course." An anxious stricken expression crossed the woman's face. "You did know, didn't you? I mean, about me—and Dicky?"

"Yes, I did."

"Oh, I am glad!" Mrs. Bemis said. "I mean, I'd have hated to be the one to break it to you." Her hands moved nervously in her lap. Judith looked at them.

THEY were decent hands, a bit rough-looking, but clean, the nails pinkly manicured. They held, and toyed with, a black purse and black gloves. Cloth gloves. Judith frowned. Had Martin forgotten, in life as well as in death, to provide for her at *all?*

"Mrs. Bemis!" Judith's voice was almost sharp. Mrs. Bemis gazed at her in surprise. "Are you acquainted with the terms of my husband's will?"

The woman shook her head.

"He left you nothing."

"But I thought—that is, you didn't exactly say that we could have the encyclopedia, but I got the impression, somehow—"

"Oh, damn the encyclopedia!" cried Judith, who never swore. "Of course you can have the encyclopedia. But I'm talking about the money."

"What money?" asked Mrs. Bemis.

"The money he didn't leave you. I know he just forgot about it. All the same, it makes it complicated. My lawyer didn't even want me to see you today; he thought that since you and Dicky aren't acknowledged in the will, you haven't any real legal rights in the estate. But there's more to it than mere technicalities. I consider that there was a moral responsibility upon Martin to provide for Dicky's future. Since he forgot to do so, and his estate comes to me, it becomes my responsibility."

Mrs. Bemis said slowly, "I see what you mean, and it's very kind of you. But I wouldn't feel right taking money from you, having lived in your shadow, so to speak. And you know, I'm not at all sure I agree that Martin 'just forgot' it. He always was a bit Scotch in his ways, wouldn't you say?"

"Martin, Scotch? You can't mean that you thought him stingy?"

"We-ell," said Mrs. Bemis, "thrifty. Put it that way."

"But he was never thrifty in all his life! Money went through his hands like water." Judith recalled his Florida visits: the cases of champagne, the expensive presents he always bought her, the diamonds, the sable cape. Then she recalled, too, the bicycle which Dicky had mysteriously not got. And the cheap purse and gloves Mrs. Bemis was carrying. "I—I always considered him overextravagant. Apparently you did not—find him that way."

"No, indeed not," said Mrs. Bemis. "He used to make me a household allowance, and when that was gone, it was gone, and we'd just have to get through the end of the week as best we could."

Judith stared at her. "It's as though we were talking about two different men."

"Well," said Mrs. Bemis, cheerfully, "I expect we are." Then, indicating the desk, "May I write down the address there? For the books?"

It took only a minute, and then Mrs. Bemis was rising to leave.

In a sudden near panic, Judith didn't want her to. "Stay and talk with me a little while," she heard herself saying.

Mrs. Bemis smiled. "I'd be very glad to." This time, she took a more comfortable chair. "I think I know how you feel. It sort of keeps him alive, doesn't it?"

Judith, not at all sure that that had been her motive, said, "Yes."

"We were both fond of him, in our way, I guess. And he was fond of us."

Judith swallowed. "Yes—did he, did he ever speak of me to you?"

"Only once. I'd cut out that piece about you, in one of the magazines. About a hospital you were running. I thought he mightn't have seen it. I said it sounded like wonderful work you were doing, and he said yes, it was. He was awfully proud of you." Mrs. Bemis shook her head. "Now, I can see you thinking you wished you had a return compliment for me. But of course you haven't, and I wouldn't expect it. He'd not have mentioned me to you. It wouldn't have been good taste."

Judith said, "I suppose you can also guess the other thing that's in my mind now?"

"Maybe I can. You're wondering how it ever got started, with Martin and me? How we met, and all that? Well, it was one night quite late, years ago. I was waked by an unearthly racket outside. I thought sure it was an accident. So I threw on my clothes and ran outside. And all it was, was a car, honking its horn like crazy. The driver'd been drinking—that was Martin, of course—and he was yelling his head off. He'd run out of gas, and was trying to rouse someone at the filling station—"

Somehow or other, Mrs. Bemis had prevailed on the obstreperous Martin to stop trying to get himself arrested; she'd wound up asking him in, for a cup of coffee. By the time she had it ready, he'd gone to sleep on the couch. Next morning, she'd half expected to find him gone. But there he still was, out like a light. He came to around noon, neither knowing nor caring who she was, beyond the fact that she was someone he could immediately send out to buy a bottle of whisky.

"That was a real bender," said Mrs. Bemis reminiscently. "It lasted nearly a whole week, and he went through seven quarts of whisky, with hardly any help from me. Then he was good and sick, and it took me the better part of another week to get him back in shape."

This, too, was a side of Martin which Judith had known nothing about. "Did they happen often? The benders?"

"No. Maybe once a year."

"Did you ever try to stop him?"

Mrs. Bemis shook her head. "It'd be like arguing with a stone wall. Stubborn, he was."

"I thought him extremely tractable. Anxious to please."

"Oh, he pleased, right enough. As soon as you got it through your head that giving in to him was the way to make him happy, why, then all was peaches and cream."

Judith said, "That sounds as though you were rebellious—at first."

"I was," said Mrs. Bemis. She sighed. "I had a lot of fool notions about myself, and no man was going to boss me around. I needed a man like Martin, a real man that'd make me toe the mark, and no nonsense about it."

Judith said softly, "You loved him very much, didn't you?"

"He suited me, you might say."

"And Dicky?"

Mrs. Bemis blinked. "You mean, does Dicky suit me?"

"No, I mean—what about Dicky? His future? Forgive me if I seem cruel, but aren't you worried about him?"

"Worried about Dicky? Why ever should you think that? Why, he's the healthiest boy—knock on wood—and the brightest, too—"

"I mean, the—stigma. His illegitimacy."

"But, bless you, Dicky's not illegitimate. Not in the least. You see, I was still married to Bemis at the time Dicky was born. So everything's quite in order."

Judith said, "Mrs. Bemis, you can't mean to pass off Dicky as your ex-husband's child?"

"Oh, just on the birth certificate. Just to keep things legal, that is."

"But what does Dicky himself think? Have you told him the truth? And the neighbors? And Mr. Bemis—what about him?"

MRS. BEMIS laughed comfortably. "Hold on a minute. You're going a bit too fast for me. I've not told Dicky yet, but I will, when he gets around to asking. I don't think he'll mind too much; he was so attached to Martin, he'll like feeling related to him. Arthur Bemis married me to try and get out of the draft. He stayed with me just two months, then out he walked in the middle of the night. I never heard a word from him after, not even a post card.

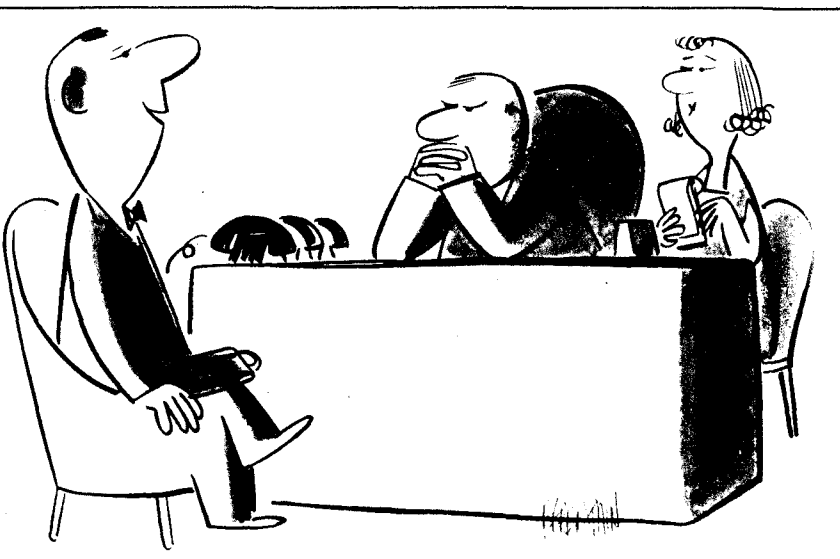
"Whether I lived or died was no concern of his. It was only accident I heard of *his* death; he got into some shooting scrape over a woman, and there was a bit about it in the papers. The only good and useful thing he did in all his life, he never even knew about: providing a name for Dicky. Would you like to see Dicky's picture? I've got one right with me."

"Yes, I would."

She stared at the snapshot a long time. He was indeed a fine-looking boy, well-built, straightforward of gaze. He looked quite a lot like Martin, around the eyes, but his mouth was like his mother's.

"I wish you'd let me help you. Or, at least, help Dicky. You want him to get a good education, don't you? Go to college, and all that?"

Mrs. Bemis frowned. "It's too soon to tell. Some boys get a lot out of college, some merely waste the time and money.



"You're a difficult man to see, Mr. Barker. Had quite a time getting in here. Must be a very busy man—time very valuable. Time is money, they say. Guess that's right, isn't it? . . ."

COLLIER'S STANLEY BERENSTAIN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I don't frankly think Dicky's the college type. Dicky likes to be doing things with his hands, making things and fixing them. I'd a sight rather have him a good mechanic than a bad lawyer. And besides it'd be sort of a tribute to Martin. Following in his footsteps, so to speak."

"Martin a *mechanic?*"

"The best. There wasn't a thing that could go wrong in the house that Martin couldn't fix. And how he loved doing it."

"We're speaking of two different men, again."

"Well, that does keep happening. Of course, there was a third that neither of us knew well."

"A third?"

"The bachelor one, I mean. That stayed on, in town, and went to all those swanky clubs."

"Yes, that's right," said Judith. "I hadn't thought about it. But he did live here in this apartment a good deal of the time, didn't he?"

"Don't try to blame all our money troubles on inflation. We had them during the depression, too!"

COLLIER'S — HENRY BOLTINOFF

"And he read all these books."

"And collected bronzes, and stamps," said Judith.

"And went to concerts."

"And theaters." On his annual visits, he always told her about all the new shows. "Mrs. Bemis! You don't suppose that—that third Martin had a—third woman?"

Mrs. Bemis smiled. "No, I believe not. Begging your pardon, I believe he was true to us." She gathered up the purse and the gloves. "And now, much as I'm enjoying myself here with you, I do truly have to be going. There's Dicky's supper to get, and my ironing to finish—"

"I'll come to the door with you." Judith thought: It's as though we'd been friends all our lives; I *like* her, really like her; I shouldn't be surprised if I like her better than I do Amy. Impulsively, she said, "I wonder if you'd do me a favor."

"If I can."

"Come down to Florida with me for a visit. You and Dicky both."

"Oh, thank you, that's quite the nicest invitation I've ever had. But I couldn't, you know. I'm working now, and Dicky's just started the new school term."

"Couldn't you come at Christmas then? During the holidays. Please do. I really mean it."

"Bless you, I see that you do. But no, I'm afraid it wouldn't work. Today, talking like this, we've just been two women together, two women that've lost their man, and it made a bond between us. Tomorrow, or next month—any other time or place—it'd be different. We're like oil and water, and shouldn't try to mix. You'd be thinking me vulgar, and I dare say I'd find you a snob, and all the niceness would be quite gone. I mean no offense, and I do hope you'll take none—"

Judith said, stiffly, "Of course not."

"Oh, now I have wounded you, and I do apologize, and after all your kindness! Oh, dear, I'm so sorry—but you see, it's just an example; I'm forever putting my foot in things, and if you had me around for a week, I'd drive you crazy."

It was impossible, in the face of such ingenuousness, to remain cross. They were at the door now, and Judith extended her hand warmly. "Dear Mrs. Bemis, you're the one that's been kind. I think you're a very wonderful person, and that Martin was extremely lucky to have known you. Will you just promise me one thing? That you won't absolutely close your mind to the—the idea of letting me help Dicky?

"I mean, sometime later on, he may need money. If not for college, then perhaps to set up a little business— Don't decide about it now; wait and think it over. I've no children of my own, and more income than any one woman ought to have. It would make me very happy to be allowed to help."

"When you put it on that basis," said Mrs. Bemis. "Yes, surely. I'll keep an open mind on it."

"Thank you. And good luck!"

"Good luck to you, too."

AFTER Judith returned to the library, she could not seem to make herself get back to work. The woman she had just met was too much on her mind. And, even more, Martin was on her mind. What had he really been like, that man she had known for so long, and apparently not known at all?

By no standard which the world could possibly approve had Martin acquitted himself well with either his wife or his mistress. Toward the one, he had failed in tenderness and understanding; the marriage could have been quite different, had he really striven to make it so. Toward the other, his record was infinitely worse; he could have got his freedom any time he'd asked for it, and made, as they say, an honest woman of Mrs. Bemis. At the very least, he could certainly have treated the poor thing more generously.

And yet—it had suited Judith very well, her part-time marriage. She had found his name convenient, his visits uniformly agreeable.

And as for Mrs. Bemis, a woman who shrank from the fish-out-of-water aspects of a brief stay with Judith could assuredly never have faced, nor wished to face, the thousand intricate social burdens which would automatically have become hers, as Martin's wife. And the usual love-nest arrangement for such a person, costly gifts, pampering, could never have developed, at the end, a character like Mrs. Bemis'.

Why, it's curious, thought Judith, but Martin was really good for both of us, pretty nearly ideal for us, in fact. He'd had so many faults; indeed, at least two separate and complete sets of them. Yet through sheer accident by following his own selfish desires, he had happened to make two women very happy.

Sheer accident, Judith repeated firmly. And morally reassured, she rang for the housekeeper.

"Tomorrow morning," said Judith, "please arrange to have Mr. Reynolds' encyclopedia crated, and sent to this address." She gave Lily the piece of paper Mrs. Bemis had left on the desk, and the housekeeper turned to go.

"Oh, and Lily!"

"Yes, madam?"

"Will you also ring up one of the shops, and order a bicycle."

"A—bicycle, madam?"

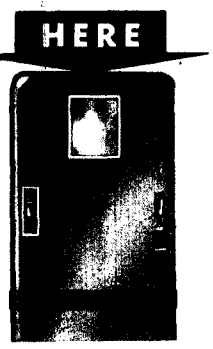
"A bicycle. Charge it to my account, and have them send it to the same address as the books. A large bicycle, Lily. Very large and red and shiny."

"Yes, madam. Will that be all?"

"That will be all," said Judith, and her voice was soft, almost wistful. "At least for the time being, Lily—that will be all."

COSTS CUT IN HALF

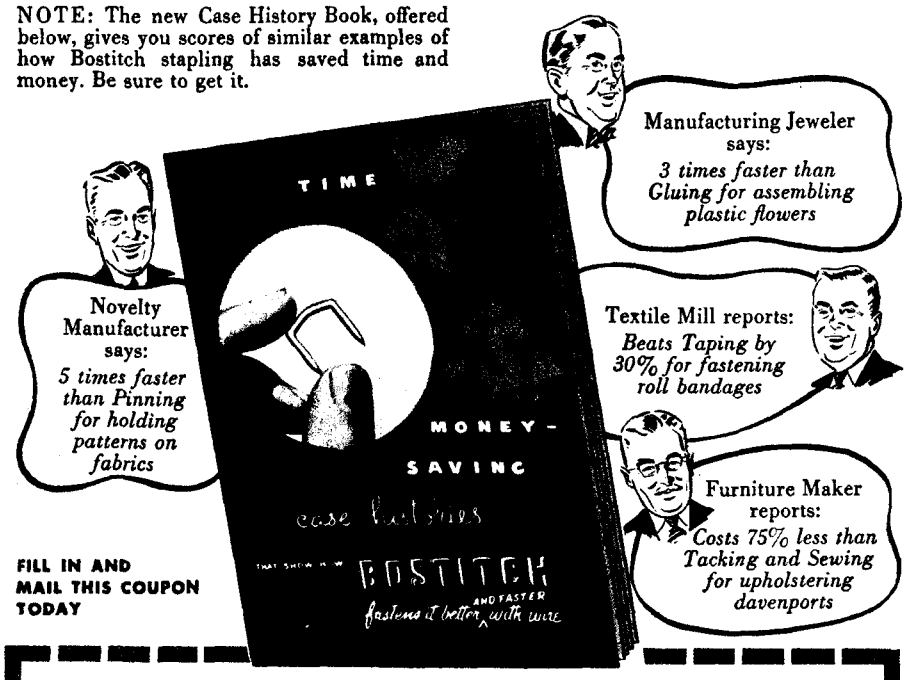
when BOSTITCH fastening replaces hammer and nails HERE



Your fastening problem may differ a lot from the job of making soft-drink dispensers airtight. But maybe you, like this vending machine maker, can cut your fastening costs in half. Now he Bostitch-staples rubber insulation to the dispenser doors instead of nailing it. The Bostitch method is twice as fast, he says, and his workers like it much better.

Maybe **BOSTITCH** *has already solved your fastening problem here*

NOTE: The new Case History Book, offered below, gives you scores of similar examples of how Bostitch stapling has saved time and money. Be sure to get it.



Manufacturing Jeweler says: *3 times faster than Gluing for assembling plastic flowers*

Novelty Manufacturer says: *5 times faster than Pinning for holding patterns on fabrics*

Textile Mill reports: *Beats Taping by 30% for fastening roll bandages*

Furniture Maker reports: *Costs 75% less than Tacking and Sewing for upholstering davenports*

FILL IN AND MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

FREE Put this Case History Book to work right away solving your fastening problems.

HOW AND WHAT DO YOU FASTEN?

Whether you use nails, glue, tape, tacks, thread, pins, rivets or spot welds to fasten rubber, plastics, wood, fabrics, or even metal, you may find the answer to your own fastening questions in one of the many applications in the Bostitch Case History Book. Bostitch makes it easy for you to benefit from 50 years' fastening experience by locating 275 field men in 112 key cities in the U. S. and 11 key cities in Canada.

BOSTITCH, 340 Mechanic St., Westerly, Rhode Island

NAME..... TITLE.....

FIRM .....

STREET .....

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

BOSTITCH *fastens it better AND FASTER with wire*

ALL TYPES OF MACHINES FOR APPLYING STAPLES

ALL TYPES OF STAPLES APPLIED BY MACHINES

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

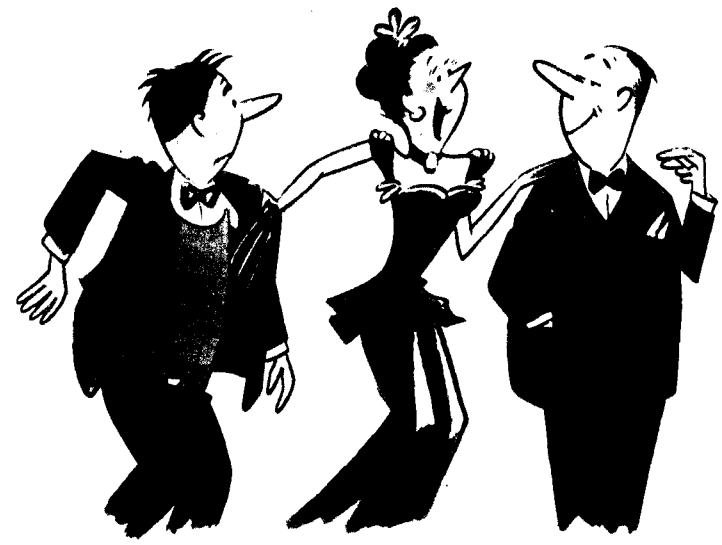
Don't Be A Cartoonist

Dave Gerard says the hardest part of an artist's life is convincing friends it's work

"I'll bet you've thought up a hundred funny cartoons lying there!"

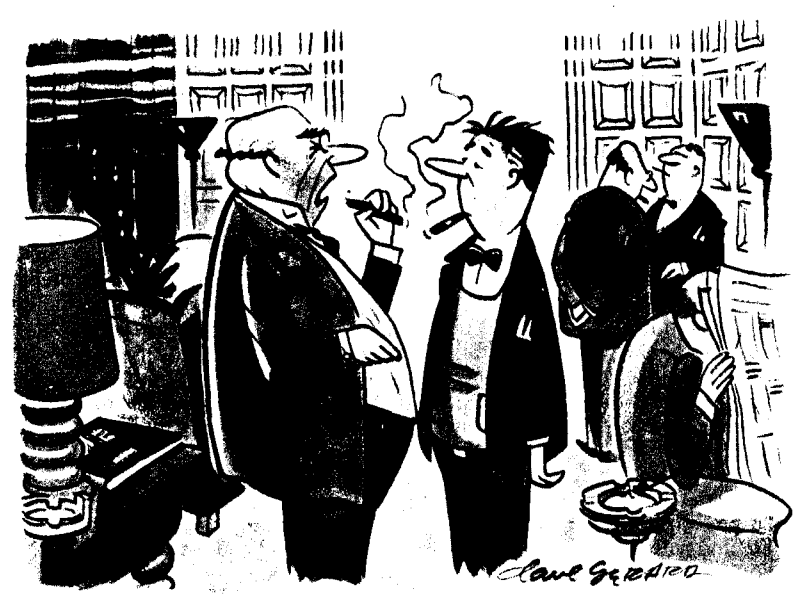
"Dad, of course, wants me to come into the business, but I want to be a cartoonist. Easy work—big money—winter in Florida—play golf—"

"This is my little nephew who draws such funny people. You must come over and see some of his sketches!"



"Harry, tell Mr. Gerard that terribly funny thing you said to Cousin Hattie last night!"

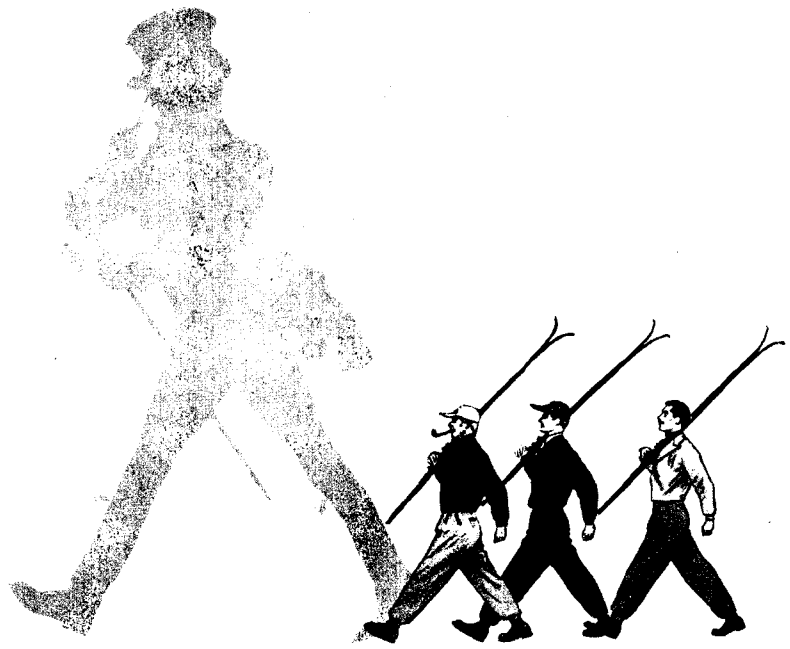
"I know you! When you get that dreamy, faraway look in your eye you're getting ready to put me in a cartoon!"



"Cartoonist, eh? Well, that's a nice hobby. I never had time for a hobby myself. Where do you work, Mr. Gerard?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FORECASTING...



A Scotch story worth repeating

FROM STIRLING CASTLE TO SUN VALLEY

Ancient is Stirling Castle, "Key to the Highlands" of Scotland. And another old native is Johnnie Walker. Scotland alone combines the flawless spring water, moist climate and distilling touch... to produce such a superb Scotch whisky.

And at famed Sun Valley how do educated palates top off a zestful day in the open? With that Scotch of unexcelled smoothness and choice bouquet. That Scotch so cherished by the connoisseur everywhere—Johnnie Walker, *naturally.*

ASK FOR SCOTLAND'S FAVOURITE SON—

JOHNNIE WALKER

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

RED LABEL • BLACK LABEL

Both 86.8 Proof

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., New York, N. Y. *Sole Importer*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I WEAR FALSE TEETH

yet my mouth feels fresh, clean and cool No "DENTURE BREATH" for me*

*"I know that dental plates that feel hot and sticky are a warning sign . . . so I soak my plate in Polident to avoid Denture Breath."
Mrs. C. W. A., Dayton, Ohio

When plates taste bad—feel hot and heavy in your mouth, watch out for Denture Breath. False teeth need the special care of a special denture cleanser—Polident. For a smile that sparkles . . . for a mouth that feels cool, clean and fresh . . . for freedom from worry about Denture Breath . . . soak your plates in Polident every day. Costs only about a cent a day to use.

NO BRUSHING

Soak plate or bridge daily—fifteen minutes or more—in a fresh, cleansing solution of Polident and water.

POLIDENT

RECOMMENDED BY MORE DENTISTS THAN ANY OTHER DENTURE CLEANSER

LOOSE FALSE TEETH?

Amazing New Cream Holds Tighter, Longer than anything you've ever tried or double your money back

POLI-GRIP

Made and guaranteed by POLIDENT

THE HOUSE THAT DIMES BUILT

Continued from page 22

been its food business. Guided by merchandiser Merritt E. Seward, it has developed from a dubious, marginal-profit operation into one of the largest and most efficient restaurant and baking organizations in the world, and has become the company's biggest single department.

Seward's success is an excellent example of Woolworths' policy of within-company promotion. When it was decided to operate lunch counters, Woolworths looked for an expert to show them how. The man selected was highly qualified—he knew all about menus, temperamental cooks and how to run restaurants. But when store managers tried to follow his instructions, they floundered, and so did their food business.

It was then that, in desperation, Seward was put in charge. Just another company career man, he energetically tackled the job—not as a *cordon bleu* chef but as a merchandiser.

Soon he was talking of grosses of cups of coffee, and dozens of pies. Store managers perked up their ears like Dalmatians hearing a fire siren. This was their language. They knew about grosses and dozens. They began running their food departments just as they operated the sections selling toys, crockery and ladies' unmentionables. The food business began to click. Today it is a major contributor to company profits, and 15 per cent of the customers in stores selling baked goods or meals come specifically to patronize Seward's department.

Recently Woolworth president Alfred L. Cornwell asked Seward what magic he'd used in racking up such records as 15,000 meals, 5,000 frozen malts and $100 worth of macaroons in a single store in a single eight-hour day. Said Seward, "I haven't done a thing but merchandise the goods."

Eye Appeal Sells Lunches

Seward's merchandising is ultramodern and typically Woolworth. He aims to serve five or six customers on each lunch stool every hour. So people won't loiter over a long menu, he lists only tried and true best sellers. He seeks the same eye appeal in a plate of food that he would get in a counter display of paper flowers. He picks vegetables less for vitamins than for color and insists that every plate served looks precisely like the expensive four-color reproductions that line the wall behind each counter.

But what really makes dime-store cash registers tinkle is the plodding pedestrian and it is to him that Woolworths caters without question. In one busy Eastern city, for example, the company took a 99-year lease on a site and anticipated another profitable venture. But something didn't happen. Customers stayed away by the thousands.

A careful analysis revealed what was wrong. Pedestrian traffic was grooved to the other side of the street. People wouldn't break a fixed habit and walk fifty feet across the street to patronize the new store. So Woolworths moved across to them and there today operates one of the chain's most successful stores. It was an expensive lesson to buy off a 99-year lease, but Woolworths has not made the same mistake since.

Since foot traffic provides the customers, Woolworths' success secret is based on a human weakness. Psychologists have a long, confusing explanation for the frailty, but the company sums it up in two words: impulse buying.

This is what makes the Woolworth Company more than a big peanut vendor. A woman will enter one of its stores simply to buy a 10-cent pair of shoelaces and leave with her shopping bag loaded. A salesman recently went to a Woolworths to see the manager. On the way out, before he could insulate himself against the magnetic counters, he bought a flashlight, an ever-writing pen, a ceramic fawn, a box of paper clips, a pocket comb-and-nail-file set, a key case and a half dozen hyacinth bulbs.

This impulse buying has operated successfully ever since the first permanent Woolworth store opened in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, 70 years ago. To give customers a chance to become thoroughly infected with its virus Frank Woolworth revolutionized merchandising techniques. He brought goods out from beneath counters and other customary hiding places and placed them where people could contemplate them and drool.

It was Woolworth, too, who introduced the novel practice of letting the customer alone. He encouraged browsing and warned his employees never to buttonhole a customer. A Woolworth patron is free to wander around the store inspecting a fairyland of goods, his eyes growing steadily bigger until finally he can stand it no longer and reaches down into his jeans for a handful of money.

To encourage this latent but universal trait of impulse buying is the aim and duty of every Woolworth employee. A new display that sells goods without apparent human intervention ranks with that evangelism which wins souls without emotional fanfare.

It happens regularly. As a stunt one manager asked that his talented salesgirls use any spare time they had to make some Easter bonnets—Woolworths sells hat parts—to hang on wires from the ceiling and to dress up the ribbon counter. Not only did he perk up the sale of ribbons and fixings, but the manager sold $5,000 worth of clerk-made hats in two weeks.

Although outranked by numerous assorted brass, the key individual in the closely knit fraternity of Woolworth executives is the store manager, who ranges from a $4,000-a-year small-town shopkeeper to a $30,000 (and, occasionally, upward of $50,000) executive with a staff of high-powered assistants and 500 employees. Never bonded, but trusted with up to $500,000 in stock, store managers are picked from the 30 to 40 trainees who annually start Woolworth career jobs at $45 a week.

The managers begin participating in the profits, first in their own store, then, as they climb upward, in the district and finally in the company itself. This profit-sharing deal provides the same incentive to a Woolworth executive that a burr under its saddle gives to a Wyoming bronco—whatever is in him comes out.

The store manager must, indeed, be enterprising. Not only must he administer first aid to fainting customers, satisfy complainants, and make sure that Mrs. Jones doesn't buy the same favors for her bridge party that Mrs. Smith bought for hers, but he is also expected to join local service clubs, participate actively in community chest drives, lead a Boy Scout troop, attend church, maintain a reputation for sobriety, probity and discretion and to refrain, whatever the provocation, from beating his wife.

What Velvet and Mirrors Did

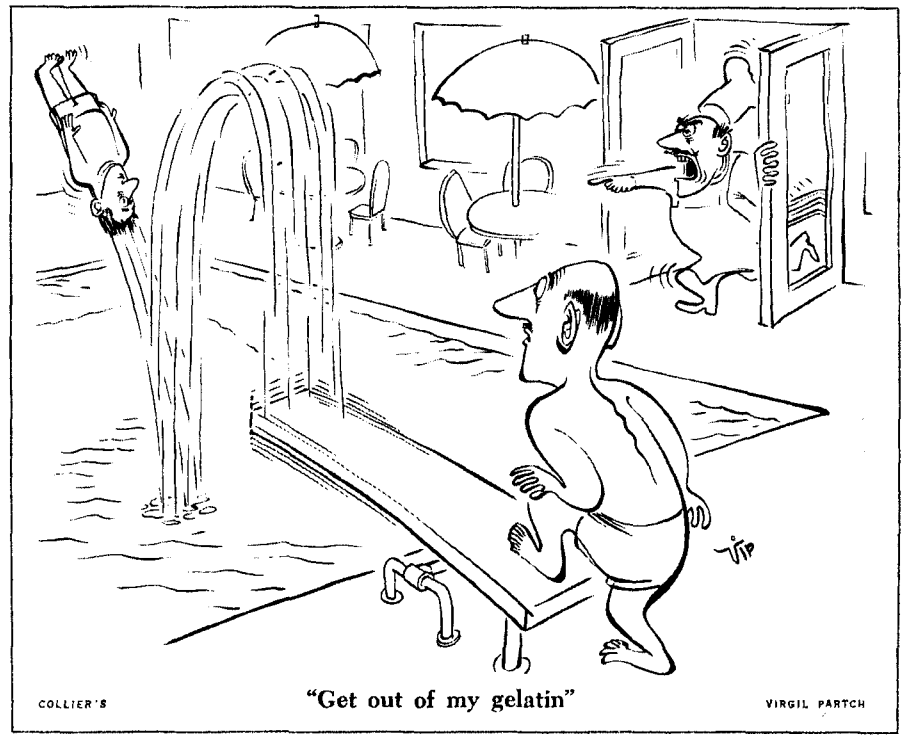
In addition, of course, store managers are expected to sell more merchandise than anybody else. They often do it, too. Three months ago a Louisville manager noticed customers were resisting his ceramic and glass novelties. He arranged a display using red velvet and mirrors. Immediately sales doubled. Also immediately, the district supervisors descended on him to find out what was happening.

They photographed the display, studied its effect, held meetings in the Cleveland district office and soon similar novelties in more than 100 Woolworth stores blossomed out on red velvet and mirrors. Sales in the district jumped 25 per cent and are still climbing.

The most perishable thing in the dime-store business is an idea for a new item that will sell. Everybody has dozens of them, mostly impracticable, for salesmen and buyers as a class are an imaginatively fertile group. But a good money-making idea is the rare exception. Therefore, when a new sure-fire product comes along, it is nurtured and guarded.

Seldom are such ideas inspired; they are the fruition of months of laborious, painful and expensive gestation. It is not unusual for a manufacturer supplying Woolworth stores to invest $1,000,000—or, inelegantly, his shirt—in developing a Woolworth suggestion for one of these new or improved products.

The men behind most Woolworth suggestions are the company's 49 buyers. These are the men who select the merchandise for an approved list of 30,000 items from which the individual store



COLLIER'S "Get out of my gelatin" VIRGIL PARTCH

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

managers make their selections of what will be sold on Woolworth counters.

Getting on this list is not easy. The principal qualification is ability and willingness to follow the suggestions of the buyers. One Woolworth buyer suggested to a company that it make plastic place mats to be sold for around 25 cents. The firm's representative laughed; it was financial ruin even to consider such an idea. But the buyer calmly proceeded to outline requirements and suggestions, and mentioned, in passing, the possibility of a sales volume of 1,000,000 mats. The representative perked up.

After two years of suggestions and $200,000 invested in machinery, the company was profitably producing the mats —and they sold for 29 cents. Woolworth suggestions are rated worth their weight in rubies by manufacturers who like to get into the 90 per cent income-tax bracket, and the land is dotted with once struggling but now prosperous firms that have heeded them. A manufacturer who followed company suggestions for a patented French purse sold $750,000 worth of them the first year.

Persuading suppliers into toeing the Woolworth mark is a logical outgrowth of founder Frank Woolworth's ability to talk himself out of a tight spot, first demonstrated when he was twenty. Determined to trade the rugged life of an upstate New York farm boy for the comparative ease of retailing, he wangled an introduction to Watertown dry-goods merchants Moore and Smith. After convincing the partners of his ability to sweep out, run errands and work eighteen hours daily, he mentioned the matter of pay. For six months he could work for nothing, he was told. After that, if he made good, he'd get $3.50 a week.

Woolworth's total capital was $50. Obviously, on this basis, his diet would soon consist of branch water and fresh air. To partner William H. Moore he made his plea. He'd work for nothing for three months, then, to forestall physical disintegration, for $3.50 a week. Moore gave him the job. Twelve years later Moore was nearly bankrupt. A now prosperous Woolworth, who never forgot a friend, put him into the five-and-dime business, starting him toward a fortune.

His First Five-Cent Sale

It was while working for Moore, that Woolworth got his first exciting taste of the five-and-dime idea. To give doldrumed business a shot in the arm, several enterprising Michigan merchants had successfully staged five-cent sales of claptrap merchandise. Plagued with lagging sales and a $35,000 wholesale overstock, Moore decided on such a sale, and put young Woolworth in charge. The sale opened on county fair day. By night the stock was gone and customers were clamoring for more. Woolworth began to have visions.

Before he could capitalize on them, however, a rash of five-cent stores opened up. They were strictly quickies. Their proprietors skimmed the five-cent cream off a town, folded and moved on. But Woolworth's plan was to establish something more substantial. Casing the countryside, he decided to open a store in Utica, New York. Having no capital he was, for the second time, forced to talk his way over a big hurdle.

Five-cent storekeepers were by then in general disrepute and the location Woolworth had decided he could afford, if he had the money to afford anything, unfortunately was owned by two conservative bankers. He marshaled his arguments. The bankers wanted none of him. Furthermore, when they did rent, they said, they would require a year's lease and $35 in advance. Woolworth's persuasion was such that when he finished with them he got the store without either a lease or advance rent.

Woolworth's Utica store has been called a failure. He opened it on a $25 shoestring and with $315 of merchandise credit from his former boss and friend, Moore. Six weeks later Woolworth was a capitalist with $252.44 and was seeking a better location. He found it in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, where he opened the first permanent Woolworth store. It was a five-cent store; Woolworth didn't add a dime line of merchandise until a year later, to build sales volume.

Building a Vast Store Chain

He later tried out two 25-cent stores and they flopped, cementing Woolworth's conviction that he was strictly a five-and-dime merchant. Only after his death in 1919 was the lid on prices gradually lifted so that today a single item may cost as much as $17.98. After his original success, Woolworth kept opening new stores; he arranged partnerships with his brother, a cousin, and two close friends from his old Watertown days. Each of them soon formed a chain of his own and expanded individually until the grand merger of all of them into F. W. Woolworth Company in 1912.

Long before he died, founder Woolworth had a $2,000,000-a-year income. Combined, his associates made nearly as much. Many men grew wealthy on his success. One share of stock worth $60 at the time of the 1912 merger is today 19½ shares (worth $890), and during the intervening years has paid $1,095 in dividends.

Other beneficiaries of Woolworths' growth have been hundreds of landlords. Some, getting $300 a month a dozen years ago, built improvements for the company and now receive $12–15,000 a year. In 1910 one Eastern landlord reluctantly took some property for a $1,000 debt due him. His first Woolworth lease was for $100 a month. Still on the same site but in a larger store Woolworths today pays him $48,000 a year.

The importance of dime stores to community economic life has been increasing progressively for 50 years. Although consistently trying to locate where traffic was already heaviest, Woolworths almost invariably has increased the traffic where it has opened stores. With more customers in the neighborhood other local merchants have prospered. Today a Woolworth store is regarded as a major community asset. Many large-scale postwar builders report they must promise house buyers a convenient supermarket, a movie, a drugstore and a dime store.

Although some retailers fear dime-store competition, most merchants know that where Woolworths goes, usually, there go the shoppers. Consequently chambers of commerce and other civic bodies constantly solicit the company to open stores in their towns. Housewives get up neighborhood petitions pledging gratitude and patronage for a store.

Like many rip-roaring industrialists grown benevolent with age, Woolworths was not always the benign institution it is today. Local price wars with rival chains were once waged ruthlessly.

But those days are gone forever along with long hours and low, vacationless pay. Today the standard work week equals or betters local wages, while vacations up to three weeks, a hospital-benefit program and a life pension plan are among the changes that have been as fundamental as the revising of the price structure. Indeed, the leadership of apple-smart, rosy-cheeked board chairman Charles W. Deyo has brought so many changes in the five-and-dime house built by Frank Woolworth that a disparaging competitor remarked recently, "The old man would turn over in his grave if he knew what's been done to his business."

Frank Woolworth might, at that. But if he did, he would turn over and smile.

PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK • 62½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86 PROOF

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THREE LITTLE GIRLS WORE BLUE

Continued from page 21

disapprovingly. "No dirty dishes are to be left in the sink," she announced. "It's a house rule."

"I was just going to—" Joan began.

"Perhaps I should help," said the captain gallantly.

"Unless you'd rather dance," said Marge smilingly. She moved toward him. "That music's wonderful."

At midnight the captain took his leave, kissing two hands impartially. "I don't go out again until the day after tomorrow," he announced. "If you girls are free tomorrow evening—"

"I'll be in Louisville," said Joan sadly.

"But I'll be here," stated Marge. "Do you like spaghetti and meat balls?"

Joan chuckled. "Make enough for three," she said. "Claire will be back from Cincinnati tomorrow."

"Splendid." The captain nodded. "The more the merrier. And then I'll be back again from Chicago next Tuesday."

"So will I," said Joan. "From Atlanta."

And now it was Marge's turn. "And so will I, from St. Louis," she said gleefully.

Since it was the air line's policy to rotate its hostesses on its various scheduled runs, none of the three caught up with the captain on flight during the weeks that followed. But he, on his free time, was entirely faithful. Faithful to all three.

It seemed to be a matter of complete indifference to him whether he called on, or took out, one of them, or two, or the entire threesome. He was equally charming and gallant on all occasions, equally impartial, and equally remote. The atmosphere in the apartment grew tense. And one evening it exploded.

IT WAS another of those rare evenings when all three of them were home. The captain had come to dinner—it was macaroni and cheese this time—and the four of them had played bridge until midnight. After he had gone Marge stretched out on the divan. And finally she came out with it: "What do you say we match for it? The odd man stays here. The other two move out."

"Oh, I like it here," said Claire quietly. "I don't want to move out."

"Which of us can afford to take the rap for the whole hundred and fifty a month?" asked Joan.

"If it were me," said Marge, with grim determination, "it wouldn't be for long. All I'd ask would be about two weeks."

"I could land him in a week," Joan said.

"I'm on his flight to Chicago next Friday," said Claire contentedly. "There's a twenty-four-hour layover there. I always," she added, nodding her blond head, "operate better away from my home base. I plan a direct frontal attack. You two won't be anywhere around."

Marge and Joan exchanged anxious glances. "You'd better make it good!" Marge warned grimly. "My number's coming up. I'll be flying with him in a month or so." Her eyes narrowed and she sighed dreamily. "We'll ditch the copilot," she said. "I know just the right place on the North Shore. It's cozy, with soft lights and sweet music."

"I'm last at bat," said Joan glumly. "But if he's still a free man by then it'll be all over."

Friday evening came. Claire was in Chicago with the captain. Joan and Marge loafed in the apartment, turning the pages of magazines without reading. Joan looked at the clock on the mantel. "Ten o'clock," she observed. "Nine out there."

"She's probably got her hooks in him by now," said Marge bitterly. "I might as well turn in."

"What for?" Joan asked. "You won't sleep."

Claire returned from flight on Saturday evening. Marge was flying to Kansas City at the time, but Joan was waiting up. She eyed her roommate shrewdly. "Nice trip?" she asked.

"Very nice," said Claire stiffly.

"Pump Room for dinner?"

Claire shook her head. "We went to a chop suey joint on the South Side. The copilot went along, too. The captain suggested it. Afterward we saw a movie. A Western."

That was in mid-October. Marge, next in line, had her chance in late November. She spent four hours, before reporting at the field, in a beauty parlor. Her new gabardine suit, that squared her shoulders and nipped tightly at the waist, was carefully packed in her bag.

She would change into it in her room at the Del Prado Hotel as soon as she arrived. She would take plenty of time and attain that subtle perfection which would be irresistible. The captain would phone her room and suggest dinner, and she would hint at the cozy little place on the North Shore that had the dim lights and sweet music. And from then on—

Joan was alone in the apartment when Marge returned. She wasted no time on preliminaries. "Let's hear it," she demanded. "Have you got him all tied up in ribbons?"

Marge frowned. "It was a routine trip," she said vaguely.

"Did the copilot tag along?" asked Joan.

"We lost him," Marge said. "The captain and I went out alone."

"And so?"

"And so," said Marge, taking a deep breath, "it seems the captain has a maiden aunt living in Oak Park. We went there for dinner and played gin afterward. Everything was wonderful except the aunt is hard of hearing and you have to shout, and she doesn't serve anything stronger than tea, and I hate to play gin."

Joan gave a great sigh of relief and triumph. "That makes two of you scratched," she said. "I have the track to myself. I can walk in."

"If you can bridle him," Marge warned.

A FEW days after Christmas, Joan's turn came. She carried her new, fur-collared winter coat over her arm as she reported at the hangar. The captain, studying his weather charts, looked up and greeted her pleasantly. "Weather's acting up a bit," he informed her. "That front's heading south."

"Will we make Chicago?" she asked anxiously.

"Probably make it," he nodded. "But will we get back?"

"Oh, I hope not!" said Joan fervently.

They made Chicago just in time. A half hour after they landed the snow started.

Back in the apartment Claire and Marge listened to the radio's weather reports. The storm was rolling down from Canada. Air traffic was canceled, railroad and street traffic were delayed all through the Middle West.

Claire snapped off the radio. "It's not fair!" she cried. "We only had twenty-four hours. She may be out there with him for three days."

"She'll be weathered in with him for a week if this keeps up," Marge said.

It kept up, and Claire and Marge felt certain that Joan was not wasting her time. On the third day of her absence a telegram came. It said: "Don't worry, darlings. Everything snug and cozy and all expenses paid. See you in the spring."

Claire and Marge replied immediately. They wired: "Congratulations. It's an ill blizzard and so forth."

COLLIER'S "Gesundheit! See?" JARO FABRY

And finally, on the sixth day, the grounded planes became airborne again, and Marge left for Pittsburgh at ten in the morning to be back again at eight in the evening. Claire waited alone in the apartment.

Joan arrived at seven thirty. She stood in the doorway, smiling, and tossed her uniform hat into a chair across the room. "Hello," she said cheerfully.

"Where is he?" asked Claire glumly. "Where's the captain?"

"I wouldn't know," Joan answered. "I came from the field in a taxi."

"You were just plain lucky," said Claire. "If it hadn't been for the storm—"

"I'm the luckiest girl alive," Joan agreed heartily. "If it hadn't been for the storm I might never have found out."

"Good heavens!" Claire cried. "Has he been married all the time?"

Joan shook her head serenely. "He's still very eligible," she said.

She sank into a chair and lighted a cigarette. At first, she said, the storm had seemed almost too good to be true. She had the captain to herself, and she had looked her best. She had turned on all she had, and there were men who'd been known to say she had plenty. The captain had remained charming, gay, casual—and remote.

"And then," Joan went on, letting cigarette smoke curl lazily from her rounded lips, "I began to wonder what was wrong. Three of us—and none of us half bad—hadn't got to first base. I began to suspect what it was."

"Insanity in his family!" breathed Claire. "A mother complex! Some psychiatric hang-over from the war!"

"Not quite. I suspected something else, so I made a test. I saw a girl in the hotel lobby who'd been a passenger on the trip out. I'd talked to her, and I knew all about her. Her father owns a couple of dozen oil wells in Texas. I happened to mention this to the captain before I introduced him to her." Joan chuckled quietly. "You should have seen him!" she said.

"He liked her?" Claire asked.

"He liked what I'd told him. His eyes lighted up, and he got all aquiver like a bird dog."

"And he went for her?"

Joan nodded. "He went for her, practically crawling on all fours," she said. "I sat back and watched. It was funny." She laughed quickly. "The captain," she said "is exactly what he accused us of being. He's a flying fortune hunter. He grabbed himself a glamor job so he could latch on to some wealthy passenger and marry her."

Claire's eyes narrowed. "And I don't suppose you told him," she asked happily, "that you have a filthy-rich grandmother who wants to settle half a million on you as soon as you quit flying and marry and settle down?"

Joan's answer was equally happy. "It's a whole million, darling," she said. "No, I don't believe I mentioned that to our captain."

THERE was the sound of a key in the door. It opened and Marge, in her Alice-blue uniform, stood before them. She was beaming. "A new copilot drove me home from the field," she said. "Are you decent? He's coming up for a drink."

"Is he for all of us?" asked Joan hopefully.

Marge smiled at the two of them. They smiled back at her. Then all three began to laugh, and it was warm, friendly laughter with a lot of understanding beneath it.

"Why not?" Marge replied. "We're roommates, aren't we?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he says he's too busy

NOT to see you...

What's on this caller's card that opens the door to a busy executive's office? It's just a symbol in the corner—the B of Burroughs.

You see, that symbol stands for an organization whose job is to help save time. Through daily contact with all kinds of business, Burroughs is familiar with current problems in figuring, accounting and statistical procedures—and how they are being solved. Burroughs knows time-saving trends in machine application. Burroughs has a complete line of machines that get figure work done in less time, at less cost, with less effort.

That is why busy men welcome the visit of a Burroughs representative. They know it *takes* time to save time. They know that time spent with a Burroughs man is a good investment. Burroughs Adding Machine Company, Detroit 32, Michigan.

WHEREVER THERE'S BUSINESS THERE'S

Burroughs

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Only a Short Step to Nunn-Bush

Satisfaction..Why Not Take It?

You pay only a little more for Nunn-Bush shoes...but what a difference in satisfaction that little more buys! It is necessary to *experience* Ankle-Fashioning before you can know the advantages Nunn-Bush shoes offer in greater comfort and added miles of smartness. Discover for yourself what Nunn-Bush has accomplished by striving earnestly to build the world's most *satisfying* shoes for men!

See Your Local Nunn-Bush Merchant

NUNN-BUSH SHOE COMPANY · *Manufacturers* · MILWAUKEE 1, WISCONSIN

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

greatness is giving way to a something-for-nothing desire by the masses so cruelly misled by the power-seeking politicians. . . .

A. J. P. ESTLIN, Bronxville, N. Y.

. . . As I study your splendid print of President Truman, I see two pictures. That of Mr. Truman and that of Thomas Jefferson. The editorial would apply equally well to either of them. Would you have written the same kind of letter to "President" Thomas Dewey? Indeed you would not. Your worries would have been over. You'd know he would turn everything over to the money gods of Wall Street. . . .

H. E. GOODWIN, Chewelah, Wash.

MALE vs. FEMALE

DEAR SIR: In answer to the letter about the Inhuman Male (Nov. 27th), males no doubt are terrible and need reprimanding, but when I look at the females impersonating men in their baggy pants, smoking cigarettes, with artificial make-up on, looking like a circus clown promenading up and down the street to tea parties, "honky tonks," taverns, saloons, pajama-early-morning parties, shooting dice, playing poker and whist, flirting with every man that will pay any attention to them, race horses, stock markets, bowling, gossiping poisonously over the telephone when you should be getting hubby's dinner, cleaning up the house or children, however staying at home doing the right things lead a normal life and a clean life that one would not be ashamed of, and your men will be better and have more respect for you as wife, mother and sweetheart.

VERSIE HOMBEAK, Kansas City, Kans.

JUSTICE IS JUSTICE IS JUSTICE

GENTLEMEN: All we want is justice when you talk about quick-kicking and punting. Why not mention in your All-America lineup the real kicker? Look up Charlie Justice's record, then give Justice justice.

M. B. FULLER, Concord, N. C.

. . . Your naming only one Michigan player on your so-called All-America team is a direct insult to my intelligence. Any team that goes out there Saturday after Saturday and beats the hell out of their opponents surely deserves more than one so-called All-America named from its ranks.

Next year just call it the All-Collier's team and quit using All-America.

JAMES G. LONG, Detroit, Mich.

. . . I am at a loss to understand how a group of coaches could overlook an end like Barney Poole, University of Mississippi.

W. A. STEPHEN, Columbus, Miss.

. . . You should furnish one free clothespin with each copy of Collier's containing the current All-America football selections.

G. H. ROBINSON, Little Rock, Ark.

. . . Please reconsider the great end on the undefeated Michigan team of '48, Dick Rifenburg. JIM DOOLEY, Detroit, Mich.

S-S-S-DAY

DEAR SIR: I strongly protest the printing of such articles as Budenz's The Red Plan for S-Day (Nov. 20th). Such articles, intended to be informative and warning, actually are a benefit to the C. party. The late Huey Long once said that when Communism comes to America, it will come in the form of opposition to it!

VAN W. HALL, Amarillo, Tex.

. . . Will you please tell us in early issues, how, when the unsuspecting or otherwise find their names on the Communist list, may they get their names off said lists and out from under the clutches of the demon Communists.

We think that it would do much to lessen the Communist hold on the public to have such knowledge.

MRS. C. W. N., El Paso, Ill.

JA, A SCHNITZER, MEINE LIEBE FRAU

DEAR SIRS: You printed a letter in The Week's Mail of Dec. 11th, from someone in Dusseldorf, Germany. I hope you will let them use your jokes, as there is not much left to laugh at over there.

But did they really address it *Lieber Herren?* You see, you address one gentleman as *Lieber Herr,* or two or more as *Liebe Herren.* Or did you make the Schnitzer yourself?

GISELA ANSBERRY, Salina, Kansas

P.S. A Schnitzer is a funny error.

GOLD ON XMAS TREES

GENTLEMEN: Tree cutters earning $30-$40 a day (Christmas Tree Capital, Dec. 4th) should be able to afford some Charlotte Adams activity in Eureka, Montana. Two years ago a platter-size T-bone complete with soup, salad, sundae and other trimmings, cost six bits in the Tobacco Valley community, semi-isolated in winter from "the States." However, a year ago it was noticeable that inflation had reached this outpost—the price of such a meal had risen to eighty-five cents!

H. KNAPP, Lincoln, Neb.

STARVATION DIET

GENTLEMEN: Keep Up With the World (Dec. 11th) states that "the longest time that a person has been known to live without solid food is 69 days, the record set by Terence MacSwiney, Lord Mayor of Cork, Ireland."

In 1920 eleven Irishmen including Lord Mayor MacSwiney of Cork went on a hunger strike against British rule in their country. MacSwiney died on the 74th day after a forced feeding. One other Irishman died on the 88th day. The other nine gave up after 94 days and were all restored to health. . . .

W. L. ROUTSZONG, Calhoun, Mo.

I'M AN OLD SMOOTHIE

DEAR SIR: I was stunned almost to the point of insensibility after reading Dogs are Big Business (Dec. 25th).

Imagine writing a dog story, any dog story without mentioning the finest, most intelligent and smartest of all dogs—the smooth-haired fox.

You pictured the cross-bred wire-haired fox, the near-mongrel Boston terrier and the none-too-bright boxer. And as for those mites, the Pekingese and Pomeranian, I wouldn't even take a quick whiff of their Chanel-sprayed coats. I'll go for the cocker, one is a Park Avenue friend of mine.

Apologize at once to Nornay Sadler, who has won more prizes than any other dog in the history of dog shows. And who is Nornay? Just a smooth-haired fox, like me. I enclose my picture, because I am typical of my breed. Notice my keen eyes, my inquisitive look, my high forehead. There's brains in that skull. Now take a look at flathead fox, the wire-haired kind that you illustrated.

TIPPY TARANTOUS, New York City

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RINGSIDE MAIDEN

Continued from page 26

The referee was counting, and Agatha saw that Lefty was on his feet, stumbling against the ropes. Charlie looked up at the clock and said with satisfaction, "Got a full minute to go."

It was the longest minute Agatha had ever experienced. She saw Lefty backing away, shooting out his left to keep Jones off, covering up, and clinching when he could. His mouth was open and he had lost his mouthpiece. Sonnyboy Jones seemed to have tired. Then, quite unexpectedly, the bell rang and Kid Dalton was through the ropes, running to Lefty. Oscar had the stool ready, and Lefty dropped onto it.

Oscar passed smelling salts under Lefty's nose, wiped his face hard with a towel, and pulled him back so that his shoulders rested against the ropes. Oscar was doing something behind Lefty and Charlie Harper said clinically, "Using ice on his spine. Don't think it will bring him around in time."

"You hope," Agatha said. Her mouth was dry and her voice sounded hoarse.

"That's right," Charlie said. "I hope."

THE bell rang. Agatha saw Oscar lift Lefty and shove him forward. Jones rushed across the ring, but this time Lefty's jab met him solidly; at last there was accuracy in that left, and there was sting in it. Agatha saw Lefty duck and saw the pivot of his shoulders. She knew that motion; she knew Lefty was crossing with his right even before the blow landed, and then she saw that it had landed hard. Jones staggered back and dropped his guard. A short left hook caught him on the jaw and he went down. The noise was deafening again.

"I guess that's the end of Sonnyboy," Charlie said, and shrugged. "Watch."

Jones was up at the count of nine; he charged at Lefty, swinging wildly. Lefty avoided the first rush, and an instant later he sent the left hook home again. Jones fell on his face and did not move.

"That's the way he is," Charlie said. "Once he gets tagged he goes crazy. He doesn't know what he's doing."

Agatha never heard the end of the count in the noise, but she saw the referee raise Lefty's right glove. Lefty ran across the ring to help pick Jones up, but was waved away by his manager and danced back to his own corner. Agatha saw Oscar there in the ring, hugging him.

Charlie said, "Let's get out of here before the rush."

Neither spoke as they moved with the crowd out through the portal and along the tiled corridor. But as they came into the cooler night air Agatha said, "I don't know just what it was you did, Charlie, but you did something."

"I didn't do anything," he said grimly. "But I hoped I could knock those crazy ideas about this prize fighter out of your head, Agatha."

They had reached Charlie's convertible, and he opened the door for her, but Agatha said, "We're going to wait for Oscar and Lefty."

"They'll be a long time coming."

"I see the station wagon over there," Agatha said. "I'm going to wait in the station wagon. I'd just like to know what made you think Lefty would get knocked out."

Charlie smiled. "That Sonnyboy Jones can hit," he said. "He comes in every fight with a rush and if he wins, he wins first round. Once he's tagged he goes wild."

Agatha looked at him coldly. "You told Oscar he was a boxer with a glass jaw who had no punch at all. Oscar trusted you."

Charlie shrugged and said, "All's fair in love and prize fights."

Agatha turned and walked away toward the corner of the parking lot, where she had seen the station wagon. He followed. "Can you blame me, Agatha?"

Agatha did not answer. Cars were moving out of the lot and lights flashed across their faces. Charlie said, "I knew it would make you sore, but I took that chance. Agatha, you've got no business being mixed up in this kind of thing."

"Why not?" Agatha said.

"With a guy like that, I mean."

"I'm not mixed up with anybody," Agatha said. "This is business."

"Business?" Charlie said, and laughed. "You know as much about business—"

Agatha said, "Why don't you go on home, Charlie? I'm going with Oscar and Lefty."

He took out a cigarette, looked at it, and put it back in his pocket. "So it's that way, then," he said.

"Don't read anything into it that isn't there," Agatha said. "The only thing that's there is that you're a stinker." Their eyes met, and Charlie's jaw set. Agatha said, "You'd better go on home, Charlie. Here they come, anyhow."

Oscar was carrying a suitcase and his black kit bag, and Lefty walked easily at his side. They passed under a street lamp. She pushed open the door of the station wagon, calling, "We've been waiting for you."

Lefty was smiling as he came up. "How did you like it, Aggie?"

"You scared me to death."

Oscar looked at Charlie and set the suitcase and kit bag down, very carefully, on the gravel of the parking lot. "Okay, wise guy, you asked for it."

Agatha saw the blur of Oscar's body in the dim light, heard the solid thump of his fist. Charlie dropped to the ground and sat there, looking up at Oscar.

"Stop it, Oscar," Agatha said.

Charlie was on his feet again and had put up his fists. He backed away, but Oscar did not follow. Oscar turned, and reached for the suitcase and kit bag.

"I was a sucker in the first round," Lefty said. "But I rode it through, Aggie, and I mean I tagged him. It was the old left hook. I was pretty good, wasn't I?"

"Yes," Agatha said. "You were wonderful, Lefty."

He smelled of rubbing alcohol and oil of wintergreen. His black hair was brushed slickly back and his teeth shone in the light from a street lamp. His eyes were bright under the ridge of his brow, and for an instant his gaze held Agatha's. Then his arms were around her, powerful and assured, and he kissed her.

LIGHTS flashed on in Charlie Harper's convertible. Agatha moved breathlessly away from Lefty Langan. Seeing Oscar, she cried, "Oscar, a victory kiss for you, too. You did it, too."

Oscar grinned and bent down, turning his cheek for her kiss. He still held the suitcase and kit bag in his hand.

Charlie's car was moving on out of the parking lot, and Agatha hoped that the kiss for Oscar had partly salvaged the situation. She got behind the wheel and Lefty sat beside her.

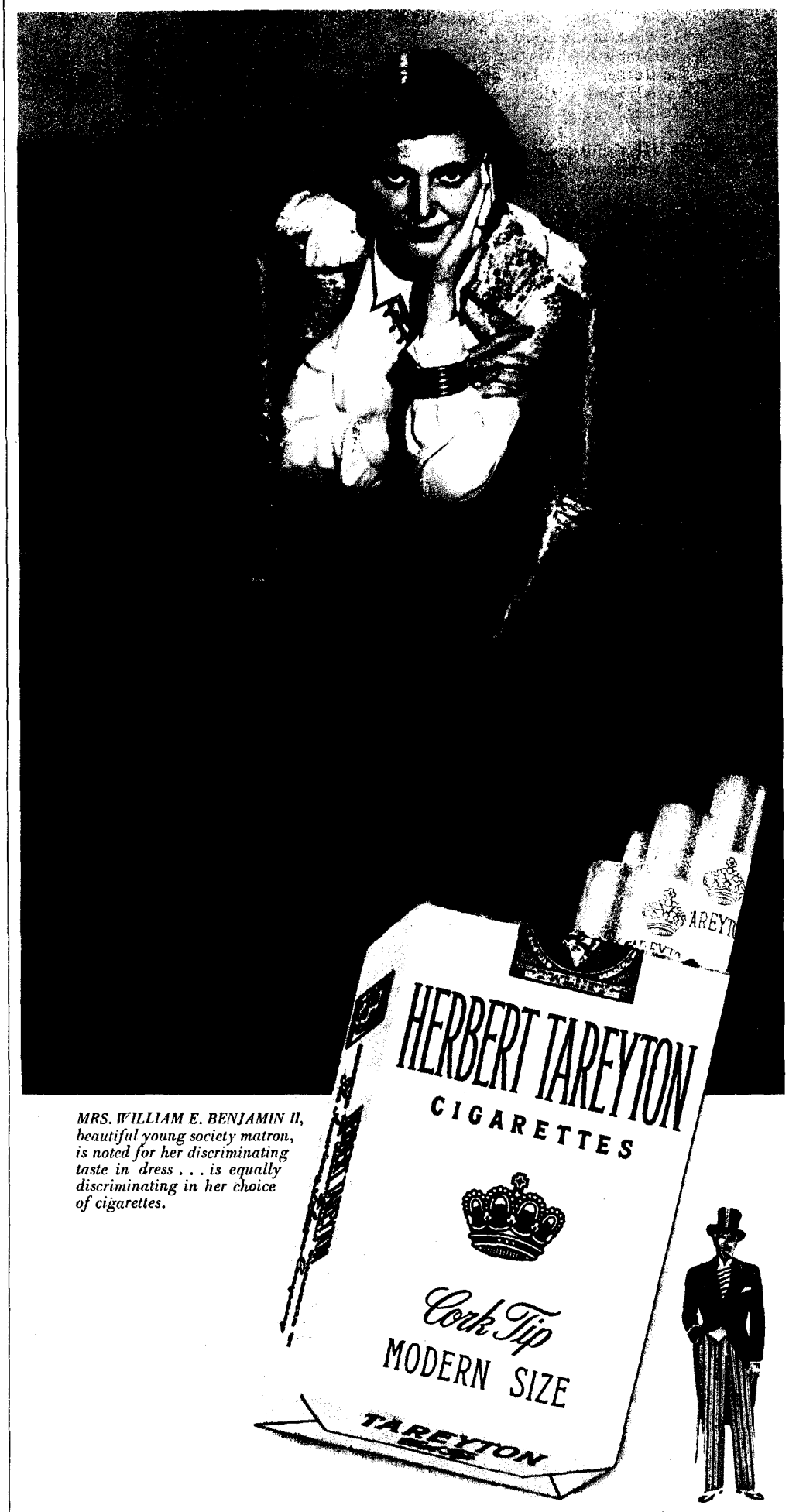
"You know," Oscar said, as they drove away, "maybe the guy done us a favor. Lefty was out on his feet, but he didn't switch to southpaw. He covered up and he kept sticking out his left."

Agatha sat silent at the wheel, and after she had turned off State Street, passed under the railway underpass and picked up Highway 80, her foot pressed down on the accelerator. But speed did not ease her inner turmoil. It was pretty much a mess, she thought, and she supposed she couldn't blame Charlie Harper for acting like a male.

"Another week of it," Oscar said as the

DISCRIMINATING PEOPLE PREFER

HERBERT TAREYTON



MRS. WILLIAM E. BENJAMIN II, beautiful young society matron, is noted for her discriminating taste in dress . . . is equally discriminating in her choice of cigarettes.

Discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton because they appreciate the kind of smoking that only a cork tip can give. The cork tip doesn't stick to the lips . . . it's clean and firm. And discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton because their modern size not only means a longer, cooler smoke, but that extra measure of fine tobacco makes Herbert Tareyton today's most unusual cigarette value.

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THEM YOU'LL LIKE

Copr., The American Tobacco Company

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

car shot along a black highway lined by green-black trees in the night, "another week of it, and I'll see about a match in New York. Lefty, I'm going to send you in every two weeks. You're gonna hit those New York clubs like a hurricane."

"How about the Garden?" Lefty asked. "That's where I want to be the big wind, in the Garden."

Gwen was waiting on the porch and as she turned into the driveway Agatha waved and called out, "We won, Mother."

THEY clustered on the lawn and Oscar told Gwen about the fight, then they had a celebration. Gwen went for ice and drinks—beer for Lefty—and Oscar telephoned Leo's Place to report the victory. Lefty dropped into a chair on the porch, stretched out his legs, and lay back at ease, looking up at her. Because she wanted to get matters straight with him, Agatha said, "It was thrilling tonight, Lefty, and we were proud of you. You certainly deserved a great big victory kiss."

He remained silent, and Agatha said, "And so did Oscar. I guess we owe Oscar a lot, don't we?"

"Sure we do," he said. "Aggie, I get it. You're slapping me down, I guess. I was out of line again."

"I didn't mean that," Agatha said. "Now look, don't get all the wrong ideas again. Lefty, we're good friends, and I hope we stay good friends. Let's have a nice, uncomplicated friendship."

"Okay, Aggie." He smiled up at her. "I had my wires crossed about you, I got to admit. I didn't figure you at first. Now I know you're a bighearted girl who takes people just like they come and tonight when I came out of the arena I was pretty proud of myself, because I hadn't let you down. See what I mean? I'd feel pretty bad, Aggie, if I let you down."

"Lefty, I'd feel the same," Agatha said.

"So when I found you waiting there," he went on, "my heart was as big as a boxing glove and I just had to do something about it. I had to show you how I felt. I didn't mean to get out of line."

"It's all right, Lefty," she said.

Gwen returned then, carrying a tray with bottles and glasses, and Oscar appeared behind her, saying, "The celebration is starting at Leo's Place, Lefty. They were waiting for the call, and the whole gang is there."

"Yeah?" Lefty said, without turning his head. "Lucille there, too?"

"I don't believe Walter mentioned Lucille," Oscar said, and turned to Agatha. "That Walter told me to tell you everything's okay at Leo's Place. He said tell you your counselor's been dropping in to check up. Was there last night with a knockout blonde."

"Was he?" Agatha said. "He doesn't seem the type for blondes."

Gwen, with an uncertain glance first at Agatha, then Lefty, said, "Who is this you're talking about?"

Lefty said, smiling a little, and with his bright eyes fixed on Agatha, "Her boy friend, Mrs. Christopher."

"He's not at all," Agatha protested. "His name is Jack Barlow, Mother, and I hardly know him. He's the lawyer who wrote me about Uncle Leo's legacy."

"All I know," Lefty said, "is every time you were in Leo's Place, he was in Leo's Place. That's all I meant."

They drank Lefty's health, then Oscar told Gwen more details about the fight, and talked about his plans. He'd go down to New York in a couple of days and see about a match for Lefty at one of the metropolitan clubs. There would be a full schedule of fighting all fall, a couple of bouts a month, and with a little luck Lefty would be in the Garden by the first of the year.

"Against Eddie Manolo," Lefty put in.

Agatha sat silent, uncomfortable with the thought that she was not quite the easygoing girl who took people as they came that Lefty thought her. She had gone into this thing as a sort of adventure, with the knowledge that the sport of boxing was semirespectable, and with the unexpressed conviction that those engaged in it were in the same category, and not her kind of people.

She was ashamed of the thoughts she had had, because she was too honest a girl to be caught with her caste mark showing. What she would do immediately, she thought with determination, would be to have a small party for Lefty and Oscar to show that they were her good friends.

Before they went to bed that night she announced that she was planning a party for the following night, and she made the calls after breakfast the next morning. She asked the members of the countryside group with whom she normally shared cocktails and dinners and bridge, including even Selma Morrow, and at her mother's suggestion, she called Cousin Nellie Stout. Then, when all the calls had been made, she called Charlie Harper. Charlie begged off, saying he had to make a report at a chamber of commerce meeting.

"I know it's short notice, and I still think you behaved like a heel last night," Agatha said. "Well, sorry you can't come, Charlie."

That afternoon Lefty played golf with Gwen, and Agatha helped Mrs. Wills prepare the buffet supper. Oscar and Lefty carried tables out to the barn.

Only at the last moment did Agatha have qualms, realizing that holding the party in the barn might give precisely the impression she had hoped to avoid—that she was showing off her personal gladiator. She said to Oscar, "I wonder—do you think it looks too much like putting him in a store window?"

Oscar laughed. "He'll eat it up."

OSCAR was right. Lefty seemed to stand straighter than usual that night. For a time his manner was unnaturally stiff, but after the cocktails, as he helped Agatha serve plates at the buffet, he relaxed. There were many questions about the fight, which he answered.

Naturally it was Selma Morrow who asked Lefty to show her his bathrobe, which she put on to the accompaniment of giggles. And it was Selma who decided to skip rope, and proved to be pretty good at it, demonstrating also that skipping rope had done as much for her legs as it had for any boxer's. Lefty and Selma laughed a lot together.

The party was breaking up, and Oscar, with a bartender's tidiness, was stacking dishes at the buffet table, when Selma and Lefty approached Agatha, hand in hand, and Selma smiled and said, "I'm stealing your champion, Agatha. We're going to close up the taproom at the Menasset House."

"Want to come along, Aggie?" Lefty asked.

"No, thank you," Agatha said. "As a matter of fact, Lefty, isn't it about time you went to bed?"

Selma whistled softly, and Lefty flushed. Selma said, "If Mommy says it's time for bed, I guess it's nighty-night, Lefty. Better let Mommy tuck you in."

Agatha flushed this time, and said in a flat, cool tone, "Of course, it's up to Lefty, and his manager. He's in training, and he shouldn't go out and drink. But if you want to go, Lefty, talk to Oscar about it."

"I'll do that," Lefty said, and walked away.

Selma, smiling faintly, said, "I didn't mean to intrude, Agatha. If I'm poaching—"

"You're interfering with a fighter's training routine," Agatha said.

"If you really enjoyed it you'd be tapping your foot"

COLLIER'S PERRY BARLOW

"I understand," Selma said. "I hear there was a sample of that routine outside the arena last night. It was quite a routine, I understand."

Agatha met Selma's eyes, bright with malice, and took refuge in a brittle smile. "Sorry, Selma, no free samples."

Lefty returned with Oscar, looking sheepish, and stood silent as Oscar said, "This boy has to be up at seven o'clock in the morning. You're right, Aggie, it's bedtime for Lefty."

Lefty shrugged and said, "See how it is, Selma? They got me. Nursemaids."

"That's right," Oscar said. "That's what I am, a nursemaid. You better go play on your own block, Miss Morrow."

Agatha thought he could not have said it better. Selma's eyes narrowed and color appeared in her cheeks, then she laughed and said, "Well, I'll be going. It's been wonderful, Agatha."

Lefty saw her to the car, and Oscar gave Agatha a steady look, the suggestion of a wink, and returned to stack dishes. Gwen Christopher, scraping a plate, said, "Cousin Nellie gave me the low-down tonight. Just what went on, Agatha, out there in the parking lot?"

"Ask Charlie," Agatha said. "Apparently Charlie has spread a blow-by-blow account all over town."

"Yes," Gwen said. "I'm surprised."

"I'm not," Agatha said. "I can see how it happened. He was angry and feeling sorry for himself."

"Still," Gwen said, "what happened, exactly? The story is you were seen necking in a New Haven parking lot."

Agatha smiled. "With two men, what's more."

"Let's not take it too lightly," Gwen said.

"Mother," Agatha said, "Lefty came out after the fight and I gave him a victory kiss, and I did the same for Oscar. That's all that happened."

Gwen puffed her cigarette, then said quietly, with the air of getting off a memorized speech, "Agatha, it isn't important what happened, and it's not overwhelmingly important what this town thinks or says, although we do have to take that into consideration. The important thing is just how matters stand."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I mean this young man. What about him?"

"I like him tremendously," Agatha said. "But of course I'm not in love with him. Mother, I told you—I was sorry for him."

"I imagine the boy can take care of himself, Agatha," Gwen said. "You don't feel sorry for him any more, do you?"

"Oh, not at all," Agatha said. "Now he's doing what he was cut out to do."

Gwen smiled and patted her daughter's hand. "Whatever you do is all right with me, dear, within reason. Just keep me posted, will you?"

"Yes, Mother," Agatha said. "I'll keep you posted."

"And by the way," Gwen said, "who is this young Mr. Barlow who took you out to dinner in New York? Why don't you have him out? Is he nice?"

"He's too busy," Agatha said, and laughed. "Mother, don't tell me you've finally given up on Charlie Harper?"

"Yes," Gwen said. "I've given Charlie up."

"Well, dear, we'll be seeing that young Mr. Barlow in New York when we go to town. I want you to come and see Leo's Place, too," Agatha said.

THERE were many expenses, and the purse from the New Haven fight was only pocket money by comparison. A couple of hundred dollars did not go far toward defraying the costs of sparring partners and equipment and the construction of the practice ring. Agatha had a small ledger in which she noted all the items of expense. There would be other fights, and bigger purses, Oscar said, and they let Lefty have all of the New Haven purse. Once Lefty was fighting regularly in New York the purses would pay the freight, Oscar said.

Agatha was a little less businesslike about the operation of the bar in New York. She left it in Walter's hands, knowing that Tony Franklin was on hand to advise Walter and to keep the books, and Oscar told her she could have complete confidence in Tony. Walter sent her notices of receipts deposited in the bank, and mailed her bills to be paid, and several times she talked to him on the telephone.

The training regime continued: road work in the morning, exercises and sparring in the afternoon. Kid Dalton came again from New Haven and undertook to bring along a different sparring partner each day, some preliminary boy who was eager to pick up a piece of what Oscar always called folding money. On Friday, Oscar went to New York, and not until the moment of departure did he mention to Agatha that he was going to see Eddie Manolo fight in the Garden.

They heard it on the radio that night at ten o'clock, and although Eddie Manolo won the decision, one of the judges voted for Lippy Hardner, six rounds to four.

Lefty brightened up, and the next day, when Oscar returned on the morning train, Lefty pressed him for details of the Manolo fight.

"One thing at a time," Oscar said. "Ain't you interested in your next bout?"

"You made a match?"

"Main event, Lefty. I had to do some

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"There is nothing better in the Market."

A Label Statement as Famous as the Whisky Itself

One family, one tradition—for 79 years! That is the history of famous Old Forester—since that day in 1870, when George Garvin Brown wrote the original label for the matchless whisky he had created. Today, both that label and the choice whisky fineness are unchanged. Old Forester is as glorious in quality and rich, full flavor, as the day it was born!—*There is nothing better in the market.*

100 PROOF • BOTTLED IN BOND

BOTTLED IN BOND
OLD FORESTER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
This whisky is distilled by us only, and we are responsible for its richness and fine quality. Its elegant flavor is solely due to original finesse developed with care. There is nothing better in the market
BOTTLED BY
BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION
AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY

© 1949—B. F. DIST. CORP.

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION . . . AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why The Catholic Church Says "INVESTIGATE!"

Probably not more than a handful of people hate the Catholic Church as it really is.

But many have heard anti-Catholic calumnies from sources they have been taught to respect, and have come to fear and suspect the Church as it has been falsely represented to them.

It is hardly reasonable to believe that 25 millions of Americans would remain in the Catholic Church if the rumors circulated against the Church are true. Nor would thousands of others become Catholics every year if they believed such things — *without inquiring into the facts.*

That is why the Catholic Church says again and again to people everywhere: "Investigate! Investigate!"

The Church makes this appeal not merely to settle an argument, nor primarily to win the good-will of the non-Catholic people, although this is a hoped-for result.

Its more important aim is to invite people to inquire into Christ's truth as taught and preserved by the Catholic Church down through the centuries. For no man, seeking the salvation of his own soul, can conscientiously discount the Catholic claim to be Christ's Church on the basis of mere rumor and slander when the truth is so readily at hand.

The Catholic Church therefore invites you to inquire into its teaching and practices... to find out for yourself if what you believe about the Church is true or false.

Learn for yourself, for instance, if it is true that Catholics give divine worship to Mary, the Mother of Christ... or if this is not just another calumny. If you have been led to believe that Catholics worship idols and statues... buy and sell the divine worship of the Mass... are opposed to the religious freedom granted all religions by our Bill of Rights, then you have been deceived and misled.

If you have harbored these or any other false beliefs about the Catholic Church and its teachings... and if, above all, such misunderstanding has kept you from examining the Catholic claim to be the Church established by Christ Himself... you owe it to yourself in good conscience to seek the truth.

We shall be glad to send you free on request, a booklet dealing with the points mentioned here and many others... including the attitude of the Church toward Birth Control... secret societies... the salvation of non-Catholics... why Catholic priests are called "Father"... the Inquisition and the alleged goings-on behind convent walls. Write today... ask for Pamphlet No. 7-C.

SUPREME COUNCIL
KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS
Religious Information Bureau
4422 LINDELL BLVD. ST. LOUIS 8, MO.

MAKE EXTRA INCOME in spare time!

With a little spare time—with no financial outlay—you can now start a profitable business of your own taking care of new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S and *all* popular magazines.

Many of your friends are already subscribing—their renewals will pay you the same generous profits as new subscriptions. For money-making supplies, *just mail a penny postal to*—

Independent Agency Division, Desk C-47
THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY
250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

talking to get it, but they're building this Irish Joe Broag up and they figured you'd be an easy go, I guess."

Lefty struck his palm with the fist of the other hand. "He fought a draw with Eddie Manolo a few months back."

"That's right," Oscar said. "And he was Prospect of the Month in the Ring last month. It will get you back in there if you take him. Tell you, Lefty, this Lippy Hardner is a hard boy to figure. That's why Eddie Manolo had trouble last night. He's a hard boy to figure, but I think if Eddie had of gone for the body in the early rounds he'd of put him away.

"Get into your gym clothes," Oscar said. "Let's smack that heavy bag around. You're liable to be fighting Lippy before you get your shot at Eddie, and you'll be going for his body. By the way, Lefty, I stopped in at Leo's Place. They wanted to hear all about you." Oscar put his hand in his pocket. "Here, I got a letter for you."

IT WAS a very fat letter, and Agatha saw Lefty reading it in the garden, page after page. When Oscar called him impatiently, he stuffed it into his pocket and made no comment. Lefty made no mention of Lucille until one Sunday morning when he said, "Okay, if I use the station wagon this morning, Aggie?"

"Yes," Agatha said. "Of course."

He said without meeting her eyes, "I got to meet Lucille at the station. She's coming up for the day."

"Then bring her to lunch, Lefty."

"Yes, by all means," Gwen said.

"Thank you," Lefty said. "Sure, I'll ask her."

He drove off in the station wagon a little before noon, and Oscar, watching him go, said, "I wish she'd stayed where she was. She'll just bring trouble."

Lefty telephoned later from the railroad station and explained, hesitantly, to Agatha that he and Lucille were planning to take a drive along the shore route and wouldn't be able to make it for lunch.

The afternoon passed, and at dinnertime no word had come from Lefty, and Oscar began to worry. He paced the porch, smoking one cigarette after another, and he was still on the porch when the station wagon at last climbed the hill.

Oscar called angrily, "Lefty, where you been?"

Lefty grinned. "I had to put Lucille on the train, Oscar. I guess I should have called."

"I guess you should," Oscar said, but Agatha could tell he was relieved. . . .

The date for the New York fight came around almost unexpectedly. Agatha had known the date all along, but she had not assigned it its day of the week.

"We'll have our last workout Wednesday, and take the train that afternoon," Oscar said. "Lefty will hole up and take it easy Thursday, and he'll go in there like a lion after raw meat Friday night."

Lefty smiled. He looked relaxed, and not at all nervous, and Agatha wondered if seeing Lucille again had helped him. She tried to draw Lefty out, without mentioning Lucille by name, but had no luck at all, so she gave up, and went in the house. On sudden impulse she looked up Jack Barlow's number in the New York directory and telephoned him.

"I thought I'd bring you up to date on our project, Jack," she said. "Lefty's fighting Friday night in New York."

"I know," he said. "I was in Leo's Place. Suppose I get tickets for you and me, Agatha, ringside, for Friday night."

Agatha laughed and said, "Of course, that's why I called you."

"And how about a welcoming committee when you come in?"

"I could meet you in Leo's Place Friday night."

"I'll be there," he said.

Agatha hung up thoughtfully. It had been an odd relationship all along with Jack Barlow—half lawyer, half friend. He was like someone who had come along for the ride, settled himself comfortably in the back seat, and kept his eyes and ears open and his mouth shut. Apparently he simply liked to be around, and Agatha admitted that she liked having him around.

And Agatha was more and more convinced of the success of her adventure. There was a shine in Oscar's eyes when he spoke of Lefty, and even Agatha's untrained eyes could recognize an athlete in top condition. After the last workout, Wednesday afternoon, Kid Dalton said, "Lefty, you got it, all right."

"He keeps that left in Irish Joe Broag's face Friday night and we got nothing to worry about," Oscar said. "Okay, Kid, you did good work, and we'd like to have you in Lefty's corner Friday night if you want to come down."

"Okay," the Kid said.

"I got a two-room joint over on the West Side and we'll all hole up there," Oscar said. "I'll borrow a cot for you."

The packing was done, and Oscar stowed the gear in the station wagon. Agatha drove them to the station, but before they left the hilltop Lefty turned and looked at the house and the barn, swung around for a view of the far-off sound. Then he grinned at Agatha and said, "I won't forget this, Aggie." They shook hands before he boarded the train, and he turned in the vestibule and smiled, as the train pulled out. . . .

Agatha took the afternoon train to town Friday, and checked in at the Hotel Westbrook, where she telephoned Jack Barlow from her room and arranged to meet him at Leo's Place at six o'clock. When she took a cab to the Eighth Avenue bar she felt warm pleasure of anticipation, and as the cab stopped in front of Leo's Place, Agatha felt a thrill of excitement when she saw the old sign up again in the window: LEFTY LANGAN FIGHTS TONIGHT.

Leo's Place was crowded, and as she came in a stout man at the bar called, "Hi, Aggie," and they all took it up in chorus.

Oscar was there, helping Billy Walsh behind the bar, and Walter hurried up, with tense, harried eyes. "Everything's okay," he said hurriedly. "You want to look over the books?"

Agatha smiled. "There's no rush about the books, Walter."

"It's the first of the month," Walter said. "Tony Franklin made a check yesterday. Business has been pretty good, Aggie, but it's a headache."

OSCAR claimed Agatha then, and led her up to the bar. Billy Walsh leaned over to shake her hand, and she had greetings from Tony Franklin and fat Si Kraft, and others whose faces had only a vague familiarity.

"Lefty went off to a movie with Lucille," Oscar said to Agatha.

Agatha frowned. "With Lucille?"

"I tried to keep her out of his hair," Oscar said, and shrugged. "But after he had his steak at three o'clock she took him to a double feature. But I sent the Kid along, too."

Jack Barlow came in unnoticed, through the crowd and noise, and was at Agatha's side before she saw him. His handclasp was warm and the smile he gave her was that of an old friend. Agatha wanted to speak all that was in her mind and tell him in detail all that had happened, but she had hardly begun before there was a general rush to the door.

The barroom emptied onto the street and the crowd gathered around a taxicab at the curb. Lucille and Lefty were inside, and Kid Dalton was with them. Agatha went out with Jack and Oscar, and had time to reach in and shake Lefty's hand and murmur, "Good luck," before Oscar climbed in and shut the door.

Lucille had got out of the cab on the other side, and as it moved on, it disclosed her standing in the street. Her

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

eyes met Agatha's, and after a moment's hesitation she approached the curb. Agatha put out her hand and said, "Hello, Lucille. Come in with us and let's all have a drink to Lefty."

Lucille's fingertips touched Agatha's palm, then she dropped her hand. "I got to get back to work."

"But aren't you going to the fight?" Agatha asked.

"I'll catch it here, on television." . . .

Agatha and Jack Barlow had dinner at a French restaurant on Forty-fifth Street, and Agatha talked so much and so eagerly that in the end he had to hurry her through dessert and coffee. The evening's card was already under way when they reached the Arena. Jack conducted her to their seats, first row ringside.

The first bout ended in a third-round knockout, but the second was a dull affair. Nevertheless the slap of the blows was loud at ringside, and Agatha found herself wincing even though she knew neither fighter was hitting very hard.

When the bout ended Jack said, "I've been watching you, Agatha. You don't like it, do you?"

Agatha smiled. "Not very much. My feeling is I'd like to take a couple of those in the crowd who are yelling the loudest for more action and put them up there in the ring."

The next bout had started, and again it was a dull one. The boys were trying, but their styles were similar, Jack explained, and there was not much action. During the third round a baldish young man moved along the aisle and stopped in front of Agatha, stooped, so that he would not obstruct the view of the ring.

"Excuse me," he said. "Are you Miss Agatha Christopher?"

"Yes," Agatha said.

"Could you spare a minute? Pat Dennis would like to talk to you. He wants to put you on."

"What does that mean?" Agatha said.

"On the air," Jack explained. "On television."

The man went on, "They tell us you're comanager of the boy in the main event, Lefty Langan, and we'd like to let the fans get a look at you. There's Pat other side of the ring."

Agatha looked over and saw a friendly grin. It belonged to a slim young man with bright eyes, black hair and a cleft in his chin.

Agatha smiled and got to her feet. She followed the young man, her head bent, as his was, around to the other side of the ring. Pat Dennis gave her hand a firm clasp as she moved into the seat beside him and immediately began talking into the microphone. He had a fresh, engaging voice that seemed to bring the listener into his confidence.

"Well, Mother, you've watched a lot of prize fights and you probably think it's a man's game," he was saying into the microphone. "I've got something to show you, as soon as this round ends, and you'd better tell Pop to pull his chair up a little closer, too. There's the bell now." He turned his head and gazed up toward the mezzanine. "Let's have the camera pan down here a minute."

In front of him was a small monitor picture of the telecast.

AGATHA watched it with fascination. She saw the ring, and a fighter in his corner, then the picture moved and she saw shadows.

"Please turn around, Miss Christopher, and look at the camera."

Agatha turned, and gazed up at the mezzanine.

"Here she is," Pat Dennis said. "The one and only lady fight manager. This is Miss Agatha Christopher, and believe it or not, she's comanager of Lefty Langan, the boy who goes on in the main event tonight. Miss Christopher, tell us. How did you become a fight manager?"

"I'm not a manager, exactly," Agatha said. "Oscar Gumper is Lefty Langan's manager, but we own an equal share."

"You train him?" Pat said, with a grin.

"He trained out at my place in Connecticut," Agatha said. "But of course I didn't have anything to do with training him, except to play gin rummy with him to help him relax."

"I wonder if a guy can relax, playing gin rummy with you," Pat Dennis said, grinning. "Tell me, how did you happen to manage a fighter?"

"I inherited him," Agatha said.

"Inherited him?"

"From my uncle," Agatha said. "He left me a bar over on Eighth Avenue, called Leo's Place, and he left me Lefty Langan."

"What's this again?" Pat Dennis said. "You inherited a bar and a fighter?"

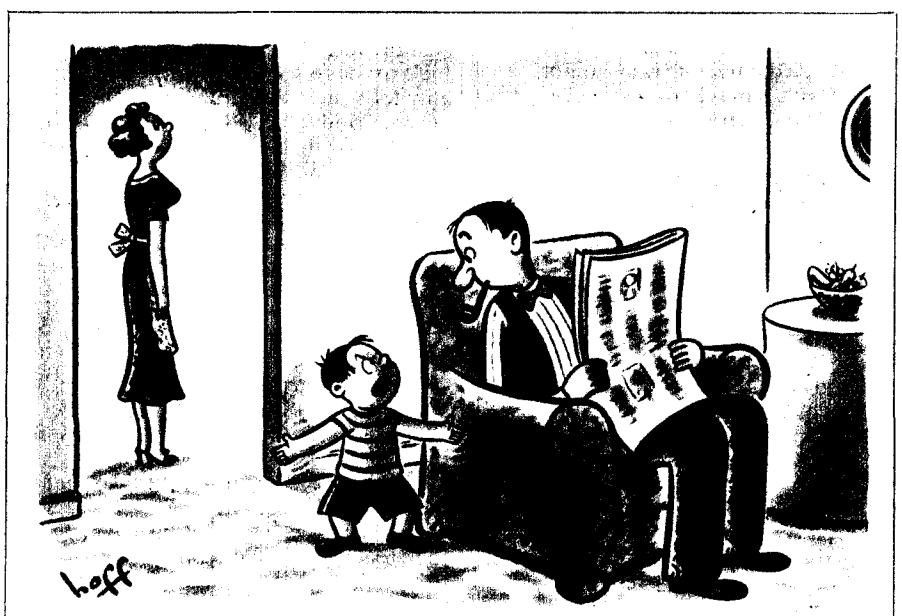
"That's it exactly," Agatha said. "So I'm running the bar and I'm running the fighter. Helping to, that is."

"Excuse me," Pat Dennis said. "Let's have the camera back on the ring. It looks like some action up there now. And thanks a million for coming over, Miss Christopher. Is there anything else you want to say to the television audience?"

"Just one thing," Agatha said. "If they're listening in at Leo's Place I think Walter ought to pour a drink on the house."

Pat Dennis shouted his laughter. "How do you like that? Well, thank you, Miss Christopher. You were swell. And best of luck with your fighter. I hope he goes places."

"He'll go places," Agatha said confi-



COLLIER'S

"Ask your mother! Ask your father! Can't either of you stand on your own two feet?"

SIDNEY HOFF

listen my children if you can hear...

If you've ever told a child a story, you know the eager attention of youth.

But put a child 20 feet away and try to talk in an ordinary tone against the noise of shuffling feet, voices in the corridor, and a nearby band rehearsal . . . and you'll understand why so many children get tired and irritable at school.

And you'll realize why so many schools are installing Acousti-Celotex sound conditioning to *blot up* noise.

Acousti-Celotex* brings *quiet* . . . eases nerves . . . aids thought.

Obviously, the quiet so good for schools is good for businesses, too. Millions of square feet of Acousti-Celotex have been installed to quiet offices, banks, restaurants, and stores. Contented employees mean better efficiency. Comfortable customers increase patronage . . . profits.

That is why we offer you a *free* analysis of your own noise problem by a trained sound technician—your nearest U. S. or Canadian distributor of Acousti-Celotex products. Write us today for his name.

Sound conditioning is a sound investment.

* REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

THE CELOTEX CORPORATION
CHICAGO 3, ILLINOIS

ACOUSTI·CELOTEX
TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Sound Conditioning

PRODUCTS FOR EVERY SOUND CONDITIONING PROBLEM

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dently. "He'll be middleweight champion of the world."

Back in her seat beside Jack, Agatha said, "That was quite an experience. I wonder how they knew I owned a share of Lefty Langan."

"A little publicity like that can be pretty valuable," Jack said.

She looked at him, saw his intent profile as he watched the action in the ring. "Jack," she said, "you did it, didn't you?"

His eyes met hers. "I'm your lawyer," he said. "I look out for your interests. You don't mind, do you?"

"I think it was a lovely idea," Agatha said.

"And I trust everyone was looking in at Menasset," he said.

"Oh, Lord, I never thought of that." Agatha groaned.

The bell clanged several times and the ring announcer climbed through the ropes, conferred with the referee and the judges, motioned for the microphone to be lowered, and named the winner.

AGATHA looked at her watch. It was just past ten o'clock. The main event was next on the card. The fat man beside her who seemed to be betting on whichever fighter sat in the corner nearest him, said, "If I get Irish Joe Broag in my corner I'll break even. You're five bucks in me."

His companion murmured something Agatha could not hear and the fat man said, "Nuts. This Joe Broag is hot. It will be over in a hurry. Eddie Manolo knocked the bum out in the second round his last fight."

Jack said, "Here he comes."

Agatha saw the familiar blue of Lefty's robe, saw his calm face and sleek black hair. He had acquired a tan in the country, and Agatha had the irrelevant thought that the pale blue of the robe was becoming to his tan. He climbed through the ropes and danced in his corner, his gloves held against his chest. Oscar and Kid Dalton appeared on the platform behind him.

"He looks good," Jack said.

The fat man beside Agatha said, "Hah! Pay me. I get Joe Broag."

Lefty turned to scan the ringside seats, and Agatha half rose. He smiled and waved a glove and Agatha waved back at him. The fat man turned and gave her a long curious look, and Agatha said, "You've got the wrong corner this fight, Mister."

"Yeah?" the fat man said.

The cheers were for Joe Broag now as he came along the opposite aisle and went up to his corner. He had rumpled black hair and a pug nose that had not yet had the jauntiness flattened out of it.

Lefty was seated now, on his stool, and Oscar was kneading the muscles at the back of his neck to relieve the tension, but Agatha was sure that Lefty was not unnaturally tense. He looked calm and relaxed. The announcer was introducing two lightweights who were to fight the main event the next week, rolling out adjectives as big as brewers' trucks.

Then the ring was cleared, the announcer named the officials assigned to the bout, cleared his throat, clutched the microphone, and began: "This is the feature event. Ten rounds. From New York's West Side, weighing one hundred and fifty-eight pounds, wearing purple trunks, Lefty Langan. . . ."

They were in the center of the ring now, receiving the referee's instructions; then the men danced back to their corners, the robes were pulled away, and they stood alone, each in his corner, waiting for the bell.

The bout started slowly. Lefty had learned his lesson in New Haven and he boxed carefully, jabbing his left. Agatha sat hardly breathing, and the house was silent. For a full minute not a solid blow was struck, then Broag feinted a left to the body, bent over with his head down, and drew a straight left to the head from Lefty. It was classic strategy. The moment Lefty started the blow Broag side-stepped and landed hard with a left hook that caught Lefty off balance.

"Get him, Joe," the fat man beside Agatha yelled.

As Lefty backed away Agatha saw red on his face. Her hands were clenched so hard that her nails bit into her palms.

"From the nose," Jack said. "It's nothing serious. He's all right."

For the rest of the round Broag was the aggressor, and Lefty circled and backed away. But he kept shooting his hard left jab, and several times it struck solidly and backed Broag up. When the bell rang there was a low buzz of noise; everyone sensed it was the beginning of a good fight.

In Lefty's corner Oscar was at work with adrenaline, putting swabs in Lefty's nostrils to stop the bleeding, and the fighter lay back against the ropes, relaxed, with his legs stretched out. Ten seconds before the bell Oscar leaned over and whispered in Lefty's ear. Agatha saw Lefty nod.

As the bell rang for the second round Broag came out of his corner fast, and there was a flurry of blows that Lefty blocked with his arms and elbows, as he backed away against the ropes. But they made loud slapping noises and the crowd was cheering for Broag. Then Lefty's jab stung Broag and there was fast infighting on the ropes, with Lefty landing one good uppercut.

Now they were in the center of the ring, and Broag was feinting and bobbing, circling away from Lefty's jab. Agatha had a perfect view of it when it happened. Joe Broag feinted again with his left to the body, to draw a lead from Lefty and smash his hook in again. Agatha saw the feint, and she saw the flick of Lefty's glove, then Broag's hook was coming. But Lefty had never let his blow go and, balanced on his toes, he ducked the hook and Agatha saw the powerful pivot of his shoulders as he started an overhand right. Broag was off balance and wide open and the smack of the glove on his jaw was like the slap of an oar blade, flat on calm water.

Joe Broag went down, on his face, with his arms stretched out above his head. Agatha was shouting with the rest, and pounding Jack's shoulder with her fist. The referee finished the count and dropped to his knees on the canvas to remove Broag's mouthpiece. He was still unconscious.

In all the noise Agatha heard the fat man say with disgust, "He had his eyes behind his head," and she knew what it meant. It meant that Lefty had a good second in his corner; it meant that Oscar had told him to watch for that feint, and meet it with a feint, then counter the hook with his overhand right.

They had carried Joe Broag to his corner, where a crowd of standing men morbidly watched the efforts to revive him. Lefty's arm had been raised and he had made his gestures of triumph to the crowd. Then Oscar was there in the ring, putting Lefty's robe around his shoulders and leading him away.

Joe Broag was conscious and on his feet now, able to hear the announcement of the time—one minute and twenty-eight seconds of the second round. He still looked groggy, but the commission doctor patted his shoulder and walked away, so he was clearly all right. The crowd began to file out and Jack said, taking her elbow, "He's good, Agatha. He's better than I thought. And Oscar is a good man in his corner. Oscar figured that one out."

"Yes," Agatha said. "Oscar said Broag was pretty proud of his left hook. This calls for a celebration. We'll have to go to Leo's Place. There'll be a Roman triumph in Leo's Place."

She was right. The celebration was well under way when they reached the Eighth Avenue bar, and when they entered everyone grinned and yelled and Walter said, "You looked great on television, Aggie. I poured that one on the house, like you said."

They were all talking about the fight, and they all agreed that Lefty had never looked better. There was a rush to the door when Lefty appeared with Oscar half an hour later, and Lefty bobbed his head shyly and grinned.

Lefty had a ginger ale at the bar, standing beside Agatha, and he murmured to her, "Aggie, we're set. We're gonna go places."

"You bet we are," Agatha said.

Oscar, who was helping behind the bar, heard and said, "We're going home in about ten minutes, Lefty," and ten minutes later Oscar got Lefty out of Leo's Place, shoving well-wishers aside. After they had gone there was a letdown in the bar. Agatha suddenly felt exhausted.

"I guess it's been a strain," she said to Jack. "I didn't know it until now, but I feel really whipped down." Seeing his resigned smile she cried, "Oh, I'm not pulling a headache again."

"It's all right," he said patiently. "I'll take you home."

ON THE way to the Hotel Westbrook in a taxi, Agatha felt an inner smile when he mentioned taking her to the ballet. It seemed a sort of antidote for a girl poisoned by the thrill of the prize ring—a shot of cultural penicillin.

As the cab crossed to the East Side, Agatha found herself waiting again for Jack to make some sort of move, but he only took out a pack of cigarettes, passed her one, and struck a light for them both. He smoked in silence and apparent contentment, and if he had any intention of paying his respects to the institution of the taxicab kiss, or for that matter, the desire, he gave no sign of it. When the cab reached Park Avenue she murmured. "You're not angry, are you?"

"No. Why?"

"I mean about my fading out on you again."

"Oh, no," he said. "Of course not."

"I'll go in training," Agatha said. "I promise I'll be bursting with vitality for the ballet."

"Fine," he said dryly. "I'll expect it, then."

He kept the cab waiting again when they reached the Westbrook, and saw her to the elevator. As she went to bed that night Agatha felt like a witness who had primed herself for cross-examination and had not been asked the pertinent questions. She felt let down.

(To be continued next week)

EATING—IN OR OUT

WITH CHARLOTTE ADAMS

TONY VENTI

Egg Flower Soup from Bata-an Lunch, San Francisco, California

ON SAN FRANCISCO'S Kearny Street, number 836, near the Hall of Justice you'll behold a not very high-toned, "lunch-type" restaurant. Go in, friend, go in. The food is good beyond anything the looks of the place would lead you to expect.

Filipinos, charming with disarming and gentle smiles, frequent the place. It's run by Remy Balonan and Clem Mateo. It's called Bata-an Lunch.

It was my first experience with Filipino food and what food it is!

The best description I can offer is that it is *clean* tasting.

The Bata-an serves American, Chinese and Indonesian dishes in addition to the Filipino numbers at 60 to 85 cents each.

Be sure to try the Egg Flower Soup. Even if you can't get to the Bata-an Lunch to sample it immediately, you can make it at home with the following recipe.

EGG FLOWER SOUP: 1 quart chicken stock, ½ cup diced Chinese melon, ½ cup diced cooked pork, ½ cup shelled peas, 1 tablespoon fresh sliced ginger, 1 egg, salt to taste. Simmer all these ingredients together until the peas are cooked (about 15-20 minutes). Beat a raw egg into the cooked soup with fork. Continue beating with the soup at a simmer so that egg will form into shreds. Season. (Chinese melon may be obtained in any Chinatown. If unavailable, omit it. Use dried ginger if fresh cannot be had and remove from soup before serving.) Serves 4.

If you wish to receive this Egg Flower Soup recipe printed on a file card, send self-addressed, stamped envelope to Collier's Food Editor, Box 1, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, New York. Start your collection of Collier's Food Recipes now.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How Can You Afford to Entertain So Often?

Every time we entertained it seemed to cost us a small fortune. Then Tom and I found out how much everybody likes California Sherry wine, and how *easy* Sherry is on your pocketbook

Now I keep Sherry wine on hand all the time. It's so easy. Just cool and serve. Come over to our house tonight and I'll show you how really good it is

See how they like Sherry wine? It's so popular that even on *our* budget we can entertain often!

Sherry Wine

COSTS SO LITTLE... ADDS SO MUCH

IF YOU'D LIKE to entertain more than your budget now lets you, try serving your guests Sherry wine. It's a pleasant custom more and more people are following, all over the country, these days.

Because the fine-flavored Sherries of California add so much enjoyment and ease to a gathering! *And because these wonderfully good wines now cost only a few cents a serving!*

The wines of California are now chosen by seven out of eight American families who serve wine. You will find the wines of California featured wherever wine is sold.

For other good ways to entertain smartly and economically, write Wine Advisory Board, San Francisco, for the free booklet, "Easy Entertaining with the Wines of California."

The Wines of California rank with the world's finest

The cool coastal hillsides and the warm valleys of California give ideal soil and climate to over 125 famous wine-grape varieties. From the pure fresh juice, California vintners produce choice Sauternes and Rhine wines, Burgundies and Clarets for your dinner table... rich, full-bodied Ports to go with desserts and cheese ... and fine Sherry wines to serve with light refreshments

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I HAD POLIO

Continued from page 14

mother, being familiar, interested them less than other patients on the floor. I tried to entice the children to stay with me by having a tea party, or fashioning paper hats, or playing records. But after a few minutes Billy would go running down the hospital corridor, with Hope tagging along, to make friends with some other patient.

It hurt terribly that I could plan for Hope's and Billy's education, could darn their socks and order their clothes by telephone but could not, apparently, be a part of their lives. I tried to be objective about this, but still it was awful to know that my physical disability deprived me of a mother's usual place in her children's affection. I was a stranger to my own children.

Of all the gifts friends brought to the hospital, the gift of friendship meant the most. Some of them got very flustered in noticing over my bed the frame from which hung the two trapezes I used to pull myself to a sitting position. They either shouted at me in their nervousness or just sat silent, not contributing a single thought or idea.

The frank reaction of a boy visitor to the hospital was preferable. He asked, "Say, lady! Do you have any monkeys?"

Surprised, I answered, "No."

He continued, "You don't have any monkeys? The only place that I've seen swings like those was in the monkey cage at the zoo."

If only people would have stopped giving me medical advice! What I longed to hear about were concerts, current plays, ball games or town politics. My most welcome caller was a woman who loaned me books and omitted remarks about my cheerful attitude. She sensed that spoken or written compliments disturbed my hard-won emotional control.

A Greek Girl Translates

My daily schedule included exercises in a keyhole-shaped Hubbard tub filled with water. The physiotherapist would say, "Tighten your hips, squeeze your gluteals." A Greek girl who couldn't master these words translated it, "Pinch your sittings."

I had to devise my own occupational therapy. I decided to follow Dr. Fosdick's advice, "Be busy and get yourself off your hands." First on the docket was teaching myself to type.

As a children's librarian, I had lectured to parents on the choice of books, but now that I was bedridden, I took it for granted that I would never do that again. However, parents who were visiting in the hospital asked me for advice about what books to buy for their children. I busied myself compiling a Book Budget List for Ages Two to Twelve. I sent the article to a magazine. In three weeks I received a check. My mental health went up several notches.

My outlook on life improved again when the doctor announced that arrangements had been made for me to be taken by wheel chair from the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital to Children's Hospital where I would learn to walk in the pool.

The doctor didn't need to describe the advantages of my learning to walk in the water. I knew that because the water would hold all but a tenth of my weight and I would not be so afraid of falling. I could concentrate more on the business of learning the stiff-legged walk that I hoped eventually to use on land. A bathing suit and water braces (to protect my unmanageable knee muscles) were my equipment.

At the pool a physiotherapist towed me over to where I could hang on to two iron bars and then boosted me up on my two braced legs. It felt mighty good to be up again after fourteen months in bed. While I hung on to the bars (my water crutches) the physiotherapist demonstrated the technique of doing a four-gaited walk.

"First put your right hand forward on the bar, then swing the left leg forward, now move left hand ahead on its bar and hitch the right leg ahead," he said.

One day fourteen weeks later I was ready to try walking on land! Two physiotherapists lifted me down from my high hospital bed. The thought of being vertical without the comforting aid of water left me jittery. My toes and feet rebelled at the captivity of shoes after months of freedom. My land braces felt much like the bed splints. I felt lightheaded and my feet tingled. Hanging on to their arms, I placed my right foot forward in line with my left shoe.

"You'll get a miracle drug if you need it. Meanwhile, take this cod-liver oil"

COLLIER'S BEN ROTH

The next day, while my helpers held their arms around me and my crutches as if we were playing London Bridge, I took four steps. The first year of infantile paralysis had been the hardest.

I had spent 610 days in the hospital the day I was allowed to go home. My son promptly ran away from me, scooting out the door when I called him. He knew that I could not chase after him. One of my problems was to get the co-operation of my lively three-year-old. My eight-year-old daughter seemed amenable. She was old enough to be thoughtful. She mused, "Mummy, Daddy has to take care of you, doesn't he, because when you were married he promised to, in sickness and in health?"

It was going to take time to set up a satisfying relationship with my son and daughter.

The immediate job was to fix up the house so that I could do for myself rather than keep asking for assistance. A ramp was constructed from the back yard into the house at the ground level, so that I could go in and out by myself. I had to sleep on the first floor. A telephone beside my bed eased my qualms about being alone. The housekeeper expected me to be an invalid, but I could order food and plan meals even if I couldn't take stock of what was in the refrigerator.

In time, I built up enough endurance in walking so that I could relegate my wheel chair to the basement. I could get in and out of an armchair, so we made sure there was one for me in each room. My husband devised an ingenious bench in the shower which extended out beyond the shower stall. On it I could sit down where it was dry, take off my braces, slide over, bathe myself, slide back and put on my braces again.

I found that a crutch can be used advantageously to retrieve articles that have fallen on the floor, or to turn on a light switch. However, there was an almost overwhelming list of things that I could not do. When household matters were at sixes and sevens, it took a strong will to keep after things that were important.

I discovered that I had to accustom my friends to my handicap. When I would enter a room everyone would stop talking and watch me. It took considerable poise to get myself across a room and at the same time try to carry on a conversation that would lessen the general tenseness. Overzealous in their desire to help the weak, they would jump up in my way, grab my elbow (which threatened my balance) or stand where they would interfere with the semicircular swing I needed to make to get myself into a chair.

If anyone in my audience did unfreeze enough to talk, she was likely to describe someone she knew who had had infantile paralysis, too, and detail what his treatments and exploits had been. I liked to hear about the man who succeeded in spite of some catastrophe. I listened with interest to the story about Sarah Bernhardt going right on acting after one leg was amputated. I learned much from other cripples too, with whom I had a special bond of interest.

My neighbors were among the first ones to stop pitying me and think of ways to help. The lady next door, a woman my mother's age, shopped for articles that were not easy to order by phone. She took the children to the dentist, the barbershop and the shoe store.

But it was hard for me to hold my tongue when someone would assist me in doing something that I could do alone, such as putting on my coat. I thought that perhaps I was the only one who was annoyed when people prevented my doing one of the few things that I could do for myself. But Justice Felix Frankfurter told my husband about being at a party when a young man went up to President Roosevelt and said, "Mr. President, could I shake that cocktail shaker for you?"

Roosevelt answered in no uncertain tones, "Young man, that's one thing I can do myself."

Inching Back to Normal Life

Some activities broadened my horizon, gave me a reason for being in touch with people and made me feel that I was inching my way back into the normal stream of life. A lady put me in charge of selling tickets and arranging places for 500 people at the United War Fund night at the Boston Symphony "Pops" concert.

Another friend gave me the responsibility of organizing and running the Neighborhood Groups of the Belmont League of Women Voters. I was physically strong enough to give my blood to the Red Cross. Though I had to sit while talking, I was engaged to conduct one seminar at Wellesley College on the subject of "Books for the Nursery School Child"; and to tell a church group my ideas on the treatment of the handicapped in a lecture which I call The Handicapped Are Human Beings.

My social life gradually increased, too. I cannot climb more than one step without someone or something to hold on to, but when there were no men around to carry me, I could get into the homes of friends who had a banister on some side entrance. I could serve in the community canning group because there was a railing on the factory steps.

I had no special aptitude for sewing or handwork and stairs kept me from getting into the places where other women went to roll bandages. However, I could get into the children's room in the basement of the public library, so I offered to do a Book Week Story Hour.

As boys and girls from five to eleven came hustling in to find a seat I was doubly glad that I had learned stories that had wide appeal. There must have been about 40 there when I began the first tale. The boys and girls listened to my every word. At the next performance, 96 children jammed the room, and some had to be turned away. The realization that I was making a place for myself in the community was exhilarating.

As I walked around town, children who now knew me as the book lady would yell, "Hi, Mrs. Griswold." Children who didn't know me would stop and stare at my crutches, and a few asked, "Why do you have those things?" Curious boys would crouch down to inspect my knee locks.

When strangers stare the thing to do is look them in the eye and smile. Many people speak without an introduction to the person who walks down the street with a child, a dog, or a handicap.

As things change from a "can't do" to a "can do" the handicapped becomes happier and happier. After two years of painstaking effort, my son, now aged five, began to do what I asked him to. Now I could be alone with him and run my house with the help of dayworkers who came three days a week to vacuum the rugs, scrub the floors and do hand ironing.

My household efficiency increased as I developed special methods and devices to serve my special needs. To get around the bugaboo of stairs, we added a breakfast-room-laundry to the kitchen. It houses the breakfast table, the elec-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tric washer, the ironer and a small quick freeze.

To do the laundry I sit down, pull the clothes out of the clothes chute, stuff them in the washer, and reach for the soap in the cupboard below the chute. After the clothes have been washed and dried, I can sit in front of the ironer and iron sheets, underwear and shirts.

I haven't found an easy way to make beds, but I manage by parking my crutches at the head and going the length of the bed with a hand-over-hand technique much like that used by a swimmer turning in the water. I keep things that I may need during the night within reach on my bedside table. When my husband is out of town and one of the children has a cold, I put the cough medicine and a spoon and glass of water on my bedside table, before I get into bed.

If the children cry out in the night, I can't go to them immediately. It takes me eighteen minutes to put on my braces. My system is to shout and have them come to me.

THE GREATEST DRUG SINCE PENICILLIN

By J. D. RATCLIFF

How the new miracle drug Chloromycetin promises to wipe out typhus, typhoid fever, whooping cough and other diseases for which no satisfactory medicine existed before.

In Collier's *next week*

It is a real acrobatic trick to scrub my son in the bathtub with one hand while I keep my balance by clutching the side of the bathtub with the other. This system has worked all right except for the one time that I slipped and ended up draped over the side of the tub with my wristwatch arm in the water. My daughter brought me a footstool so that I could get up off the floor.

The tradesmen all co-operate. Their thoughtfulness is heart-warming. The milkman places the milk bottles inside the back door in front of the refrigerator so that with proper gymnastics, I can put them inside. The expressman brings in the basket of oranges and shouts, "Where are you?" I answer, and he brings the slip to me to sign. When I walk into the dress shop the salesgirl looks for dresses with full skirts that will cover my braces. The New Look styles are fine for me. It is a good idea for me to buy a becoming hat—then people look at my face instead of at my feet.

Parties Keep Up Friendships

I make work for myself by inviting people to my home to meetings, to teas and dinners, and try to keep my friendships in repair. I average at least one dinner party a week.

The six or eight weeks that there is ice or snow on the ground, I am housebound. A car can't get up my steep driveway then, and even if I did get out, there would always be serious danger of my slipping. During my house-marooned days, I can write teen-age book reviews for a newspaper, wash curtains, or have the community welfare committee meet at my house. I know how much notes or telephone calls, an expression of friendliness, mean to me; so I immediately let friends know that I rejoice with them over good news, or that I am aware of their sorrow or trouble.

I have two choices. I can go into a mental tailspin over the things I cannot do, say, for my children, or I can talk turkey to myself and concentrate on what I am able to do. By enrolling my son in a carpentry class I can use some of his energy constructively. I can make my teen-age daughter's life more fun by sending her to summer camp and by promoting the organization of a mixed dancing group. After some setbacks, I have been able to swing back to positive thoughts more quickly since I have lengthened the list of my accomplishments.

My husband and children are seasoned by my experience too. My husband originated the ideas for the ramp, the shower bench, and the first-floor laundry that makes me independent at home, and now he leaves me alone and treats me as if there were absolutely nothing wrong with me. He drives me up to the screened porch door and I get out and go in the house myself while he drives down to put the car in the garage.

If the children are with us, they dash past me, without even holding open the door for me. I like their taking it for granted that I can look out for myself. It was my husband who thought of getting me a second pair of braces so that I need never be stuck in bed when a buckle or a strap breaks on a brace.

Drives Car with Hands Only

After five years at home, following my illness, my husband felt that I was ready to try driving an automobile and had hand controls fastened to the foot pedals on our car. Since I had driven a great deal before contracting polio, I thought of driving in terms of foot operation. I wondered now whether I would be able to transfer my thoughts to my hands. I did, and as a result greatly extended the boundaries of my freedom.

Perhaps the children are more self-reliant than they would have been had I not had infantile paralysis. When Hope was ten and a half, she took her five-year-old brother alone on the train overnight to Indiana to visit their uncle on his farm.

Seven years after polio altered my life, my husband was made dean of Harvard Law School. That appointment necessarily increased my responsibilities and duties as a wife. But entertaining faculty members and visitors and looking out for the activities of the wives of students has made life richer too.

We had a banister put on the front steps of the house opposite the Cambridge Common, which is the Law School social center. I drive myself in, park the car, get out, go up the steps with the aid of the banister on one side and a crutch on the other. I can get in and serve as cashier at the cafeteria, say, or sit in the receiving line and greet the 200 on the Law School staff at their Christmas party.

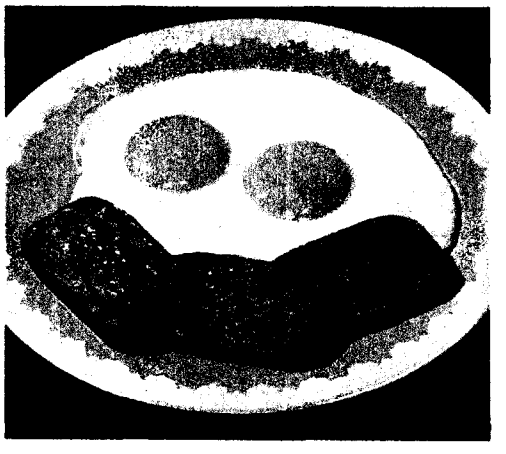
My telephone rings like mad as people —some of them strangers—turn to me for advice that my interests and experiences have equipped me to give.

Even if my walking hasn't improved very much in the seven years that I have been home, there is all the difference in the world in my confidence and outlook. Infantile paralysis deprived me of muscle power, but it left me greater understanding, and the gratification of being able to help others. A stranger seeing me walk slowly with crutches from my car to the store probably thinks: Poor thing, her activities are certainly limited. He cannot see that my mind and heart and spirit are unshackled. My life is a full, rich one in doing the things that I can for my family, my friends and my community.

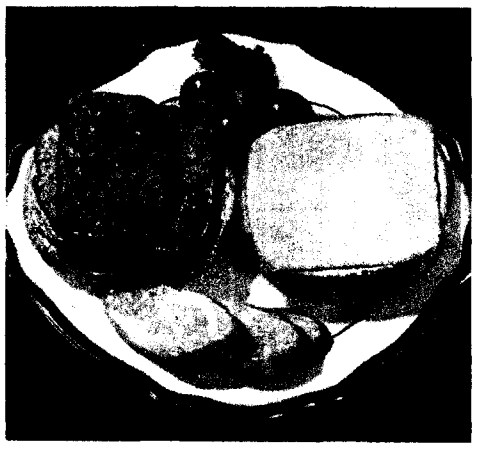
Pot luck guests? Here's a cook-saver...

SPAM 'N' JAMCAKES

SERVE THIS UP IN 20 MINUTES: You'll need a frying pan and a griddle • Mix a batter of any good prepared pancake mix • Slice one or two cans of SPAM fairly thick; brown the slices quickly in hot fat in the frying pan; turn heat low • Spoon batter on hot griddle, turn when bubbles show • When cakes are browned both sides, spread with jam or jelly and roll 'em • Arrange as pictured • Say "stay to supper", mean it . . . and make a hit.



LUCKY BREAK FOR BREAKFAST—golden brown SPAM and fried eggs, or with eggs any style. For variety, enjoy SPAM with waffles, pancakes or hot breads.



HUNCH FOR LUNCH—SPAM cheeseburger. Just put sliced SPAM and cheese on bun halves, slip under broiler long enough for SPAM to brown and cheese get bubbly hot.

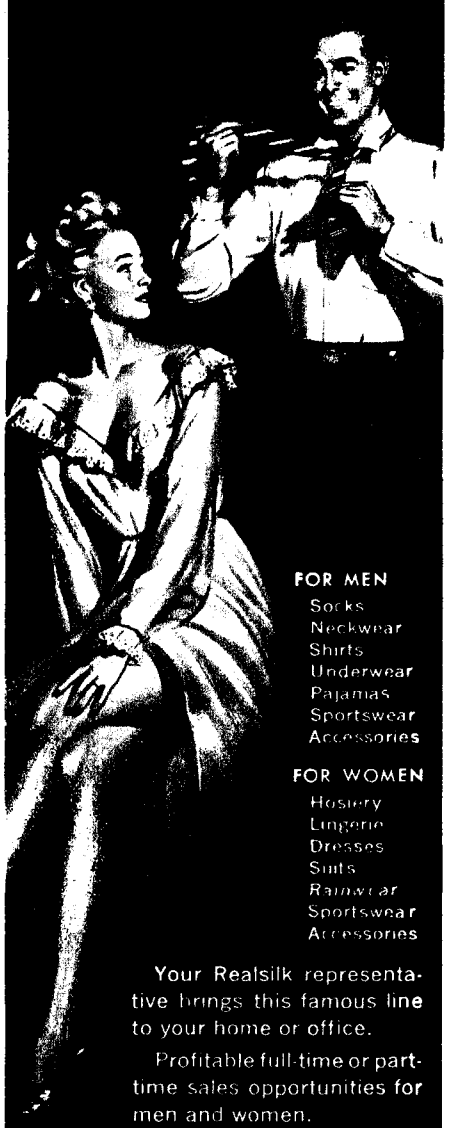
COLD OR HOT SPAM HITS THE SPOT!

HORMEL GOOD FOOD

SPAM is a registered trademark for a pure pork product, packed only in 12 oz. cans by Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

REALSILK
MEANS
QUALITY



FOR MEN
Socks
Neckwear
Shirts
Underwear
Pajamas
Sportswear
Accessories

FOR WOMEN
Hosiery
Lingerie
Dresses
Suits
Rainwear
Sportswear
Accessories

Your Realsilk representative brings this famous line to your home or office.

Profitable full-time or part-time sales opportunities for men and women.

Contact local Branch Sales Office or write . . .
REAL SILK HOSIERY MILLS, INC.
Indianapolis 6, Indiana

Get Well
QUICKER
From Your Cough Due to a Cold
FOLEY'S Honey & Tar Cough Compound

New Advertising Machine

PRINTS and ILLUSTRATES
1¢ POST CARDS
Send Coupon

CARDMASTER CO., 4546 Ravenswood
DEPT. 31-E, CHICAGO 40, ILL.
Send FREE Illustrated Book* and complete, unique advertising plans and money making ideas for my business. FREE!

* Shows HOW thousands of business men in every line are boosting sales in spite of conditions with 1c messages printed and illustrated in few minutes on gov't post cards—with amazing, new, patented CARDMASTER. Your "today's" ideas, read by your prospects next morning. Not a toy, but a sturdy advertising machine built to last years. Sold direct at low price. Guaranteed five years. SEND NAME TODAY. All FREE!

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

Juggler

Radio's Fred Allen, once billed as The World's Worst Juggler, proves he hasn't lost the knack

MOVETTE CAMERA BY AMERICAN CINEFOTO CORP.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HARRY HENDERSON AND SAM SHAW

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MAN OF THE HOUSE

Continued from page 17

said. "I thought we might run out there late this afternoon if you'd like."

"Fine," Walter said.

At four thirty, in Miss Fairhill's car, they drove out to look at the house she enthusiastically described as a "dream."

It was modern. It had, Walter thought, its points—chief of which was a built-in bar. He had a painful vision of his three children playing around it on a rainy afternoon, merrily squirting seltzer bottles.

"Not precisely what we had in mind," said Walter.

"You mean you don't just love it?"

"Well," Walter apologized, "I have three kids. It would be a little cramped. We'd thought of something larger—on the colonial side, you know—"

Walter felt that he had suddenly become an old fogy in her presence. Her wide-eyed stare was disconcerting.

"Miss Fairhill," he said, "I'm grateful for your help. Before I buy any house I'm going to get an okay on it from you."

"Ohh—thank you," she said.

TEN minutes later she dropped him at his hotel. Walter had dinner and went up to his room to unpack. In his brief case were several typewritten sheets headed "MUSTS FOR HOUSE."

Walter stared perplexedly at the solid type. *Point one: House must be within walking distance of school. A good school,* Nancy had appended. *Better look at the children, and talk to the principal.*

"Murder," said Walter and read on.

Point two: Dead end street or one with no through traffic. Yard large enough for children to play in.

"Murder," said Walter. He jumped to the next item and read that the yard should have trees.

The telephone rang suddenly. "Hello," said Walter, "Oh, Nancy, how's everything? I was planning to call but I've been going through your notes first. Just been reading the junk about the kind of yard you want, the section."

"Junk?" said Nancy. "Walter Bryson, you listen to me—"

"Sweetheart," he said, "you don't have to worry about a single thing. My boss down here, Mr. Devlin, has been very thoughtful. He gave me a secretary, Miss Fairhill, who has lived in town all her life. You'd like her, she's charming."

"Pretty?" said Nancy.

"A knockout," Walter said. "Well, Miss Fairhill is going to go house-hunting with me so I won't lose track of the feminine angle."

"I hate you," Nancy said.

Walter looked incredulously at the receiver. "What?" he bawled.

"Never mind," Nancy said. "The baby's screaming. Here I am, trapped like a rat and you're lallygagging around with—"

"I'm working like a dog," Walter said. His roving eye lighted on one of his suitcases. "Hey," he said, "the kids must have got in my things. There are a lot of scraps—"

"They're terribly important. They're snips from the furniture coverings."

"What the hell are snips?"

"Don't shout," Nancy said. "I've made inquiries. It costs about a thousand dollars to decorate a four-bedroom house and we can't afford it. That means you have to be very careful. You have to buy a house where the wallpaper matches our furniture. Don't buy anything with green."

"I like green," Walter said.

"We haven't anything that goes with green."

"All right," said Walter. "I'll ask Miss Fairhill."

"Good night, darling," Nancy said. "I love you. And remember, no green."

The next afternoon Walter went to see a real-estate dealer, an amiable Mr. Peabody.

"A four-bedroom, two-bathroom colonial house," Mr. Peabody said, as they started out in his car. "Mr. Bryson, it's a pleasure to do business with a man who knows just what he wants."

Walter filed away the remark to give Nancy via the telephone.

"Another thing," Walter said. "It can't be green inside. We haven't anything that goes with green."

He pulled out the snips of furniture coverings and held them up. Mr. Peabody glanced briefly at them, his manner suddenly rather odd, Walter thought. Self-consciously he put the snips back in his pocket.

Mr. Peabody presently slowed the car to a halt and said, "Now here's a house, Mr. Bryson, I think you might like."

THE WHODUNIT INDUSTRY

By THOMAS WHITESIDE

Providing the country with thousands of murders per year, is a fabulous clique of 250 mystery writers. Some are businessmen who write for relaxation. Others are magicians, detectives and criminal lawyers

In Collier's *next week*

Walter looked at the Dutch colonial set back from the street, and tried to conceal his pleasure. There were children playing in neighborhood yards, the street was a dead end.

"That spire over there is the school," Mr. Peabody said. "Four blocks and no main arteries to cross."

Points one, two, three and four were covered, Walter thought. They went inside the house and stood in the living room. It was painted a pale blue. About twenty by fourteen, Walter guessed, with an ample fireplace and bookcases on the far wall. He consulted Nancy's typewritten pages.

"Lavatory just off the hall," said Mr. Peabody. They passed through the dining room and stopped again.

"This was built for a maid's room," Mr. Peabody said, "but the people who lived here had it fixed up as a den."

Walter stood there simpering, a man in love. One wall was solid bookcase, the whole room was pine-paneled. There was just the place for a desk when he got a desk and for a red leather easy chair. And above the desk there was ample room for the sailfish.

Walter had caught the sailfish the summer before his marriage. Nancy knew nothing about it. She saw it for the first time while they were unpacking in their new apartment.

"What in the world—" she began.

"A sailfish," said Walter proudly. "Caught it myself. Look nice over the fireplace, don't you think?"

"Over the fireplace indeed," Nancy said. "If you think I'm going to fill up my beautiful living room with a smelly dead fish, you can think again."

It was their first tiff—and the sailfish wound up in the basement. Since then they had moved three times and on each occasion the fish had suffered the same fate.

Walter saw himself now, sitting here of an evening, working on reports, paying bills, looking up now and then at the sailfish from his desk.

"If you'd care to see the second floor," said Mr. Peabody gently.

They examined the second floor, the two tiled baths and the four bedrooms, after which they explored the cellar and the back yard. They went around to the front and saw another couple, shepherded by a second man, going up the walk.

"Don't want to high-pressure you," said Mr. Peabody. "But I don't mind saying that I haven't anything to top that house. In today's market, Mr. Bryson, it'll go like a shot. If you're interested, I suggest you make an offer."

Mr. Bryson looked furtively at the couple just entering the house, hoping they would fail to see its virtues. He and Mr. Peabody continued on their quest, inspected a number of other houses all of which, as Mr. Peabody admitted, were not up to the first one.

"Mr. Bryson," said Peabody when they came unhappily out of the final one, "that Dutch colonial is your house."

"I think you're right," said Walter.

"Don't let me influence you," said Mr. Peabody, "but if I were you I wouldn't wait. I happen to know the owners are anxious to sell. If you made an offer and gave me a check for ten per cent of your offer I think you might get it. Wait a while and other people will want it and start bidding."

Walter's fingers were itching to extract the checkbook and fountain pen from his inner coat pocket. Then he thought of Nancy and refrained.

"I'll want to take a picture of it," he said, "and air-mail it to my wife. And there's a young lady in town I'd like to have see it. Could we get her now and bring her back?"

Mr. Peabody said, "I have a closing in ten minutes. But I'll give you the key. You show the place to the young lady, and drop the key off at my office first thing in the morning. I have a client I want to see the house tomorrow."

HALF an hour later Walter unlocked the front door and stepped inside the house with Miss Fairhill. They went through from top to bottom, ending up finally in the den where Walter told her about his capture of the sailfish.

"Let's go out and take the picture," Walter said.

He snapped shots from three angles while Miss Fairhill stood patiently by. Looking at her, Walter felt guiltily that he was encroaching on her time.

"Let me take your picture, Miss Fairhill," he said, and posed her against a backdrop of shrubbery.

Back in town at five forty-five, Miss Fairhill took him to a photography shop where the proprietor was about to close up. Stimulated by a small bribe from Walter and the charm of Miss Fairhill, the photographer agreed to stay open and develop the film immediately.

They left the shop and Walter said, "I've made you miss your dinner."

"I'll raid the icebox," she said gaily, but Walter would not hear of it. He bought her dinner at the hotel, went back alone to the photographer's and found a mailman making a box collection on the corner.

"Wait just a minute," Walter pleaded. He dashed up the stairs, stuffed the prints into an envelope and gave it to the mailman.

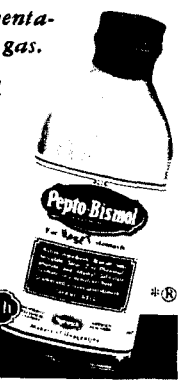
He went back to the hotel and tele-

Take soothing
Pepto-Bismol
and feel good again!

Never upset an upset stomach!
Don't add to the upset with overdoses of antacids or harsh physics.

Take *soothing* PEPTO-BISMOL. Its action is *different.* PEPTO-BISMOL* spreads a soothing, protective coating on irritated stomach and intestinal walls—*gives fast 3-way relief:*

1. *Helps calm and quiet the upset.*
2. *Helps retard fermentation and formation of gas.*
3. *Helps sweeten and settle the stomach.*



Whenever you suffer from acid indigestion, heartburn, diarrhea or other common digestive distress, take pleasant, soothing PEPTO-BISMOL. *At all drug stores.*

*®

If your skin itches at all
—use Zemacol

When you wish you had a dozen hands to scratch with—*use Zemacol instead!* Unlike scratching, Zemacol doesn't aggravate the irritation—it soothes and helps relieve the itching—lets you work and sleep in peace.

Zemacol is invisible—doesn't show on your skin. Greaseless—won't stain—dries quickly. Zemacol is antiseptic, germicidal and fungicidal. Quickly helps relieve itching of eczema-like rashes, poison ivy or oak, and many other skin irritations.

Sold with The Norwich Pharmacal Company money-back guarantee. At all drug stores.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

phoned Nancy. "Found a house," he said proudly. "First one I looked at. All set to make an offer."

"The first one you looked at," Nancy said dispiritedly. "I might have known. You're not buying a necktie, Walter, you're buying a lifetime investment. Some high-pressure salesman has sold you a bill of goods."

"He didn't high-pressure me," Walter said. "And furthermore, Miss Fairhill liked it as well as I did. It has a study and I can bring up my sailfish—"

"Is that it?" Nancy cried. "You're buying a house just because there's wall space for your smelly old swordfish?"

"Sailfish," corrected Walter.

"I don't care if it's a sea serpent," Nancy said. "Did the real-estate agent take you and your precious Miss Fairhill around?"

"Well, no," Walter admitted. "We were by ourselves."

"And you told her all about the sailfish," Nancy said. "You must have spent a lot of time there. You must have got to know her awfully well on such short notice. Sprawled out on the furniture—"

"It's an empty house. There isn't any furniture."

"What color is the living room?"

"It's a pale blue."

"I'll see the picture in the morning," Nancy said, "and call you first thing. You must have had a jolly time with Miss Fairhill. Does she do this after hours because she has such a sweet nature?"

"Well," said Walter uncertainly, "she was very nice about it—"

"I don't doubt it," Nancy said.

Walter hung up, mopped his brow, the telephone rang shrilly and he jumped.

"Well," said Mr. Peabody when Walter finally muttered a hello, "how did you like the house your second trip?"

"Fine," said Walter.

"Well," said Mr. Peabody, "I wouldn't want to alarm you. But you recall that couple we saw going in this afternoon. They've been house-hunting for weeks. And it's come to my knowledge that they made an offer on it tonight."

Walter's heart sank into his shoes. Mr. Peabody continued, "They offered three thousand under the asking price but I don't think they'll get it for that. If you want that house, what you'd better do is make your offer now. Say a thousand more."

"I'll see you in the morning," Walter said hoarsely.

HE WAITED in his hotel room in the morning for the phone to ring and when it was still silent at eight o'clock he called Nancy.

"Did you get the pictures?" he said.

"At five," Nancy said. "The special-delivery carrier rang the buzzer like mad and woke up the baby."

"How did you like the pictures?"

"Oh, lovely," Nancy said blithely. "Cute as a button, isn't she?"

"Certainly is," said Walter.

"Up to the minute," said Nancy airily.

"You bet," said Walter. "Very modern looking and just nineteen years old."

"Nineteen," said Nancy bitterly. "Well, I was nineteen once and I bet I was just as snappy as she is. Just because I'm thirty now, because I've lost my figure having your children—"

"What the hell are you talking about?" said Walter.

"About your precious Miss Fairhill," Nancy said. "You sent me her picture."

"Oh, Lord!" Walter said. "Those pictures got in by mistake. I was in a rush last night to make the mail plane. I'd forgotten about the pictures of Miss Fairhill. I must have stuffed them into the envelope without thinking."

"Instead of secreting them in your wallet," Nancy said. "I opened the envelope at 5 A.M. expecting to see a picture of a house and I see a picture of some simpering girl. And blond too, I'll bet. I tore up the envelope and I guess the other pictures were in it. Working so hard, aren't you?" She hung up.

Walter staggered outside and over to Mr. Peabody's with the key. Mr. Peabody said, "I have this other client to see the house in thirty minutes. If you want to make that offer—"

"I haven't the slightest idea," said Walter, "what I want to do."

He felt mesmerized. Ten minutes later he left and Mr. Peabody was carefully blotting a check. Walter reached the office and attempted without much success to work; at ten he was called into a conference with the top brass and was expected to talk intelligently about the research program of his division. It was, Walter thought when he came out of the conference an hour later, a complete flop, and already the men must be wondering why he had been brought here.

Dr. Devlin, his immediate chief, came in. "I wouldn't worry about things, Bryson," he said. "Everyone knows you are up to your neck and trying to find a house in addition."

Walter smiled wanly, the phone rang at his elbow and Mr. Peabody said, "Congratulations. You've bought a house."

The remainder of the day was utter confusion. There were conferences with a law firm, with a mortgage company. Finally, weary, and light as air financially, Walter was back in his hotel room telephoning Nancy.

"Ja?" said a voice. *"Wer ist da?"*

"I must have the wrong number," Walter said. "I'm calling El Dorado 2-4421R. I'm calling Mrs. Walter Bryson."

"Nicht zu Hause," said the voice from the phone. There were other explosive phrases. Walter, being a chemist, had studied German but his command of it was rusty.

"You mean she's not home?" shouted Walter. "You're a baby sitter—*Kinder sitzen?*"

"Ja, ja, ja," said the voice excitedly, happy that Walter had caught on.

"Where is she?" shouted Walter. *"Wo ist—"*

"She out went," said the voice and the phone went dead.

Out, said Walter, pacing up and down the hotel room floor, and recalled that in the apartment across the hall was a bachelor, a fellow with a mustache and not an ethical chap at all. They sometimes heard raised girlish voices through the thin walls. The fellow had brazenly stared at Nancy in the elevator and Walter could remember Nancy preening herself instead of looking insulted. By golly, Walter thought, here he was, slaving over a new job and trying to provide a roof for his family and after two nights his wife with three kids was out on the tiles.

He called again at midnight. *"Wer ist da?"* said a voice, and Walter hung up and put in a call for 2 A.M. He went to bed and lay there red-eyed until the phone rang.

Nancy answered finally. "Where were you?" Walter shouted.

"For Heaven's sake," Nancy said, "you don't have to yell. I can hear you just as plain—"

"Where were you?" shouted Walter. "Out with that stockbroker?"

"What is this, a catechism? Do I call you up in the middle of the night and ask you about Miss Fairhill? Oh, no, I'm a very modern wife. I just smile and go on taking care of the children. I show them pictures of their nasty father but I don't say he's nasty, I don't want them to develop complexes—"

"Listen!" shouted Walter. "I bought a house. The movers will be coming tomorrow. They pack tomorrow and leave on Friday and you can drive down now and stay in the hotel with me. We can move right in."

"You didn't think of that before you left," Nancy said. "You didn't suggest that then."

"How'd I know we'd find a place this soon?" said Walter. "You be here."

"I can't possibly leave tomorrow," Nancy said. "I have three children in case you have forgotten. I can't pack up and leave tomorrow. I don't know when I'll be there. If ever." . . .

Nancy did not arrive the next night. There was no answer when Walter called the apartment, nor was there any Nancy the next day when the movers arrived. It did not look so hot, Walter reflected. The furniture that had crammed a five-room apartment was another kettle of fish in an eight-room house.

Thinking about fish reminded him and he addressed the nearest moving man.

"Hey, where's my fish?" he said. "My sailfish?"

"Didn't bring no sailfish," the man said. He looked queerly at Walter before going on with his work.

Walter knew the answer. Nancy had thrown it away. His sailfish was gathering dust on some rubbish heap, perhaps at this moment was buried under ashes and garbage on some dumping ground.

"How petty," said Walter to himself, "how very, very petty!"

He knew just what he would do. He would call up Miss Fairhill and take her to a local night club. What was sauce for the goose was sauce for the gander.

BUT after the movers departed, Walter made no attempt to get in touch with Miss Fairhill. He faced the fact that he was a married man who wanted only one woman in the world—his wife.

He was a lonely man in a lonely house and he had forgotten to have the electricity turned on. He prowled up and down and the house became gloomy and haunted-looking. Finally in the pitch dark Walter tripped on something and fell flat on his face. He got up and sat disconsolately on the davenport.

There was a ring at the door at last, and Walter made his way through the debris and opened up and there was Nancy.

She looked harried and her hair was every which way, and the baby in her arms was crying, and the other two children were tugging at her skirts.

"Daddy," said Walter's little boy, "we got losted."

"Daddy," said Walter's little girl, "the car got busted."

"We got off the road twice," said Nancy. "We had two flats miles from anywhere and I changed them myself. I had to take all the luggage out. I'm a wreck. What is this, a cave?"

"I forgot to have the electricity turned on," Walter said. "I've been sitting in the dark thinking it's no good. Nancy, I guess I did the wrong thing."

"Well," said Nancy, "we're here. That's something. And there are candles in the sideboard."

He found a large one, and they put the children to bed by candlelight. All the time Walter kept telling himself he would not break down. He would be dignified about it, he would never, never say a word about his sailfish.

They went downstairs and Walter looked unhappily at Nancy and suddenly she put her arms around his neck. "You poor darling," she said, "you've had a bad time."

"I managed to get along," said Walter stiffly.

Nancy giggled. "I wasn't out with that stockbroker," she said. "I went to a double feature by myself. And Walter, I just love the house. I was afraid to see it and it's wonderful. I have something for you in the car."

He followed her out and saw a large flat rectangular object strapped to the roof and covered with tarpaulin. "It almost drove me out of my mind," Nancy said, "but I was afraid to trust the sailfish to the movers. Let's put it in the living room. I'd really like it there."

"The study," said Walter happily. "We'll leave it here until morning."

They went back across the grass and on impulse Walter picked up Nancy and carried her across the threshold. He put her down in the living room and raised the candle high so that Nancy could have a better look at it.

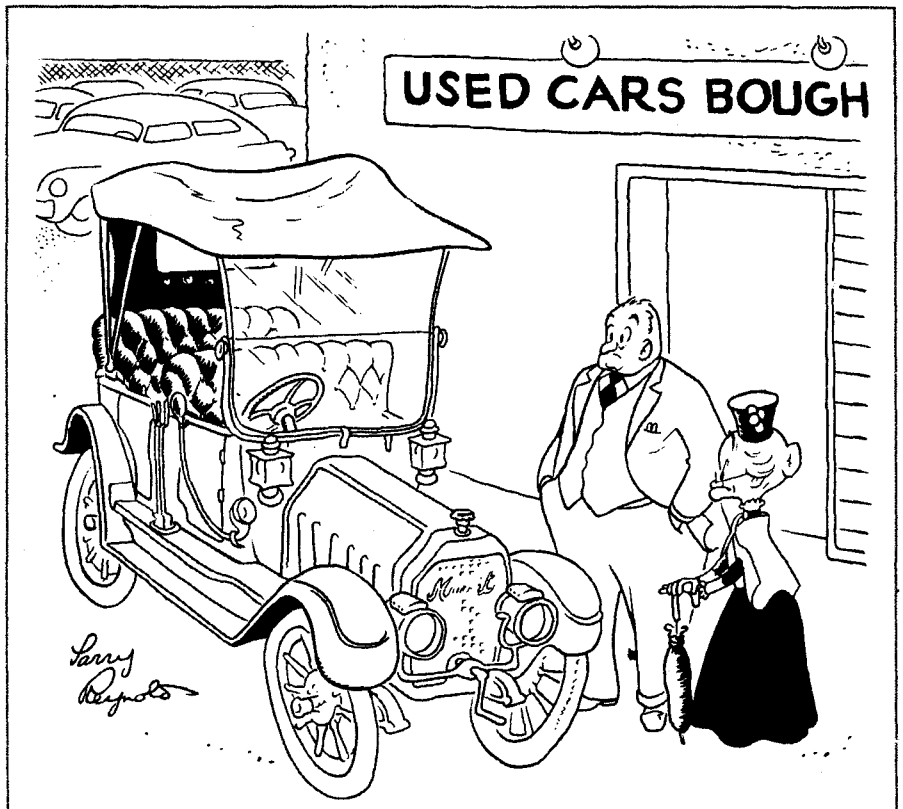
She gave a little moan.

"What's the matter?" Walter said.

"Nothing's the matter," Nancy said. "That was just a cry of happiness."

But Walter, after all, was a veteran of eight years of married life. He looked at Nancy's bemused expression and said, "You may as well come out with it."

"You're a darling," Nancy said, "and I love you, and I'm simply wild about the house. But you said the living room was blue and it isn't blue at all, darling, it's green."



"It's hardly been used. I had it up on blocks during both world wars"

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THEY CALL HIM MR. BAFFLE

Continued from page 27

Halsey in 1945, it became necessary to pick a new Secretary of the Senate. Alben W. Barkley, then Democratic leader, nominated Mr. Biffle, who had been secretary to the Democrat majority since 1933. Formality required the Republicans to nominate someone, too. Senator Wallace H. White, Jr., of Maine, then Republican leader, did so. *He* nominated Mr. Biffle.

Both parties and all factions trust the man. In 1937, when Mr. Roosevelt launched his plan to liberalize the Supreme Court, the Democrats split into two groups—New Dealers and Old Guard—and acrimony filled the air. Biffle as majority secretary sat in at the secret conferences of both factions, but neither faction learned from him what the other planned to do.

He knows what the Republican minority is aiming to do to make existence painful for the majority, and the Republicans know that their secret is perfectly safe. And all this is neatly recounted in his diaries—with personal observations and character estimates.

Mr. Biffle is a Democrat and is happier when luck is on that party's side. But as Secretary of the Senate, he is so nonpartisan as to be almost a mugwump.

Assisting senators of both parties to write proposed legislation, he is the anonymous co-author of a good many bills. No one knows as accurately as he the current temper of the Senate and what that temperamental body will tolerate at a particular time. Mr. Roosevelt frequently consulted him on the timing of introducing Administration legislation, and his close friend, Mr. Truman, does it even more.

It was at the Democratic National Convention at Philadelphia last July that Biffle's talent for behind-the-scenes wirepulling had its greatest moment. Mr. Truman's first choice for a running mate was Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas. Biffle couldn't see eye to eye with the President on that one and openly bucked the White House.

He started a one-man movement to put his choice across. He buttonholed delegates as they arrived in Philadelphia. He worked furiously on the convention floor. Then, the night of the keynote address, Biff went among the Kentucky delegates. He instructed them to hold their applause until after the keynoter had finished his speech and then really blow the roof off the place.

That's just what happened and, as everybody knows, Mr. Truman decided after that terrific ovation that the keynoter—Biff's boss, close friend and candidate for the Vice-Presidential nomination—would be his running mate. That's how Biffle put across the nomination of the new Vice-President—Barkley of Kentucky.

When a new senator arrives in Washington, it's part of Biffle's job to smooth the way for him—assign him a seat on the floor and equip his office. Now and then he magically finds living quarters. The new man longs for appointment to this or that Senate committee, convinced that his experience will be useful or that it will be to his political profit. Biffle advises him. Perhaps the new man is a bit overambitious. Biffle explains the old seniority rules governing committee appointments, bids the freshman be patient, warns him gently that nothing worth having is to be gained by jousting with the ancient windmill.

"Take it easy for a while, Senator," says Biffle. "Keep your eyes and ears open for a few months. Sort of keep in the background a while. Easy, easy, Senator. If there's anything you don't understand, come to me. I'm here to help you, and I'm glad to. Don't rush!"

Consulting a Senate Oracle

Biffle walks the Senate floor. He speaks softly and briefly to Lucas, to Wherry, to Kilgore, to Baldwin, to Maybank, to Taft. And they ask him questions. He has just come from the White House. The President and his advisers have just come out of a huddle and Biffle knows all about it. Tomorrow the President is going to send several requests up the Hill. To prepare for or against any or all such requests, the senators—Democrat and Republican—ask for this document and that reference.

Biffle waggles a finger at the pages and the lads are off to the document files. A few words—or even a sign—from Biffle is all they need.

Or the bells ring in the cloakrooms, in the committee rooms, in the senators' offices. It's the warning that a roll call on a bill, on an amendment, has been ordered.

Biffle is in the cloakroom just outside the Senate. He knows perhaps better than anyone how the vote will go and can almost tell the score before the vote is taken. Senators wandering in stop to ask him the last word as spoken by the White House or by the floor leaders. He knows where every senator is, in Washington and out. He knows who is absent for good reasons and who is not there because he wants to dodge an issue.

Let's assume that Senator So-and-So is unable to be there but wants to vote aye. Before leaving he notifies Biffle, who arranges to pair him off with a senator who intends to be present and vote nay. Thus one vote nullifies the other, and Biffle watches this narrowly.

If the departing senator is forgetful, Biffle reminds him that it is likely a vote on this or that bill will be called for during his absence—and how does he wish to register. It's important for Biffle to know. If a senator's aye or nay is not on Biff's lists, a bill may be passed or defeated by that single vote.

In neither size nor bearing is Mr. Biffle impressive. He's fifty-nine years old, five feet seven and weighs 137 pounds. His hair is graying at the temples and deserting him on top. And he's a natty dresser. The government pays him $10,000 a year (plus limousine and chauffeur), and it is unanimously conceded that his salary is a sound investment.

He darts in and out of his office with gentle speed but seems never to be in a hurry. He speaks in a small, even, emotionless voice which he likes to smother

I STOLE A MILLION

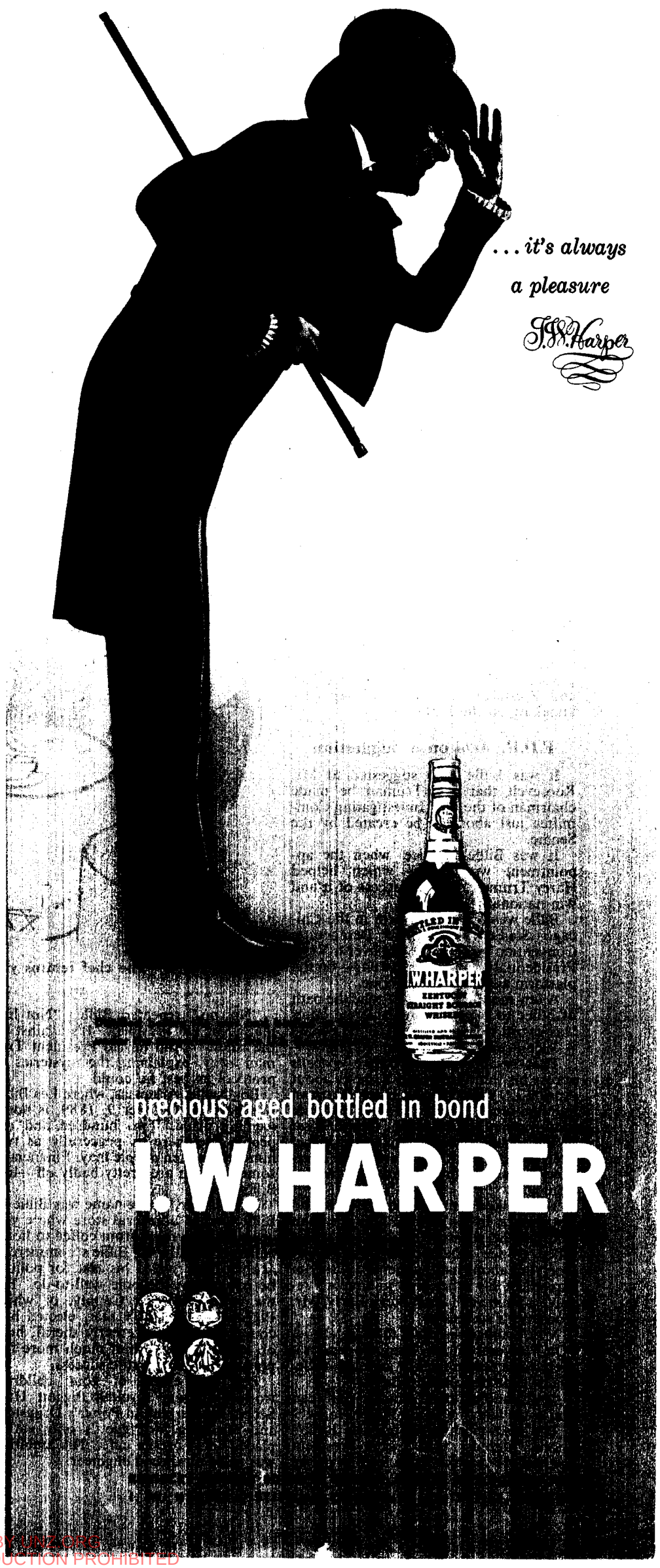
By DAVID SCHIFFER

as told to **BARNEY NAGLER**

and **COLLIE SMALL**

On his way to Sing Sing, a master crook, unrepentant, and proud of his racket, tells in his own peculiar underworld language how he cheated insurance companies out of a million.

In **Collier's** *next week*



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with his left hand. While he's talking to you or anyone else, from senators up and down, his blue eyes seem to be enjoying a tidy little joke, although the rest of his face is as expressionless as an egg.

Mentally he's as alert as a new mainspring. For example, early in 1945, while he was still secretary to the majority, a sudden shift in the order of Senate business and a bit of Republican skulduggery brought up the name of former Governor Robert Hurley of Connecticut for confirmation as a member of the old Surplus Property Board.

The Administration wanted Mr. Hurley but there was so much and such loud Republican opposition that the majority Democrats had decided to bide their time. Then suddenly it was moved that Mr. Hurley's nomination be voted on at once. Mr. Biffle, who had been sitting at ease in the rear of the Senate chamber, almost leaped out of his chair. A swift survey told him that there weren't enough Democrats around to save Mr. Hurley.

Mr. Biffle spoke briefly to the presiding officer, then sped toward the door, stopping only to whisper to a few Democrats. He told them to spar for time, ask questions about anything, make a few sage observations about the weather, the war, the mysterious disease prevalent among chickens in eastern Tennessee.

And keep it up, he added, until he could make a few telephone calls. On his desk as usual was a list of absentee Democrats and where they could be located in Washington as of that moment.

Within an hour he had rounded up enough of them to confirm Mr. Hurley. President Roosevelt wrote him a letter about that.

Biffle's friendship with the President started in January, 1935, when Harry Truman, a new senator from Missouri, knocked diffidently on Leslie Biffle's door, introduced himself and asked for guidance. As senator, Vice-President and President, Mr. Truman has kept knocking on the Biffle door.

F.D.R. Acts on a Suggestion

It was Biffle who suggested to Mr. Roosevelt that Mr. Truman be made chairman of the War Investigating Committee just about to be created by the Senate.

It was Biffle's advice, when the appointment was made, which helped Harry Truman make a success of it and win national renown.

Biffle was on the platform in the Chicago Stadium when the Democratic Convention was squabbling over a Vice-Presidential nomination in 1944—on the platform and on the telephone.

A few months later Biffle read the oath of office to Harry Truman as the latter was sworn in as President of the Senate —Vice-President of the United States.

That small smile of Biffle's spreads across his thin face when he talks about April 12, 1945. He and Harry Truman had had lunch together in Biffle's private dining room. After lunch, they had sat in Biffle's office which looks as if it had been furnished and decorated with overflow items from the Smithsonian Institution.

They talked for a couple of hours, and just before five o'clock Harry Truman said that he guessed that he'd go to his office to see whether anything worth worrying about had happened. Truman arrived at his office just in time to receive a phone call from Steve Early, Mr. Roosevelt's secretary.

Mr. Truman listened to Early, said, "Oh," several times, hung up and sat there for a few moments, stunned, wide-eyed. Then he called up Biffle.

"Biff, the President is dead. Biff, can you come with me to the White House?"

The next morning at ten Les Biffle's phone buzzed. "Biff," said President Truman, "I'm making this my first phone call from the White House. Can I come up for lunch? I want to talk to you."

And Mr. Biffle's eyes lighted up and his wry smile ran down his face. "Well, I'll tell you, Mr. President, I sorta had a lunch arranged for a few senators but maybe I can squeeze you in."

Mr. Biffle got out his skillets. For two hours the new President, the few senators and Les Biffle ate chicken and talked.

After lunch Mr. Truman ambled around the corner and from habit was about to push his way through the Senate doors. Biffle, suddenly sensing what was happening, caught up with him just before he entered.

"No! No!" he called out. "The President just can't walk onto the floor like that."

"Why not?" demanded Mr. Truman. "I want to talk to—"

COLLIER'S "The chef returns your compliments, Miss" MISCHA RICHTER

"No, no," repeated Biffle. "Not like that. Not the President. It's against all the rules!" And he led President Truman away, explaining the mysteries of protocol as best he could.

Boydsville, Arkansas, where Les Biffle was born on October 9, 1889, is not a teeming place. Two hundred and ten people live there as peacefully as two hundred and ten people may. Financially some of them are pretty badly off—like Biff's family.

Biff's father, whose name was Billie B. Biffle, owned a general store where you could buy anything from coffee to horse collars. If Billie B. Biffle's commercial acumen had rivaled his zest for politics he might have become well-to-do. But the people of Clay County, of which Piggott is the county seat, elected him county clerk and presently sheriff, honors which were to him much more important than mercantile success.

Les, the eldest of four children, worked his way through Piggott High School by clerking in Potter's Drugstore and drudging in Piggott's only eating place, Bob Forest's café. His ambition was to be a railroad engineer.

One day in May, 1908, a great man came to Boydsville, the guest (in a manner of speaking) of Billie B. Biffle, the politician. It was Congressman Bruce Macon. Mr. Macon had heard of Billie's son, Les, from an even greater man, the late Senator James P. Clarke, who had paid Les 25 cents to distribute handbills proclaiming the senator's merits. Senator Clarke had said to Mr. Macon that Billie Biffle's son was a lad to be trusted, that when you sent him out to distribute handbills, he distributed them and did not throw them into the creek.

So before Mr. Macon had returned to Washington, he offered Les Biffle the post of being his secretary.

Billie B. Biffle nearly died with joy. He took his son to St. Louis, bought him a suit for eleven dollars, a hat for two, a one-way ticket to Washington and gave him what he had left, seven dollars.

Billie B. Biffle also gave his son some parting advice. Les Biffle doesn't remember his father's words exactly but they were to the effect that he should work hard, listen diligently, remember everything, forget nothing and that if he, Billie, had to do it all over again he wouldn't talk so danged much.

That was 40 years ago. As secretary to Congressman Macon, as secretary to Senator Clarke, as superintendent of the Folding Room where Senate package mail is handled, as majority secretary, as Senate Secretary, as director of the Senate Democratic Policy Committee and now, again, as Senate Secretary, Mr. Biffle has adhered to the late Billie B. Biffle's advice and found it good. What he hasn't stowed away in his small neat head he has set down in those coveted diaries which someday, with luck, you may read. In them, doubtless, are recorded his skirmishes with Huey Long, the murdered Kingfish of Louisiana.

In May, 1934, Huey was on one of his one-man filibusters vowing to kill a corporate bankruptcy bill unless Senator Lynn Frazier's amendment scaling down farm mortgages were attached.

Huey was in his third hour of making Every Man a King, endowing every family with $25,000 and a free house and so on, and the Senate was deserted except for Long, Frazier and Senator Ernest Gibson of Vermont, who was presiding. Huey paused:

"Lookit," said the Kingfish, "we're alone. Let's put the amendment over."

Huey made the motion. Gibson put the question. And then just as the Messrs. Long and Frazier were about to shout, "Aye!" in came Les Biffle pushing before him Senator Bachman of Tennessee.

"Quick, quick," said Biffle to Senator Bachman, "suggest the absence of a quorum."

Bachman did—and just in time, too. The great Long-Frazier plot was confounded.

"Smart guy, aren't you?" said Huey to Biffle.

"Ah, Senator," sighed Biff, "you're always a flatterer."

The Kingfish Seeks Help

Doubtless, too, in Biffle's diary is a record of Huey's skirmish with the late Senator Joe Robinson of Arkansas, then the Democratic leader. The Bureau of Internal Revenue was closing in on Huey's Louisiana machine. It was already apparent that a number of Huey's home-guard captains were headed for jail. All Huey wanted was Robinson's help in calling off the Treasury agents.

Robinson would have none of that and Huey, in panic, began to call names —not nice ones. And just as Robinson and Huey were ripe to swap a few punches, Biff stepped in between them, shoved the bellowing Long into his seat and stood there staring Huey into immobility.

Then there's the story about the senator who had been taken for a rough ride by a newspaper columnist. The senator, filled with bourbon and ire, with a large revolver stuck in the waistband of his pants, shook the newspaper in Biff's face and demanded to know where the writer might be found and be shot. Biff told the statesman to sit down while he, Biff, had a look around.

Biff thereupon bade the columnist make himself scarce until the senator had slept this one off—which he was in the process of doing even then.

And those diaries probably will tell about Mr. Biffle's strange superstition. He *likes* to have black cats cross his path. This stems from an episode that occurred two summers ago while he was touring a World War II battlefield in France as a member of the American Battle Monuments Commission, to which Mr. Roosevelt had appointed him. A big black cat crossed his path ten yards directly in front of him. There was an earth-shaking explosion. It blew the beholden out of the cat, whose paws had sprung an old booby trap. Biffle was unharmed.

When President Truman telephoned Mr. Biffle and asked him if he could spare a few minutes at the White House, I had happened to be in his office. I strolled out of his office to talk to some senators about the prodigy from Piggott.

Mr. Biffle's outer office was well filled with visiting state chairmen, newly elected senators, job hunters, legislation ballyhooers and assorted gents who wished merely "to shake Mr. Biffle by the hand."

I got to talking to a senator about Mr. Biffle. All he seemed able to add to what we already knew was that Biff was the doggonedest practical joker he'd ever known. For example, hiding a house guest's shoes and stuffing another guest's bed with small hardware and cracker crumbs.

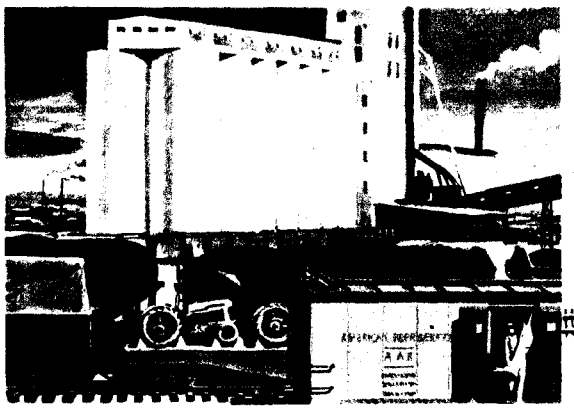
"Too bad, too bad," I said, adding, "And Biffle seems such a good guy otherwise."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You and Your Railroads

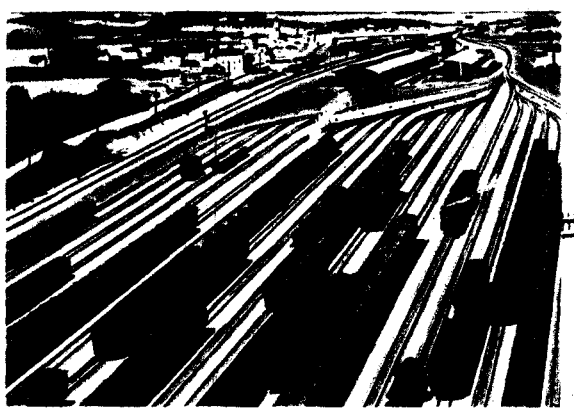
A "Trackside" Report for 1948

Virtually all the things you eat or wear or use, and the materials of which they are made, move to you—somewhere along the line—*by rail.* So here's a "trackside" report of how your railroads did their job of serving you last year:

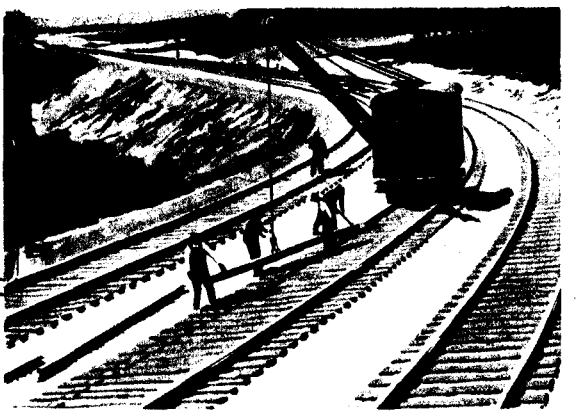


1. Delivering the Goods. Every day in 1948 the railroads hauled an average of 12 tons of freight one mile *for every man, woman, and child in the United States!*

2. Carrying People. Nearly two million people rode the railroads every day. That's equivalent to carrying *every man, woman, and child in the country on a trip of almost 300 miles during the year.*



3. Improving Efficiency. Last year the average American freight train moved more tons of freight more miles per hour *than ever before in American railroad history!*



4. Improving the Transportation "Factory." In 1948 the railroads spent for improvements alone more than a billion dollars. That meant spending an average of *three million dollars per day*—for new streamlined passenger trains, new freight cars, and new, more efficient locomotives—for new track, signals, and shops to keep them rolling even more surely, more efficiently.

5. Paying Their Own Way. Railroads provide and maintain their roadway and equipment with railroad dollars, not taxpayers' dollars. In addition they pay about a billion dollars a year in taxes. These taxes help support schools, roads, and the public safety and welfare. They are not spent for the special benefit of the railroads.

For their services the railroads received in 1948 an average of only about 1¼ cents for hauling a ton of freight one mile. And for carrying a passenger one mile, they got considerably less than they got a quarter of a century ago—when wages and the prices of railroad materials and supplies were only half what they are now.

To keep on making improvements in their service, railroads must continue investing money in better plants and facilities. To be able to do this they must make earnings in line with today's increased costs. For only adequate earnings can justify the huge investment required to keep America's railroads the most efficient, the most economical, and the safest mass transportation system in the world.

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS
WASHINGTON 6, D. C.

LISTEN TO THE RAILROAD HOUR *presenting the world's great musical shows. Every Monday evening over the ABC network, 8-8:45 Eastern, Mountain, and Pacific Time; 7-7:45 Central Time.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fabric With A Future

By TOBÉ

This new miracle material combines wearability with washability, it's wrinkleproof and it can be waterproofed

FOR years we have been looking forward to those miracle fabrics of the future—washproof, wearproof, dirtproof materials which will revolutionize the life of the American housewife. At last such fabrics are beginning to appear on the market.

One of these is a crinkled nylon taffeta which its manufacturers (Mallinson) call Klo Kanyl, presumably because it's a *cloqué* taffeta made of nylon (*cloqué* plus nyl). We, personally, like to call it "nylon seersucker," for it is made of nylon and somewhat resembles seersucker, although, because of its silky texture, it is far more elegant. It resembles taffeta a little, too, but is far more versatile.

Klo Kanyl or "nylon seersucker" is not available in large quantities yet, but it gives us an exciting preview of what the fabrics of the future will be.

A formal made of this material can be dumped in the suds in the afternoon and worn the same evening. Stuffed into an overnight bag, it will come out crisp and ready to wear. All these ingratiating tricks are the result of mating nylon's quick-drying, hard-wearing qualities with seersuckerlike "puffs" that make the material virtually wrinkleproof. These "puffs," which may appear as either stripes or checks, are what give the fabric its *cloqué* effect.

The reason this bouncy material is not plentiful at the moment is that Du Pont is still allocating most of its nylon yarn to stocking mills. Even so, the clothes that have been produced have proved the fabric's enormous versatility. Some examples are illustrated on these pages. They range from a let's-go-places sort of date dress to a white-as-snow hooded raincoat.

The day will come when the unique combination of decorative and utilitarian qualities of Klo Kanyl are fully exploited. What a boon to nurses washable uniforms of this material would be! They would dry in a couple of hours and need no ironing.

The youngest generation, whose greatest talent sometimes seems to be the ability to get dirty, is another potential beneficiary of Klo Kanyl. The waterproofed version of the fabric is ideal for lightweight snow suits.

In the field of home decorating, shower curtains made of this material immediately come to mind. And think of the easily washable, but silkenlike bedspreads, pillow covers and draperies that could be taken down in the morning, washed and put up again in the afternoon.

Men's pajamas and dressing gowns and a variety of beach and sportswear items are obvious uses for this fabric with a future. A bathing suit of it would dry quickly and refuse to wrinkle.

These ideas are still in the promised-and-hoped-for stage, but in the meantime we can dream of a nylon seersucker dress or two.

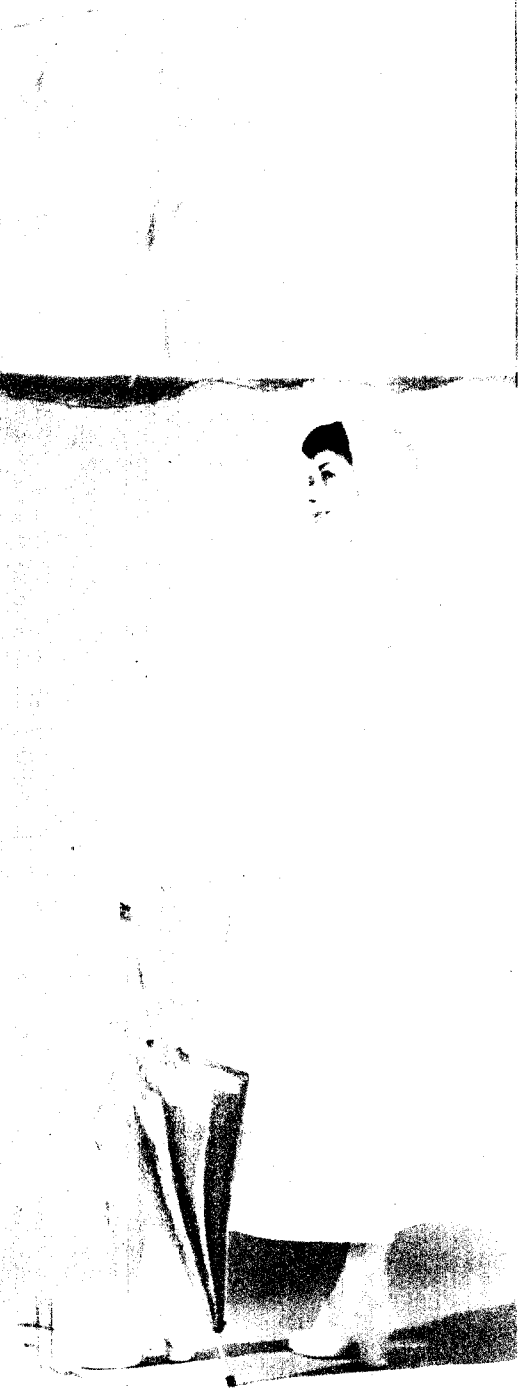
A date dress, by Viola Dimmitt, of nylon cloqué taffeta is worn with Sally Victor's flowered hat

Haymaker's white buttoned blouse and navy skirt maintain maximum freshness with minimum effort

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY PAUL D'OME

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

With dress-up accessories, David Crystal's blue-gray casual combines elegance and practicality



Snow-white sash raincoat by Viola Dimmitt is worn with red umbrella of same fabric

JEWELRY BY RICHELIEU
GRAY SHOES BY I. MILLER
WHITE BOOTS BY U.S. RUBBER

Send your questions concerning Klo Kanyl merchandise with a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Women's Fashion Editor, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, New York.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SEX AND LOVE OF GOD

Continued from page 11

why is it that those who are most abandoned to carnal license are the most abnormal, while those who believe in religion and morality are the most normal of men?

Using a more comprehensive and saner outlook on life, Christianity traces not one, but several roots of mental disorders in the nonphysical and moral realm. There is sex, to be sure; but there are also six other possible causes: pride, covetousness, anger, envy, gluttony, and sloth.

In order to understand the proper role of the sex instinct, consider the true nature of man. Every man is looking for perfection. He is constantly trying to transcend himself, to get out of himself, in some way to expand himself, to escape his self-limitations. There is a kind of holy impatience in us all. The "I," and "Me" in each of us feels limited; it craves for expansiveness; it finds the earth too small.

We want to be perfect; but we are only in a process of realization. Not being able to find peace within ourselves, we seek to atone for our limitations by extending ourselves in one of three directions: the mind, the body or through things.

Self-preservation is one of the first laws of nature and it implies a legitimate self-love; for if we did not love ourselves, we could not continue to live. Our Divine Lord reminded us to love our neighbors *as we love ourselves*. Self-love, knowing it cannot exist by itself any more than the stomach can exist without food, extends itself in one direction by the acquiring of knowledge; and the more we know of the truth, the more our personality is developed.

We escape the limitations of the body in another direction by the expansion of our flesh in the procreation of other personalities. Love always tends to an incarnation. In order that human life might be preserved and continued, God implanted two great appetites and pleasures in man. One is the pleasure of eating to preserve the corporal life of the individual; the other is the pleasure of marriage to preserve the life of the race.

Ownership Fosters Freedom

The third way of perfecting ourselves is through the ownership of things. Just as we are free on the inside because we can call our soul our own, so we want to be free on the outside by calling possessions our own. Personal or private ownership is natural to man; it is the economic guarantee of freedom, as the soul is its spiritual guarantee.

The human person is restless until it perfects its mind in knowledge, or generates its kind in marriage, or assures its economic security through things. Each of these urges and instincts and cravings is right and God-given. In each instance, the "I" is attempting to find another "I." Because the "I" loves itself, it also loves wisdom, it loves the flesh and it loves property.

Where then does abnormality arise, if these pursuits are natural? How could they cause a psychosis or anxiety or a complex any more than the eye does in seeing or the ear in hearing? If we were animals, these pursuits toward perfection would, indeed, never cause disturbance, for an animal's desire can be fully satisfied; but man's cannot, for man's impulses and passions are subject to his will. He can misuse his passions and make them *ends* in themselves.

Self-love, which is good, can be perverted to self-adoration, in which one says: "I am my own law, my own truth, my own standard. Nobody can tell me anything. Whatever I call right *is* right; what I call wrong *is* wrong. Therefore, I am God." This is the sin of pride, the perversion of self-love into egotism. Such undue self-inflation is one of the principal causes of unhappiness. The egotist walks warily, in constant danger of having his false values destroyed.

The sex instinct, which is good, can also be perverted. In the days of pagan Rome some corrupt individuals attended banquets, gorged themselves with food, tickled their throats, disgorged the food, and then went back and ate more. This was wrong because, as reason told them, one eats to live, and the pleasure must not be separated from its function. In like manner, when the fires of life are aroused deliberately, not to light new torches of life, but to scorch the flesh, there is the sin of lust.

Man's legitimate desire for self-expansion through ownership can be perverted into an inordinate passion for wealth, without regard for either its social use or the needs of the neighbor. This is the sin of avarice, in which men do not possess a fortune—a fortune possesses them.

There is no more towering nonsense than to say that the church is opposed to sex. She is no more opposed to sex as such, than she is opposed to eating a dinner, to going to school, or to owning a house. Nature is not corrupt. It is man's false use of nature that darkens the face of the world.

Nor does the church become a monomaniac and believe that sex is the only instinct a man has, or that all other instincts are to be interpreted in terms of sex. Rather, with a deeper understanding of human nature, she says that the craving for perfection is basic and that sex is only one of the *three* ways in which a relative perfection is achieved in this life.

Where, then, did the sex fanatics get the idea that the church is the enemy of sex? They got it from their inability to make a distinction—a distinction between *use* and *abuse*. Because the church condemns the abuse of nature, sex fanatics think that the church condemns nature itself. This is untrue. Far from slighting the value of the human body, the church dignifies it. It is surely nobler to say, with the Christian, that the body is a Temple of God, than to say, with some modern minds, that man is merely a beast.

The church does, of course, speak of sin in the domain of sex, as it speaks of sin in the domain of property or of sin in the area of self-love. But the sin does not lie in the instinct or the passion itself. Our instincts and our passions are God-given; the sin lies in their perversion. Sin is not in hunger, but in gluttony. Sin is not in the seeking of economic security, but in avarice. Sin is not in drink, but in drunkenness. Sin is not in recreation, but in laziness. Sin is not in the love or the use of the flesh, but in lust, which is its perversion.

An undue concentration upon a single one of life's activities tends to make a man abnormal through lopsidedness of interest. This is especially true of an excessive preoccupation with the carnal. It tends to make what is physical psychic, by tracing back everything to a single instinct. Sex in other ages was physical; it resulted in new life. Today, because it often thwarts life, it is also psychic. Sex is *thought about* as a medium of pleasure to such a degree that it has become an obsession. Just as a singer could go crazy by concentrating on his thorax instead of his song, and an orchestra conductor could become a neurotic by concentrating on his baton instead of on his score, so modern man can go crazy thinking about sex instead of about life.

For it is the *isolation* of the sex factor from the totality of human life which causes so many abnormalities and mental disorders. False isolation of the part from its whole is a common trait in contemporary thought. Man's life nowadays is divided into many compartments which remain ununited and unintegrated. A businessman's business has no connection with his life in the family—so little in fact that his wife (his "little wife") is kept ignorant of her husband's income. As there is no connection between a man's profession and the rest of his daily existence, neither is there a connection between his daily life and his religion.

This chopping up of life into watertight compartments becomes more disastrous as occupation and work are related, less and less, to a strictly human ideal; mechanization plays a catastrophic role.

Serious effects result from this mechanization and the whole tendency to overspecialization in modern life. These two phenomena of our times are both related to the analytic habit of mind, imposed by the fashion of a predominantly scientific approach in the intellectual world. Everything is viewed in isolation by modern man, because this method is the legitimate procedure of science. But there are fields where a study of the unit torn from its context ceases to be adequate. The study of life itself has begun to suffer by an excessive use of analysis.

The sex drive in man is *at no moment* an instinct alone. Desire from its beginning is informed with spirit, and never is one experienced apart from the other. The psychic and the physical interplay. Just as the idealists, who deny the existence of matter, sin against the flesh, so the sensualists and carnalists sin against the spirit. But to betray either aspect is to invite revenge.

In his Between Heaven and Earth, the late Franz Werfel wrote: "Our body is a part of the universal order created and preserved by God. Rightly viewed, it is itself a self-contained universe entrusted to us as a limited but sacred property. The most substantial sin is that which we commit against ourself and especially against our own body. The offense against our own body includes a sin against the Creator."

The person is in search of the absolute, i.e., perfect happiness. To use sex as a substitute for the absolute is a vain attempt to turn the copy into the original, to make the shadow become the substance. Each soul feels a restlessness, a longing, an emptiness, a desire, which is a remembrance of something which has been lost—our paradise. We are all kings in exile. This emptiness can be filled only with Divine Love—nothing else! Having lost God (or having been robbed of Him by false teachers and sex charlatans) the person tries to fill up the void by promiscuous "love affairs." But love, both human and Divine, will fly from him who thinks it is merely physiological; only he can love nobly who lives a noble life.

It is wrong to say that the deep spiritual love of the saints for God is a sublimation of the sex instinct—as some perverse minds have actually suggested. This is like saying that love of country is derived from the elephant's love of the herd. The idea that religion had its origin in the sex instinct is almost too silly to be refuted, for the greatest religious influences in history have been the most detached from sex. The more a person lives in the presence of God, the more he develops a reflex against the wrong use of sex.

New Ethics for a Minority?

On the other hand, the sex fanatics are not only nonreligious persons, but usually antireligious persons. It is curious to hear such men urge that we ought to repudiate Christian morality and develop a new ethics to suit the unethical lives of a few thousand individuals they have polled. Because statisticians can find 5,000 living carnal lives, it is suggested that their ideal shall be made the universal ideal. An equal number of cases of lockjaw could be found in the United States; one wonders if lockjaw should therefore be made a physical standard of health?

Sins do not become virtues by being widely practiced. Right is still right if *nobody* is right, and wrong is wrong if everybody is wrong. Some have contended that sex aberrations are as common as the common cold; but nobody has so far asked us to consider the cold normal and desirable.

There is a double love in each of us; a love that is self-realizing and which looks to our own good, and a love that is self-effacing and looks to the good of another. Each love is right and good and is meant to act as a brake on the other. If self were entirely neglected, one would be consumed, as a moth in the flame. No one of us wants to see his personality extinguished in some great nirvana of unconsciousness. But selfless love is essential, too. If it is neglected, we have egotism, selfishness, conceit, snobbishness and carnality.

To put this tension between the two loves into other words, there is in each heart a pull between the romance and the marriage, between the courtship and the union, the chase and the capture. Earthly love that is only the quest is incomplete; love that is only attainment is inert. This failure of either search or satisfaction to satisfy causes the mystery and sometimes the pain of love.

If love could reach no higher than earth, it would be like the pendulum of a clock alternating and ticking away between chase to capture, capture to chase, endlessly. But our hearts crave something more. We long for an escape from this weary iteration.

There is an escape. It lies in the eternal moment which combines both search and finding. In heaven we will capture Eternal Love, but an infinity of chase will not be enough to sound its depths. This is the love in which you at last may have yourself and lose yourself in one and the same eternal now. There the tension of romance and marriage is reconciled in an eternal instant of joy.

The closest we can come to such experience in our earthly imagination is to think of the most ecstatically happy moment of our lives—and then to live that moment eternalized. This kind of love would be speechless and ineffable; there could be no adequate expression of its ecstasies.

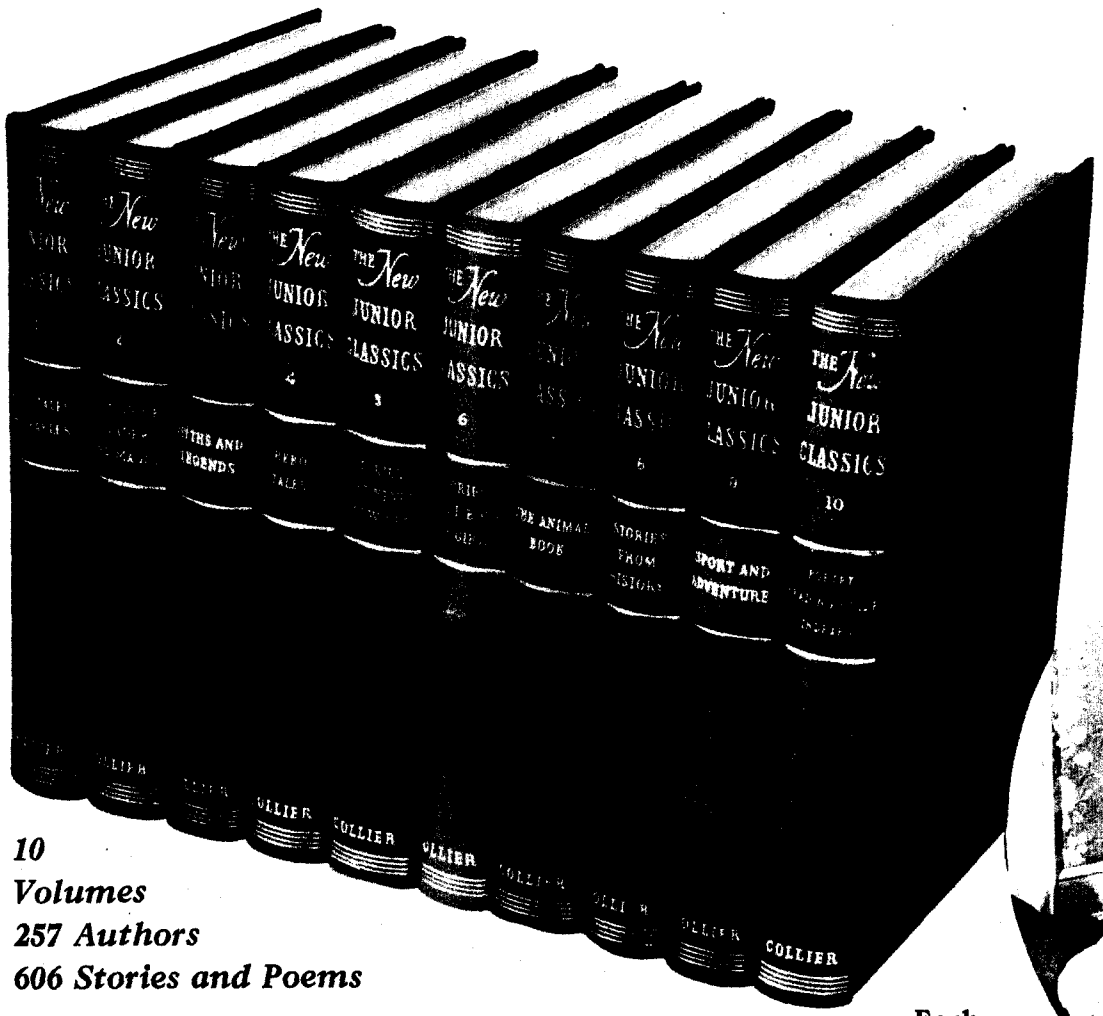
TIGER, TIGER

By JOHN MOORE

The little boy had been told about the terrors of the jungle but he did not know what it meant until he found himself alone in the jungle of the city.

In Collier's *next week*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



10
Volumes
257 Authors
606 Stories and Poems

Each volume bound in a different color Fabrikoid produces a beautiful Rainbow Effect.

Open New Worlds To Your Children

Safer Happier Hours at HOME

Each Volume 9½" x 7⅞"

THE YOUNG FOLKS' SHELF OF BOOKS

(THE JUNIOR CLASSICS)

Did you ever have a child ask you to tell him, "Just one more story?" Here in COLLIER'S "YOUNG FOLKS' SHELF OF BOOKS," you may by referring to the Index find a wisely chosen and attractively presented selection suitable to the changing interests of the growing child. The authentic versions of these time-honored stories are illustrated by noted artists, printed in easily readable type on high quality paper. Experience the pleasure of gathering the children about you and sharing with them the joy and fascination to be found in this great collection of juvenile literature.

SELECTED FOR BOYS AND GIRLS OF EVERY AGE

All children, whether they read or still must be read to, will find in this set just what they want. For girls there is the charm of stories by Hans Christian Andersen, Lewis Carroll and Ella Young. Boys will thrill to the deeds of King Arthur and his knights of the Round Table, Roland At Roncesvalles, Poe's "Gold Bug" and Admiral Byrd's Flight Over The North Pole. There are stories in the field of sports, adventure, as well as tales of buccaneers and square-riggers.

A BRIGHTER TOMORROW IS IN STORE FOR THE BOY OR GIRL WHO READS TODAY

By placing this superb library in a child's hands, parents can stimulate a desire to learn more, aid in developing a creative imagination and lay the foundation for that priceless possession—a retentive memory. It will inspire boys and girls with a love for good books and noble ideals which will remain well into maturity. The pre-school child who is brought up with a set of the JUNIOR CLASSICS will be well equipped for his FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL.

NO COAXING NEEDED WHEN IT COMES TO READING OR LISTENING TO THESE SELECTIONS

From these stories and folklore of nations, the growing child will gain knowledge and respect for the thoughts and customs of peoples of other lands. This is another reason why the "YOUNG FOLKS' SHELF OF BOOKS" has been recommended by School Superintendents, Principals and Teachers and is used by outstanding Juvenile Psychologists and thousands of far-sighted Parents!

PROGRESSIVE SELECTIONS AID IN DEVELOPING "READING-READINESS" IN THE CHILD

The JUNIOR CLASSICS carry forward on a junior level, the policies of Dr. Charles W. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard who said: "Thoughtful parents and teachers, who realize the evils of indiscriminate reading on the part of children will appreciate the educational value of such a collection." The selections were edited by two well-known Librarians, Miss Mabel Williams, Superintendent of Work with Schools in the New York Public Library and Miss Marcia Dalphin, Librarian of the Public Library at Rye, New York. As a result of many years assisting youthful users of library facilities, these experts know firsthand which books children enjoy.

A READING CHILD IS A HAPPY CHILD

Children who rarely read are, as a rule, unhappy, frequently quarrelsome, and often backward in their schoolwork. Psychologists recognize that few factors, aside from home surroundings, so greatly influence a child's future as what he reads. The normal growing child lives in a wonderland of fiction, poetry and history. Enjoy the happiness of watching your child enter fascinating New Worlds and travels through them in the comfort and safety of your own living room.

The 10-Volume "YOUNG FOLKS' SHELF OF BOOKS" can be had in two bindings—the more elaborate and colorful De Luxe Library Edition, shown in the upper left, or the Popular Edition. Each volume is bound in a different color Fabrikoid with title stamping in 22-karat gold.

Send the coupon for an attractive folder which tells more about the "YOUNG FOLKS' SHELF OF BOOKS." It is sent without cost or obligation.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

The Young Folks' Shelf of Books
P. F. Collier & Son Corporation
250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Please send me without obligation a copy of the multi-color broadside on the Junior Classics for my Child as well as information as to how I can obtain this set under COLLIER'S convenient Budget Plan.

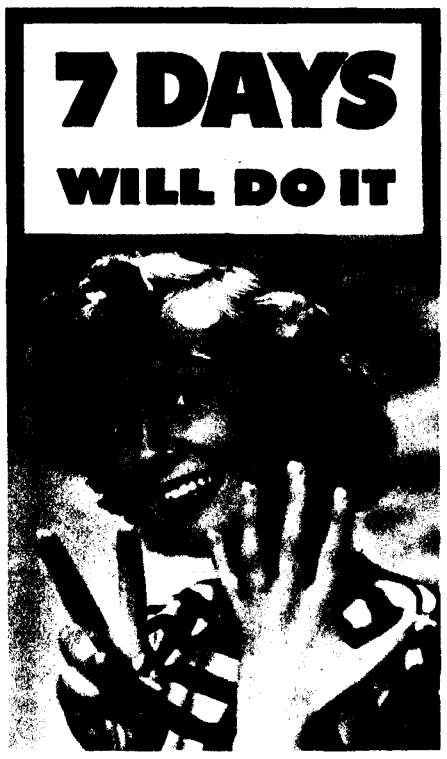
Parents' Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

C-5

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



YES, in just 7 days . . . in one short week . . . a group of people who changed from their old dentifrices to Calox Tooth Powder averaged *38% brighter teeth* by scientific test. Why not change to Calox yourself? Buy a can of Calox today . . . so your teeth can start looking *brighter* tomorrow!

CALOX
TOOTH POWDER
McKesson & Robbins Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.

Top PERFORMANCE
REGENS
FULLY AUTOMATIC
STORMLITER
. . . Bottom PRICE

- Just press to light
- Always works in any weather
- Slide-out tank lights pipes, too
- Guaranteed against mechanical defects
- In nickel, chrome, enamel or etched finish

Use Regens Yellow Flints and Regens Lighter Fluid for best results

$1.50 TO $2.50

AT BETTER JEWELRY, DRUG AND TOBACCO STORES
Regens Lighter Corporation, 7 East 46th St., N. Y. 17

THE RIVER

Continued from page 23

between those two men, because he, John Dean, never had been across any rivers in his life before, except on pleasure.

"Well, sir?" The rap of Starbuckle's stick reminded Dean he was owing an answer.

"I'd like to take that patrol myself, sir."

Starbuckle looked at him. "What for?"

"Oh, I don't know. I'd just like to go along."

Starbuckle fixed Dean suddenly with the end of his stick. "What do you mean you 'don't know'? Don't tell *me* you don't know! You know as well as I do why you want to cross that river, Dean—just to show yourself you can! Why, you make me sick! You're no better than a boy daring himself to jump down from the alley fence, and I dare say you're forty years old! Now listen to me"—the stick which had spitted Dean held him up level with Starbuckle's gray eyes—"you're a battalion commander, not a patrol leader. In an Army there is no place for the impulses of the individual, because they tend to be illogical—like yours. In the over-all, they fail!" Starbuckle's stick descended with finality upon his desk. "Major, when the Army wants its battalion commanders to become patrol leaders, I'll let you know!"

"Yes, sir."

"Are there any questions?" Starbuckle asked.

"No questions, sir."

Dean went out into the winter night, got into his jeep and drove quickly away, tires crunching on the frozen road. He felt a snowflake strike him in the face, then another, then many more; and he was glad of this, because he would be crossing the river tonight and the snow would hide him.

DOG COMPANY'S sector was the ruined village of Balder; its command post a cellar at the edge of town.

The light of a single lamp, which stood on a table among a tangle of field telephones, shone ruddy on the vaulted brick and on the ring of faces at the stove, while other shadowy faces peered into the circle of lamplight from the outer darkness, and still more lay asleep beyond.

"'Evening, Major!" the young captain greeted Dean, and added, "We'd about given you up."

"Given me up?" exclaimed Dean, moving in nearer the stove and rubbing the frost out of his fingers. "Why so?"

"Well, the weather being what it is, and all—"

"Just the right kind of weather," said Dean, a shade belligerently, aware of the eyes upon him. "Fresh snow's the best thing we could have. Where are those boys of mine? They ready yet?"

"Yes, sir—ready and waiting. Call Sevier, somebody!" the captain ordered, and a man left the circle returning in a moment from the dark recesses of the cellar with a tall, spare figure swathed in white sheets, who was followed by two others similarly dressed.

"What's this, the Ku Klux Klan?" Dean's joshing was hearty, good for morale. "Hello, Sergeant Sevier. Hello, men."

"Figured we'd better get it while we could," grinned the long sergeant, rubbing the sleep out of his eyes. "Just what kind of party is this we're goin' on, Major?"

"Over the river."

"Sir, you could have talked all night and not said that!"

The crowd's approving chuckle seemed with Sevier.

The young captain asked Dean how he planned to cross the river.

"A fallen tree of some kind. G-2 picked it up from yesterday's air photographs."

"Stout fellers, them G-2s!" observed Sevier.

While he was donning the homemade camouflage suit—pieced out of the enemy's bed sheets and best linen towels, long winter underwear and a flour sack for the head—Dean continued to feel the eyes upon him, and he knew he wanted to hide something—that faintest, dampest finger of a qualm, resting upon his vitals.

So he said very casually, "Can't see a hundred feet outdoors. Night's made to order for patrolling." And then he wondered if he had said too much; for his mind had leaped ahead and was down along the river looking at the frozen woods and fields and the dark and ominous water which no man knew—wondering what made it so, what set apart this place above all others. The same trees grew here. The same water ran here. Day and night rose over this bit of land as over any other. Snow and spring fell upon it. And he wondered why, among all the land adjoining clear to the ends of the earth, this plot had been so especially reserved for him.

"I'll show you the photographs," he said, as if they were the important things, and drawing the shiny prints from the folder he had brought along he pointed out the route of the patrol: the dotted line superscribed in red ink, the faint blur of the log across the stream, the clearing on the opposite bank with its surrounding trees, and the emplacements in the field beyond, each circled familiarly with red ink. How easily such things were done upon paper, thought Dean.

"Got the plan, fellows?" he asked, and when his men said they had, he stuck his .45 automatic into his belt, settled a hand grenade in each pocket, and winked at the young captain. "See you later."

"We'll have hot coffee ready for you!" the captain grinned; and Dean grinned back at him, grinned at everybody all around the room, because of all the things he felt least like doing, grinning was it.

He instructed the others to follow him at intervals of fifteen yards, left the cellar and led off down the village street toward the river.

There was no sound. The patrol passed like a file of ghosts among the ruined buildings, the dead homes the snow was mercifully covering. An outpost challenged from the shadow of a wall.

THEN they were embarked upon the night, the white unknown rising against them and no charts for the future but what the hours would bring.

The snow descended without wind, softly as down falling, to touch the earth with a scarcely audible caress. It clung to the tall, bare elms and made their upstretched limbs silvery, like giant candelabra. It clung to the little Christmas firs, the trees of Christ green even in winter, and covered the shell holes, trenches, gun positions, dugouts and foxholes, as if healing the earth of its scars.

Dean always had thought snow beautiful until now.

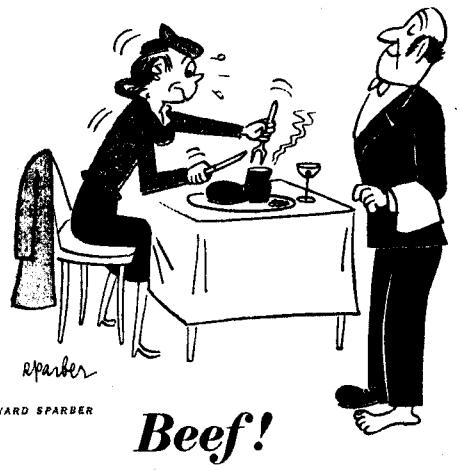
Now he fought to see beyond twenty yards; and at the limit of his vision, where the darkness advancing and receding made strange shapes and chimeras, the eyes brought to his brain a constant variety of sensations, each one demanding to be evaluated instantly, each fraught with the possibility of sudden death. Thus a row of white tree trunks could be a file of men dressed like his own patrol; or a snow-covered stump a crouching man.

Likewise his hypersensitive ears brought sounds; the crunch of his feet upon the snow to be identified from that of Sevier behind; the sound of his clothing as he moved; ice popping in a limb, dripping water; a bird's cry; the nameless and unidentifiable sounds of woods upon a winter's night—all half obscured within the constant swish of falling snow.

The snowfall lightened, ceased for a moment while the sky changed and the moon shone through and made the woods as bright as day, beautiful as an engraving; and Dean, not daring to move, cursed the moonlight in the name of the Creator of all Beauty and prayed for the snow to fall again.

Odd thoughts assailed him: Starbuckle's belt buckle shining so brightly; the day he first heard of the war, the smell of the sunlight on the porch that lazy afternoon and his eyes resting upon the newly turned garden bed, where he had set out jonquils he never would see bloom; his wife's face and a letter he had written her from England, saying so profoundly, "A man who has never been in battle is like a woman who has never had a child."

With these abstractions, tiny demon voices were sounding in his ears, counseling him most plausibly, "Remember, the enemy has his patrols, too. Who do you think you are? Why, you're



HOWARD SPARBER

Beef!

What is so rare as a steak that's rare?
In promising restaurants everywhere
I give blueprints of my heart's desire:
"Just pass it rapidly over the fire;
Just take the chill off and let it be,
For that's the kind of a steak for me!"
I *ought to conserve my breath, for whether*
I yap or not, I get cordovan leather.

—Margaret Fishback

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"They're fighting over me. Mom asked one of them to take me home and they're deciding who's gotta"

COLLIER'S — MARY GIBSON

forty-two years old. *You're middle-aged!* Look out! Look out! Careful, there might be a mine under that next footstep! So you're crossing the river on a log, are you? Don't make me laugh! Do you think the enemy could be so stupid as to leave that log unwatched, uncovered by fire, unmined?"

Suddenly there was a sound like the splitting of a steel girder.

In a fearful quarter second Dean reacted—lying on his belly in the snow, shame equally quick suffused him as he recognized the passage of a high-velocity shell close above his head, and heard the report of his own artillery from the hill behind the town.

The shell smashed into the trees beyond the river with a sudden red glare that heartened Dean.

He got up and was covering ground swiftly when he heard the sound for which he had been waiting—the spaced crunching of the frozen snow, gathering in rhythm, regular, unquestionably the steps of a heavy body running away.

And then for the painful seconds of decision Dean became one with all commanders, who from doubts, suspicions, half truths, rumors of fact, must derive their fateful "yes" or "no."

He felt the eyes of the men behind him reading his mind through his muscles at a distance of fifteen yards.

He heard the tiny voice of alarm: "The game's up! There's no more use. You can go back honorably and the others will bear you out. You've done all that's humanly possible. Don't be a fool!"

He walked forward like a man doomed.

Before he knew it he had reached the river.

AT HIS feet the black water ran silently and there was the log frosted with snow and beyond it, barely visible in winter mist and shadow, the clearing and the surrounding trees, all so exactly as he had expected them to be that Dean felt he had been this way before. His instinct for direction had led him true.

For nearly an hour he studied the log and its opposite approaches. A ticklish spot. Dean placed himself in the enemy's position and imagined what he would do to defend such a feature in the terrain; and when he had chosen his own foxholes and machine-gun sites he marked these down into his memory and drew a map of that clearing in his mind, with the route which he must follow to avoid these dangers, and gain most quickly the protection of the opposite trees.

He started hands-and-knees across the log, found its covering of snow bothered him, changed to a straddling position, hitching forward with both hands, feet dangling and finished the journey to the opposite bank.

Lying flat, he watched the rest of the patrol come over, their progress more rapid than his own, following the procedure he had tested and proved, then turned his attention to the clearing. Taking the map of it from his mind, he relocated the enemy's positions as they appeared in new perspective: where the machine gun on his right would sweep, if it could see; where the fire from the left would join, and where—just in between that junction, at the farthest possible point from either gun—the route of the patrol lay.

Three steps and his foot struck something, wire. Groping down without moving the foot, and without taking his eyes from the horizon thirty yards away, Dean's fingers told him he had stepped into a network of barbed tripping wires, ankle high.

The possibility of this barrier being mined occurred to him but he dismissed it and moved on, raising his feet carefully above the low wires, and seeing with satisfaction that his men did likewise.

Another twenty yards and again his foot struck something. This time the fingers of Dean told him of a cold, metallic object under the snow, circular—an antitank mine. After he had examined the first two, he no longer entertained the idea of these mines being booby-trapped, but pressed on, to discover the entire clearing laid with Teller mines, up to the edge of the trees. Dean was more concerned with the communication wire he was following—a single strand about the size of a lead pencil that must be running from the outpost on the right—than he was about the mines, or the possibility of the sudden stutter of an enemy burp gun.

He let the communication wire be his guide. It led him out of the trees into a field.

He found a path with footprints still uncovered by the snow and followed it around the edge of the field.

He stopped as his eyes caught movement. Something was coming up the trail. Something in the shape of a man.

Dean's heart receded from his throat; blood flooded his limbs. His mind was clear, and blank.

The figure stopped.

Dean could see snowflakes making a crown on the German's helmet and white epaulets along his shoulders and flecking and clotting upon the dark overcoat as upon the little Christmas firs. Minute after minute passed. Dean realized this man was stupefied with fear—of him, of John Dean's ghostly shape in the snow.

The thought was pleasant.

Now the man was walking away. Dean followed him. The man went faster. Dean went faster.

THE man began running. So did Dean, with the wildest excitement he ever had known. His eyes stayed fixed to the shoulders of his quarry that rose and fell before him against the still background of the night, and grew steadily larger, larger, and larger.

Suddenly they disappeared.

Dean sprinted to gain the rise in the ground, passed over it and came to a fork in the trail. One way lay straight ahead; one turned off sharply toward the village and the enemy headquarters Dean knew lay in that direction. He stopped.

Quickly he summed up the factors; the distance to the village, his chances of overtaking his quarry before arrival there, of being ambushed on the way, the time required for an alarm to be given and a pursuit to be organized. As Sevier and the others came up to him, Dean reached his decision.

Without a word he turned and started back the way he had come, and only then did he realize he had not taken his pistol from his belt.

He had gone back nearly to where he'd started on the trail when he saw a light, a tiny bead that seemed to come from a great distance, or from very near at hand.

He waited until he felt Sevier's hand on his shoulder.

"What you got?" the sergeant whispered.

Dean showed him. Without a word they moved on, creeping now in the snow.

Within a few yards Dean could distinguish the outline of a mound beside the trail, a dugout covered with snow. He saw the black, bare ends of the logs supporting the sandbagged roof, the scrabble of branches thrown on top for camouflage, and coming from the side of the mound nearest him, the tiny light.

He crept up to it and discovered an aperture about six inches square.

Peering carefully into this he saw, at what appeared to be a great distance underground, some curious object he did not recognize. After several seconds the thing resolved itself into a human ear, part of the face adjoining and the hair above, all not a foot away.

Without shifting his eyes Dean felt for Sevier and guided him into position over the hole. Sevier peered for perhaps thirty seconds before he drew back with a start.

Dean grinned. He noticed the other two members of the patrol had quietly deployed themselves around the dugout. He indicated the entrance to Sevier, a low doorway covered with a blanket. He drew his .45 and reached it carefully down the hole. When the muzzle was an inch from the illuminated ear he said in German, "Come out!" The ear disappeared. Dean's pistol did not waver. "Come out!" he repeated more loudly. "Grenades!"

Then the blanket at the entrance to the dugout stirred. There was a rustling

Join the MARCH OF DIMES

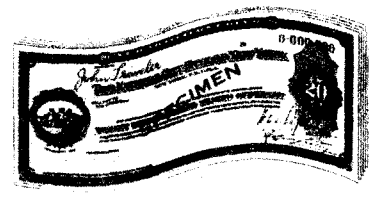
FIGHT INFANTILE PARALYSIS

THE NATIONAL FOUNDATION FOR INFANTILE PARALYSIS

PROTECT YOUR FUNDS!

Carry NCB Travelers Checks. Safe, spendable everywhere. Cost only 75¢ per $100! Buy them at your bank.

NCB
TRAVELERS CHECKS



BACKED BY THE NATIONAL CITY BANK OF NEW YORK

First in World Wide Banking

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

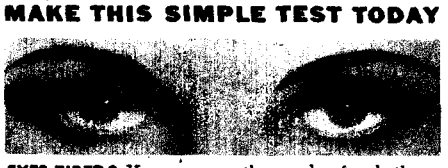
AMAZING PAZO ACTS TO
RELIEVE PAIN OF SIMPLE PILES INSTANTLY

Speed amazing relief from miseries of simple piles, with soothing Pazo*! Acts to relieve pain and itching *instantly*—soothes inflamed tissues—helps prevent soreness—reduce swelling. You get real comforting help. So don't suffer one moment of needless torture from simple piles. Get Pazo for fast, wonderful relief. Ask your doctor about it. Suppository form—also tubes with perforated pile pipe for easy, thorough application.

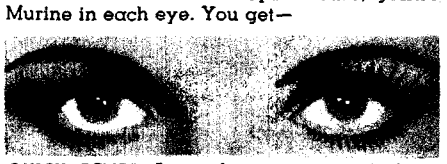
**Pazo Ointment and Suppositories* ®

You Can Get Quick Relief From Tired Eyes

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY



EYES TIRED? You can soothe and refresh them in seconds with two drops of safe, gentle Murine in each eye. You get—



QUICK RELIEF. Instantly your eyes feel refreshed. Murine's scientific blend of seven ingredients cleanses and soothes eyes tired from overwork or exposure to sun, wind and dust.

MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

86.8 Proof

ORIGINAL
MARTIN'S V.V.O. BRAND
Blended Scotch Whisky

AVAILABLE EVERYWHERE

IMPORTED BY McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.

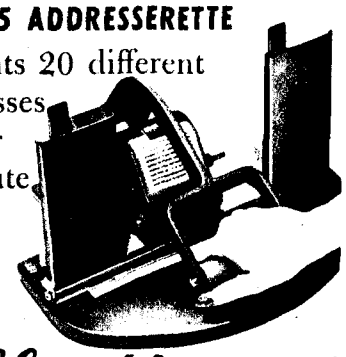
"There's Money For You!"

THIS fine folder has made many dreams come true—especially the dreams and hopes of tied-at-home women. It will help you, too, for it tells about the Pin Money Club, a friendly money-making Club for girls and women everywhere.

With prices what they are, perhaps you can use some extra money to make things easier for you and the family. Then send for our free folder today!

Margaret Clarke
Secretary, Pin Money Club
Collier's, The National Weekly
Dept. C-33, 250 Park Ave., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

$45 ADDRESSERETTE
Prints 20 different addresses per minute



Elliott ADDRESSING MACHINE CO.
149-A Albany Street, Cambridge 39, Mass.
Established 1898 · Rated AAA-1
Our booklet describes 28 models, $45 to $17,000

"BOTANY"* BRAND WOOL SOCKS
NACHERLY EVERY RED-BLOODED AMERICAN WEARS LONG-WEARIN' GOOD FEELIN', NICE-LOOKIN' SOCKS!
WHICH AS ANYBODY CAN PLAINLY SEE— IS BOTANY!
©1949 UFS.

*"BOTANY" IS A TRADEMARK OF BOTANY MILLS, INC., PASSAIC, N. J. REG. IN U. S. PAT. OFF. COPYRIGHT 1949, BOTANY MILLS, INC.

COLLIER'S "Well, if you put it that way, I guess I'm a mouse" CHARLES PEARSON

sound and a small figure in cap and overcoat, hands held high, protesting fearfully, emerged. "Comrade! Comrade! Yah, yah! Me comrade!"

"Shut up!" growled Sevier. He jabbed his tommy gun into the little man's belly.

"There may be more!" Dean said.

When no more came he ducked into the hole and found a comfortable warm room lighted by a candle on a box. Gear and bedding were strewn around the floor. The walls were partly of earth, partly logs. Many pictures of luscious blondes were pinned to the logs. On the bed beside the candle was the adventure magazine the little man had been reading. Dean noted the aperture above, a vent carelessly left open, the sort of thing they did in his own Army. But what impressed him most about the place was its sour smell, like wet wool, the distinctive body odor of his enemy.

Being in this den of his antagonist, feeling the still-warm blankets, seeing letters from home piled by the candle, smelling that highly personal odor excited Dean more than anything that had happened that evening. When he had made a hasty examination and found nothing of military value, he left.

"What'd you find, sir?" Sevier asked.

"Some pinup girls and a Western story," said Dean.

"How long have you been in the Army?" Dean asked the prisoner in German.

"Five years."

NOT far away a dog barked; then another. Sevier shifted uneasily, glanced in the direction of the sound, then at Dean. But Dean would not be hurried. He had waited for this moment too long. And there was still one thing he must know. "How old are you?"

"Forty-two."

"How did you happen to be here tonight, in this particular dugout?"

"It is Hitler's fault!" the little man burst out. "All the war is because of the big Nazis. Germany never wanted war with America. I am a Social Democrat!" He explained that the whole war had been a terrible mistake, that he welcomed the Allies as liberators, that never once had he fired upon an American soldier; till suddenly Dean was overwhelmed with disgust at all that had taken him in the prime of his life and brought him here to see this miserable creature. This a man? This the image of the angels? Why, this poor creature crawling up out of its hole, crying out in fear, was no better than a worm.

He turned away.

Sevier's tommy gun imparted the necessary information into the rump of the prisoner, and the little man followed Dean's white shape that was moving through the trees toward the river.

Dean was not surprised when he came to the clearing by the log exactly where he had left it. He saw without alarm how much the snowfall had lightened, how much the limits of his vision had increased. He almost could make out the machine-gun positions on either flank.

The first tracer bullets did not startle him; neither did the sound, like ripping metal, of the machine gun opening up.

The fire was coming from his right, the phosphorescent leads chasing one another like fireflies.

The metallic stutter stopped. Dean watched the last of the tracers fade away like sparks in the wind. Then they appeared again, in front of him, a continuous stream joined now by another coming from the left, to make a fiery angle with its apex twenty yards ahead of Dean. He moved steadily within this angle, measuring its progress against his own. When it reversed and started back toward him he lay down and let the bullets pass harmlessly overhead, noting Sevier and the others doing the same.

As the firing again stopped, Dean reached the log and passed over it, scarcely giving the process thought, and from the shelter of a tree trunk on the farther bank watched his men follow, while the machine guns again swept back and forth vainly. And then he noticed the German. Midway on the log the little figure was going out of control. It tottered. It reeled wildly; and then with arms flailing, toppled and disappeared into the river with a flat splash.

Dean drew his pistol.

He waited until the head appeared on the surface of the water downstream, then cocked the hammer. But the prisoner's struggles resolved themselves into a definite progress toward the shore, Dean's shore, and he helped the bedraggled creature over the roots and driftwood, tilted him up to drain, thumped the water and the choking out of him.

"Just bear with us a few minutes," said Dean, "and you'll be through with war forever."

"Let's get out of here!" said Sevier, coming up.

"What's your hurry, Sarge?" Dean enjoyed the other's discomfiture. He lingered deliberately. There was something compelling about this danger he had been in so long; now he was able to leave, he did not want to. And out of sheer bravado he said to Sevier, "You fellows take off any time you're ready. I'll cover you in case they try to come across." He

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

watched the sergeant disappearing while he spoke, the others following.

Dean stood disdainfully while the machine-gun bullets ripped the water and slashed the trees, for now the Germans knew that the quarry had crossed the river.

Then the first mortar shell knocked him to the ground.

The second blossomed right under his eyes, with a blast of flame and sound that left him groveling for his life in the snow. He saw a fallen branch no larger than his wrist and crawled under it, pressing himself against the sharp twigs that tore his flesh without his realizing. The barrage rained down, bursting in trees to right and left, filling the air with shrieking steel, enflaming the ground, lifting and smashing down the body of Dean till there was no breath left in him to utter the words he tried to say but could not. "Dear God, not me! *Not me!*"

THE light shone ruddy on the vaulted brick. The circle of faces about the lantern turned to Dean's, caught in the expression they were wearing and merging quickly into the glad warm look of the young captain, who had given Dean his right hand and with the other was pounding his superior officer's back in unabashed exuberance. "You're okay, Major? You had us sweating, sir! Say, you're hit!"

"No, I got tangled in a branch." Dean put his hand to his cheek and drew down blood. "I'm afraid it won't qualify me for the Purple Heart."

"We thought you'd qualified for the Wooden Cross!" said the young captain; and everybody laughed and looked their approval upon Dean, so that he felt ridiculously well rewarded for being alive.

"Now, where's the stove? Where's that cup of coffee?" he demanded.

He joined Sevier and the others of his patrol at the stove, and while sipping his coffee, joked with them. "You fellows should have stuck around. You missed something."

"Sir," said Sevier, "that's one time Sevier just ain't there. You can keep my share of that stuff."

"Where's the German?" Dean asked.

The prisoner was brought forward, shuddering from cold and fear until his breath sighed over his teeth. The water that had frozen to his overcoat was beginning to thaw and drip off onto the floor in puddles. His face was the color of pale soup and his mouth hung open and his eyes wandered vacantly until they came to the stove, and the coffeepot upon the stove, and there they stayed; while shudder after shudder wracked the little frame as if they would break it.

"The Master Race!' said the young captain.

"Whew, smell him?" said Sevier. "Even wet they stink!"

"What's your name?" Dean asked.

This Fascinating World

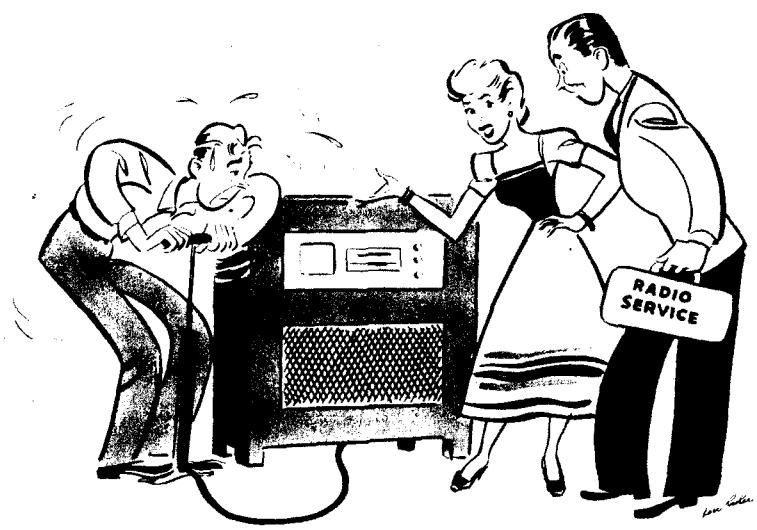
LOCALE	FASCINATING OCCURRENCE
Pueblo, Colorado	A justice of the peace offered a free wedding ceremony to any couple hailing from Vermont, in order to fulfill his ambition to marry couples from every state of the Union
Los Angeles	A man asked for a reduction of his alimony payments to his ex-wife so he would have money to finance dates with other women
New York	The national headquarters of the Y.W.C.A. received a letter from a young man in Italy who offered to marry any one of its members
Wilmington	A burglar entered a home and stole nothing but the kitchen sink
Hartford	A bill was introduced into the legislature to regulate the price of haircuts according to the amount of hair involved
Sydney, Australia	An elevator operator who retired after 45 years of service with a firm was presented with his elevator by his employer
Moscow	The government announced that a steel factory was producing a pink steel "suitable for statues"
Vancouver	A fire, started by the sun's rays penetrating a fish bowl to concentrate on a curtain, was put out by the water from the same bowl

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

EVERYTHING POINTS TO "The Accused"

as drama more gripping than even "Sorry, Wrong Number"!

LORETTA YOUNG, ROBERT CUMMINGS in Hal Wallis' production "THE ACCUSED" with Wendell Corey, Sam Jaffe, Douglas Dick. Directed by William Dieterle • Screenplay by Ketti Frings • A Paramount Picture



"It sounded flat, so he's been trying to pump up the tubes!"

RADIO SERVICE
SYLVANIA RADIO TUBES Authorized Dealer

SIGN OF DEPENDABLE RADIO SERVICE

Don't give your radio the air just because it's lost its bounce—call up the nearest serviceman who displays the Sylvania sign. You can depend on him to pump new life into your tired set! With Sylvania test equipment your serviceman will root out hidden faults. With Sylvania radio tubes he'll make your set sound as good as the day you bought it. For dependable radio service, look for the Sylvania sign!

SYLVANIA RADIO TUBES
PRODUCT OF SYLVANIA ELECTRIC PRODUCTS INC.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a superb dark rum,
unlike any other...
rich...mellow...
satisfying

MYERS'S

"Planters' Punch" Brand

JAMAICA RUM

R. U. DELAPENHA & CO., INC.
Sole Distributor in U. S. A.
New York, N. Y.

STAMP COLLECTORS
FREE. Irish Commemorative Collection, including Dramatic Rebellion issue to applicants requesting our famous stamp approvals. 3c postage.
RAYMAX, 125-C William St., N. Y. 7

OWN a Business

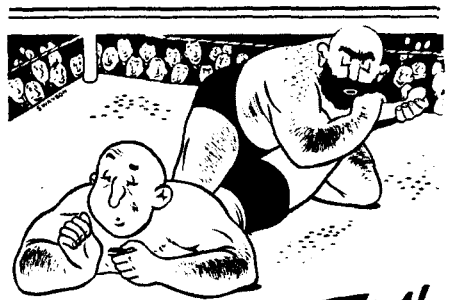
Clean and Mothproof rugs and upholstery "in the home." Patented equipment. No shop needed. Duraclean dealer's gross profits up to $20 a day on EACH serviceman. These Nationally Advertised services create repeat customers. Easy to learn. Quickly established. Easy terms. Send today for FREE Booklet—Full details.

DURACLEAN CO., 1-1 PL., DEERFIELD, ILL.

COLLIER'S PAYS YOU MORE!

Whether you already have a magazine subscription business or want to start one, you can make MORE money by sending your orders for COLLIER'S direct to us. Write for our profitable plan offering a valuable direct connection with the publishers. *Just mail a penny postal now to—*

Independent Agency Division, Desk C-48
THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY
250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.



TAKE TIME TO BE *TRIM!*

When the goin' gets tough, keep TRIM—the amazing new Nail Clipper that cuts clean and quick. A file that *really* files. Fine cutlery steel, sparkling jewel-like finish. Handy. no wrestling, works easy!

Actual Size
25c
at drug, tobacco and 10c stores
Canada slightly higher

FOR COMPLETE CARE OF NAILS

The W. E. Bassett Co., Derby, Conn.

"Willie."

"What do you think about the war, Willie?" Willie was so intent upon the coffeepot he did not hear.

"Take your cap off when an officer speaks to you! Stand at attention!" snapped the captain, and saved Willie trouble by snatching the cap off.

Willie seemed not to notice.

"Ask him what outfit he's from," said the captain to one of his men who acted as interpreter.

The man did so and replied, "He says he's from the infantry."

"I know that. What infantry?"

The interpreter put the question again. "He says it's the First Company."

"Dammit-to-hell!" said the captain. "Ask him the number of the Division he belonged to, and tell him he'd better give me a straight answer!"

The interpreter put the question.

Willie said nothing.

"Answer the man!" roared the captain, towering above Willie, his hand drawn back for a blow.

Willie answered.

"All right," said the captain with a grin, "let him have some coffee! What did you think of that news, Major?"

Dean nodded.

Willie was edging toward the stove, and Dean moved over to make room for him.

DAWN was a thin gray line above the river when Major Dean opened the door of Colonel Starbuckle's office.

His first thought was that the colonel had not moved all night. There he sat at his desk, with the wall map behind him; even his tie was crinkled in exactly the same way as Dean had seen it seven hours before.

"Good morning, Major."

"Good morning, sir."

"What did you do, nick yourself shaving?"

Dean remembered the adhesive tape on his face. "No, sir. I ran into a branch in the dark."

"Shouldn't go walking around in the dark!" grunted Starbuckle. The end of his swagger stick was switching like a nervous lion's tail. He suddenly looked right at Dean. "Where did you cross?"

"Where you indicated, sir."

"How was it?"

"Not bad. A lot easier than I expected." Dean related what had happened, and Starbuckle heard him through without interruption.

"You took a prisoner?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where is he?"

"Back at the company CP. He was wet from falling in the river so I left him to change his clothes."

"You left him to change clothes!" echoed Starbuckle, as though he were thinking of something else. And then all at once he was running on in conversational tones, "Leaving him to change clothes was a good idea, Dean. Kindness encourages them, prepares them favorably for questioning. Dirty trick, isn't it?" Starbuckle's look was shy, almost embarrassed. "Treat a man with human decency just for what you can get out of him?"

And suddenly Dean's heart went to this old gray soldier who had played the game so long, who had dissimulated so well, who had hidden his feelings and done his duty and won the right to wear the Silver Star. And as he looked at Starbuckle he saw again the frozen woods, the tree stumps in the hooded shape of death, the machine-gun bullets like bright fireflies chasing one another off to nothingness; and heard the tiny voices dinning into his brain, "You can't do it! You can't cross the river!"

"I know what you mean, sir."

"That was good work tonight, Dean."

"Thank you."

"And now," said Starbuckle, his voice rising as the stick rose in his hand and indicated Dean, "now tell me this: What the devil do you mean by disobeying my direct command?"

Dean was speechless.

"Your reply, sir?" Starbuckle rapped the desk top.

"I—I'm sorry, Colonel. I felt my duty required it."

"Oh, you felt your duty required it!" Starbuckle's face grew livid. He leaned forward and spoke as if he would sear his words into the brain of Dean forever. "Your duty, sir, is to obey orders—*orders,*" he roared, "not inclinations!" The stick hovered before Dean's breast. "Is that clear?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is this sort of thing going to happen again?'

"No, sir."

"Are there any questions, Major."

"No, sir."

"All right then!" said Starbuckle, smacking his stick down. He tilted half around in his chair and looked off at the ceiling.

"Was that all, sir?"

"Yes."

"Good night, Colonel."

"Good morning, don't you mean?" snapped Starbuckle; and as usual Dean couldn't be quite sure whether or not the colonel were joking.

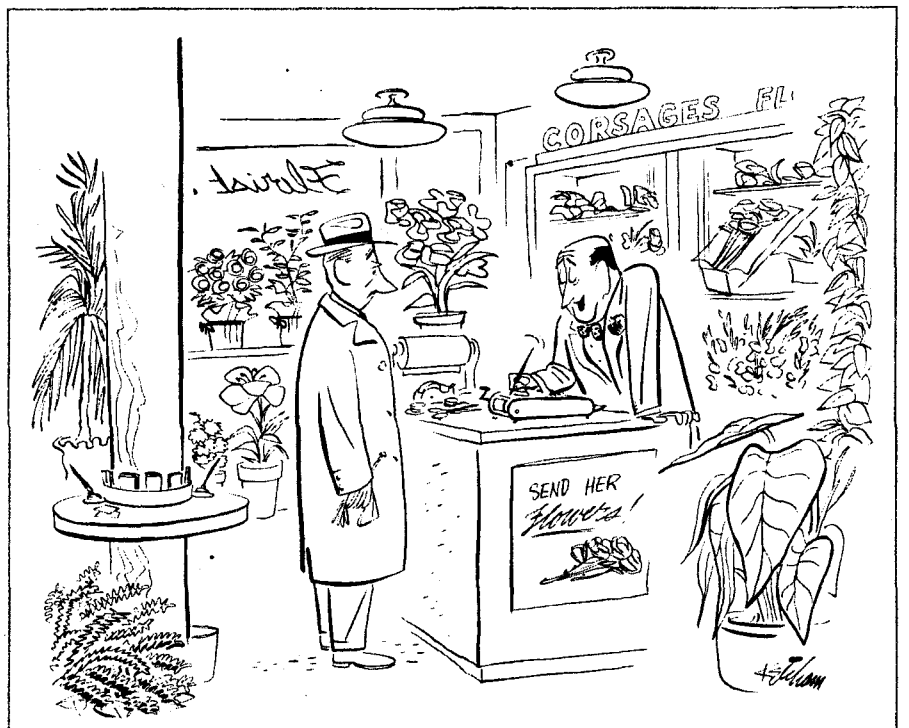
"Well, whichever," he grinned. "May it be a good one for both of us!"

Outside the day had come, one of those bright midwinter mornings that made the whole world gleam like a jewel, turned the clods of the Rhineland into crystals and the drooping telephone wires into silver threads, shone with such a promise no one could help believing winter would pass away and spring would come. For all his forty-two years Dean felt like a young man. His cheek was still smarting where the branch had torn it, and his legs and loins ached from so much unaccustomed crouching and running, but his mind was up somewhere looking down upon the kingdoms of the world.

With a chuckle over things in general he got into his jeep and started toward the river.

Good Sport

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



COLLIER'S "To Miss Jennifer Pomfret. Yes, indeed, sir, she's thrown some very nice business our way" HANK KETCHAM

PRINCESS MARGARET OF HOLLYWOOD

Continued from page 19

was killed in an accident only a few weeks before the birth of their daughter.

Meanwhile, Gladys O'Brien had begun to direct most of her energy toward furthering the dancing career of her younger sister, Marissa, an exquisite blonde, who does not in the least resemble her niece, Margaret.

Up until Marissa's marriage about a year ago, she, her sister and her sister's baby (who was christened Angela, addressed as Maxine, and not known as Margaret until her named was legally changed during the production of Journey for Margaret) were rarely apart, an association which doubtless gave rise to the preposterous gossip that Marissa is actually the child's mother.

It was during this period that Margaret became a movie fan. While her aunt would be working, she and her mother would pass the time at the movies. Before she was three the child had developed such a talent for mimicry that she could enact whole screen roles from memory. She was not quite four when she and the two women piled into a bus and set out for Hollywood, where Gladys and Marissa hoped to open a dancing school. The closest they came to this, however, was when Gladys worked for a time as an instructor at the school operated by Rita Hayworth's father.

A Visit to the Photographer

The O'Briens had been in Hollywood a few months when Gladys, acting upon a friend's suggestion, decided to take Margaret to see Paul Hesse, the photographer. Arriving at Hesse's with her daughter, Gladys was so awed by the glossy elegance of the other children waiting to be interviewed that she wanted to leave immediately. She could not conceive that Hesse would possibly be interested in Margaret's pinched face, pigtails and generally underprivileged appearance. It was the child who prevailed upon her to remain.

As things turned out, it was the very forlornness of Margaret's looks that excited Hesse. Then, as now, her face was a magnificent instrument for expressing the sharp emotions of childhood. "It is," a British critic once observed, "the most 'scrutable' face in the world."

Margaret's visit to Hesse and her subsequent appearance on several magazine covers led to a skimpy part in a musical called Babes on Broadway. Her career might have ended with that if B. P. Fineman, a producer in search of someone to play the title role in Journey for Margaret, had not caught a glimpse of her as he watched the picture some months after its release. He realized immediately that he need look no further.

The almost lyrical acclaim accorded her performance as the orphan delighted, but did not especially surprise, the child herself. Her belief in her own talent is the unquestioning faith of a little girl in the fulfillment of her destiny. Up to now, this faith has not been tried very severely, for Margaret has never received an unfavorable review.

In view of this, it is almost miraculous that she has remained so completely unspoiled. In the modest Beverly Hills home where she lives with her mother there is plenty of testimony to the lofty esteem in which she, quite properly, is held—a statue of St. Bridget from the Gaelic Society; two medals for her part in promoting the sale of War Bonds; a warm note and an autographed picture from General Marshall; an illuminated scroll from the Pope.

Yet there, amid all these evidences of her importance as a public personality, is the tangible proof that she is still an unaffected little girl. It is a picture of Burt Lancaster, her soul mate. It is, perhaps, the most important thing in the whole apartment.

Away from the studio, Margaret's existence is not appreciably different from that led by any other twelve-year-old girl. She is not a beautiful child and the awareness of this may contribute to her modesty. Although she has beautiful manners, she is not without the frailties of her age group.

One of her current absorptions, for example, is comic books. When she buys any, she figures it will fool her mother if she places an innocuous Mickey Mouse on top of such bloodthirsty fare as Western Killers and The Human Torch. Nor is she above sneaking on a smear or two of lipstick when an attractive male appears in the vicinity.

She hopes to settle down someday, and become a dog trainer. Next to training dogs, her most burning desire is to look like Elizabeth Taylor. She scrupulously avoids anything that might prevent her realizing this ambition and recently gave up spaghetti, her favorite dish, because she felt it was making her fat.

Margaret's expanding activities—which include, besides giving numerous lucrative endorsements, putting her byline on a diary published last year by Lippincott, on a daily newspaper column, and on a monthly piece in a magazine distributed by a grocery chain—do not impress her greatly. With the cunning of a child, however, she realizes that such expansion undoubtedly carries a certain weight with others.

Only Journalistic Repartee

One evening shortly after she had begun her column, she startled her mother by answering her sharply.

"Why, Maggie!" exclaimed Mrs. O'Brien. "You mustn't speak to me like that."

"Oh, well," said the child, shrugging, "I guess you'll just have to get used to it now that I'm a newspaperwoman."

Although Mrs. O'Brien, a pink-cheeked, rather plump woman with graying bobbed hair, is soft-spoken and rather shy, she is a strict disciplinarian. Margaret realizes this and considers it more prudent to be obedient than to risk a spanking. She does not refrain from kidding her mother, however, and one of her most hilarious impersonations is of Mrs. O'Brien sputtering with anger at her daughter's refusal to get out of bed in the morning. She usually breaks into this when asked if she ever loses her temper.

"Why, no, I don't," she says. "But my mother loses hers. You should see her coming into the studio with me in the morning after I've been late getting up."

Then she imitates the difference in Mrs. O'Brien's mien as she alternates between chiding her daughter and greeting M-G-M executives. "Why, I'll never try to wake you up again," she mimics. "You're the despair of my whole life . . . Oh, good morning, Mr. Thau . . . And if you ever refuse to get up again . . . Yes, it is a lovely morning, Mr. Freed . . . Now you just listen to me, you disobedient child . . . Why, good morning, Mr. Strickling . . ."

Mrs. O'Brien's close, almost sisterly relationship with her daughter does not prevent her viewing the child's work objectively. Although she beamed with motherly pride when Dean Stockwell, a thirteen-year-old boy who appears opposite Margaret in The Secret Garden, approached her one morning and said, "Mrs. O'Brien, you have a very talented child," she is careful to preserve Margaret from too much adulation. She was therefore rather pleased with what happened when Clark Gable was introduced to Margaret shortly after his discharge from the Army.

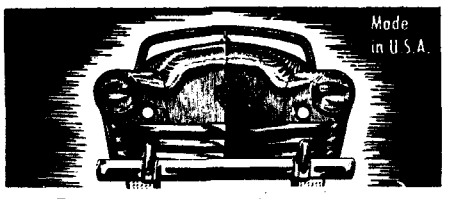
"Tell me, little girl," said Gable, who had been too busy flying missions over Germany to see many movies, "are you in pictures?"

That afternoon, Margaret recounted the incident to her mother. "Well," she said pityingly, "I guess Mr. Gable just doesn't get around very much."

Such smugness, however, is merely a sign of Margaret's feeling that, as a blossoming young lady, she should try to appear sophisticated—sort of like Elizabeth Taylor, for instance. One morning last August she came off the set at the end of a particularly weepy scene in Little Women and headed for her dressing room. Her eyes were still brimming with tears when she got there.

"Why, Maggie, you're crying!" exclaimed a visitor who was sitting in the room.

"Oh, don't worry about it," little Miss O'Brien replied. "It's all in a day's work."



Big new CROSLEY

Coming or going, it's the Smartest car on the road!

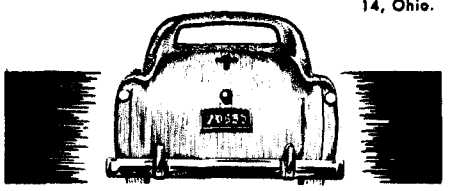
Crosley is truly a fine car. Again Crosley leads the way with America's highest compression ratio—7.8 to 1. Even more power, and greater economy—up to 50 miles a gallon. Costs less than an 8-year-old high-upkeep used car. Prices range downward from the Station Wagon at only $929 F.O.B., Marion, Ind.

NEW CROSLEY SEDAN DELUXE is bigger! New speed line styling, rich interior, choice fabrics. Seats 4 with ample luggage room.

NEW CROSLEY STATION WAGON with larger, longer body lines. Seats 4, or 2 with ¼ ton load. All steel. No increase in price.

CROSLEY *a FINE car*

See all five Crosley models at your dealer's. Or write for catalogue—Crosley Motors, Inc., 2530-CB Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati 14, Ohio.



FOR BIG MEN ONLY!

SHOES IN SIZES 10 to 16

We specialize in large sizes only—sizes 10 to 16; widths AAA to EEE. Wing Tips, Loafers, Moccasins, Hand Woven Oxfords, Dress Oxfords, High Dress Shoes, Work Shoes, Sox. Styling specially designed for large sizes. Satisfaction guaranteed. Sold by mail only. Write now for FREE Catalog.

WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG

KING-SIZE, Inc. 732, Brockton, Mass.

WHAT STRANGE POWERS *Did The Ancients Possess?*

WHERE was the source of knowledge that made it possible for the ancients to perform miracles? These wise men of the past knew the mysteries of life and personal power. This wisdom is not lost—it is withheld from the masses. It is offered freely TO YOU, if you have an open mind. Write for *free* sealed book. Address: Scribe J. G. G.

The ROSICRUCIANS

San Jose (AMORC) California

How Dr. Edwards' Helps Folks Who Are Constipated

For over 40 years, Dr. F. M. Edwards, a noted Ohio Doctor, successfully relieved patients bothered by constipation and its headaches, lack of pep, dull eyes, bad breath, sallow skin, with his famous Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets.

Olive Tablets are *purely vegetable*. They work *gently* but oh—*so thoroughly!* Olive Tablets act on BOTH upper and lower bowels and clean clogging waste from the entire intestinal tract. Just see if Olive Tablets don't give YOU the most comfortable, satisfactory, more *natural-like* bowel movements you've ever had! No griping or weakening effects.

Buy Olive Tablets today. Follow label directions. 15¢, 30¢. All drugstores.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Collier's believes...

China is Hungry, not Red

WE HAVE lost China. At least that is what the scorekeepers say. By the same count the Communists have won China. What then have we surrendered and what have the Russians gained?

We have lost some prestige. We backed the Nationalist government. We were not wholehearted backers of Chiang. We did not at all like some of his associates. We thought and said that they were reactionary thieves. But we preferred the Nationalists to the Communists. To that extent we lost face.

What else besides face did we lose when the Communists defeated Chiang's so-called armies? It would be hard to show that the Communist advance caused any immediate material losses to the United States. We were on the giving and not on the receiving end in the exchange of commodities with China. We lent and gave money and commodities to China and to the Chinese. American military successes caused the Japanese to withdraw from China. On the recent record, then, the success of the Chinese Communists against Chiang Kai-shek's troops could save money for the American taxpayer.

This, however, is a narrow and limited view. Communist success in China if long continued could be very costly to American interests. Whatever we save from not spending in China we might have to pay out many times over to defend our interests elsewhere. So, we shall need all the information, wisdom and governmental skill available to achieve success in our dealing with the Chinese.

A number of questions have to be answered before we understand the meaning of what has happened in China. The first question concerns the character of the Chinese Communists. Are they poor Chinese peasants or puppets moved by strings pulled in Moscow?

Opinions differ. One of the best witnesses is John King Fairbank, in charge of the China program at Harvard and director of the United States Information Service in China during the war. In his book, The United States and China, he says that Chinese Communists act independently of Moscow on Chinese affairs but are generally subservient to Russian world policy. Chinese Communists are generally anti-American and pro-Russian. Sumner Welles expresses similar opinions.

The next important question is: Can the Chinese Communists organize and govern China? No group or man has governed all of China during the last 30 years. Chiang Kai-shek came closest to establishing a central rule but he was a long way off from getting obedience or co-operation in a large part of China.

It has been suggested that China was destined to fall apart into three or more separate regions for a long time to come. There are enough people in China to populate three countries the size of the United States. It could happen that we shall have to deal in the future with three separate Chinas rather than with one so-called republic or empire.

Such a division would certainly change the nature of our problem. A unified China under Russian Communists' control could be a very surly and menacing neighbor for Korea, Japan and everything Asiatic that lies to the south.

The Japanese, stripped of all defense weapons by their surrender to General MacArthur, would surely live in fear of a China made militarily strong and aggressive by Russian imperialist and Communist ambitions. We shall unquestionably have to reconsider our Japanese policy in the light of the Communist successes in China.

Longheaded Japanese think that if General MacArthur and the American Army move out too soon, the Russians or even the Chinese would seek to take control of Japan. That would help nobody and nothing—least of all, civilization.

The Communists face many difficult problems. The greatest is the establishment of a single rule over China. It is unlikely that such a thing could be brought about quickly. If many years elapse, changes can occur, even to Communists' policy and thinking. If the worst occurs from the standpoint of free and independent peoples, the Chinese Communists will begin to make more trouble in Indo-China, Burma and the great islands to the south.

We don't have to deal with that contingency yet, but we should be clearheaded about it. Our civilization requires rubber for one thing. We would not let the Russians, acting through any Nationalist group, deny us the rubber we require.

All this is from the American view. There is another view—the Chinese! There are more than 461,000,000 people in China, and there is not food enough there to feed them as they should be fed. From the standpoint of any decent standard there are too many Chinese to be fed, clothed and sheltered.

There are so many Chinese that compassion for sick, poor beggars has to be suppressed. The land is too populous even for pity. The select few have maintained a high civilization for thousands of years. The unwanted millions live in wretchedness under any rule and that could be a Russian responsibility if Russia should ever become the controlling influence in China. Up to now the Russians have fed nobody except themselves. Russians in Korea and elsewhere live on the land. The little that occupied countries have is taken away to feed the Russian conquerors. Will the Communists now reverse this process and bring food to underfed Chinese? Or will the Chinese absorb the Russians as they have so many other conquerors in the long past?

Poverty is the real problem facing the Chinese and the world. If that could be solved all other lesser questions would fade. . . . W. L. C.

☆ ☆ ☆ "It is the aim of Collier's to reflect impartially the best contemporary thought and on its own behalf to speak fearlessly without partisanship on all questions affecting the nation's welfare. It aims furthermore to keep always before its readers a high, sane and cheerful ideal of American citizenship." . . . ROBERT J. COLLIER ☆ ☆ ☆

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I was curious...

I tasted it...

Now I know why Schlitz is...

The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous!"

© 1949, JOS. SCHLITZ BREWING COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

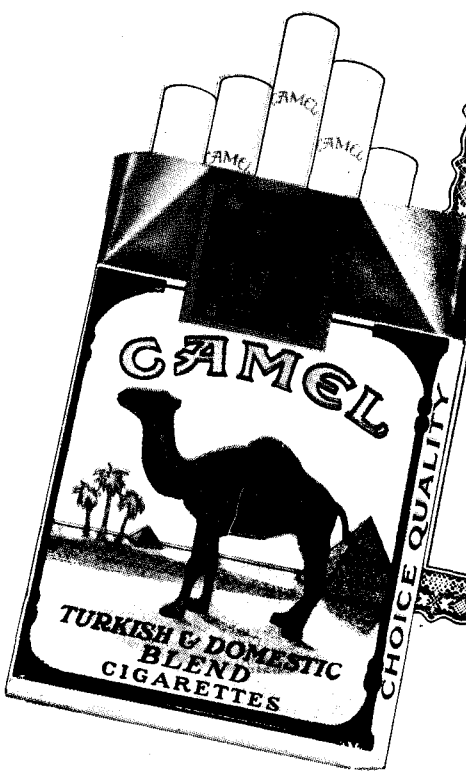
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PROVE
CAMEL MILDNESS
IN YOUR "T-ZONE"!

MAKE THE CAMEL 30-DAY MILDNESS TEST in your "T-Zone." Smoke Camels, and only Camels, for 30 days. Let YOUR OWN TASTE be the judge of the rich, full-bodied flavor you get from Camels. Let YOUR OWN THROAT report to you on just how *mild* Camels are!

IN A RECENT TEST, hundreds of men and women, from coast to coast, smoked Camels, and only Camels, for 30 days—an average of 1 to 2 packs a day. Each week, their throats were examined by noted throat specialists. After a total of 2470 thorough examinations, these doctors reported

NO THROAT IRRITATION due to smoking CAMELS!



Money-Back Guarantee!

Try Camels and test them as you smoke them. If, at any time, you are not convinced that Camels are the mildest cigarette you ever smoked, return the package with the unused Camels and we will refund its full purchase price, plus postage.

(Signed) R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA

According to a Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

Doctors smoke for pleasure, too! And when three leading independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors what cigarette they smoked, the brand named most was Camel!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED